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MAY 17, 1941
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HOW GERMANS TAKE IT

By Joseph C. Harsch

MRS F W TAYLOR
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So magnificent, we had to give it a special designation

—THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

EVEN FIVE YEARS AGO and longer, when we distilled the special whiskies for today's Four Roses, we knew they would be exceptionally fine.

We knew it because of the painstaking care that went into their making . . . and because of the added knowledge and skill we applied to their aging, to bring them to mellow perfection.

And yet, even we ourselves were astonished when we finally opened the barrels and discovered how truly magnificent these whiskies had become! No whiskies we had ever made or known—in all our 76 years—had had such softness, such smoothness, such flavor overtones!

So, today, we're proud to offer you this 1941 Bottling of Four Roses. No matter when you last tasted Four Roses, there's a new and thrilling experience awaiting you in the 1941 Bottling. Try it today—won't you?

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

"Did you Ever see a dream RIDING?"

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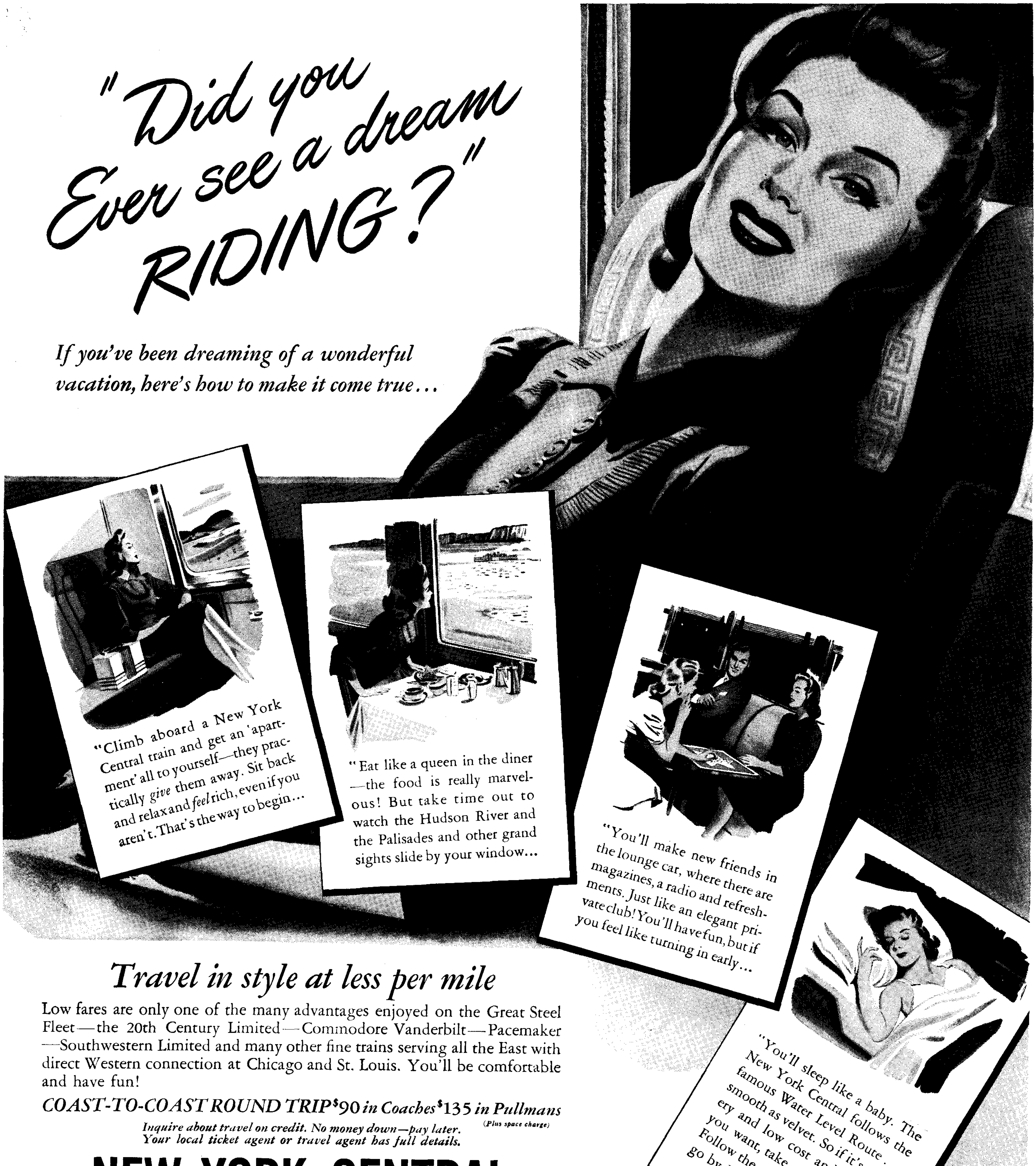

"Climb aboard a New York Central train and get an 'apartment' all to yourself—they practically *give* them away. Sit back and relax and *feel* rich, even if you aren't. That's the way to begin...

"Eat like a queen in the diner—the food is really marvelous! But take time out to watch the Hudson River and the Palisades and other grand sights slide by your window...

"You'll make new friends in the lounge car, where there are magazines, a radio and refreshments. Just like an elegant private club! You'll have fun, but if you feel like turning in early...

"You'll sleep like a baby. The New York Central follows the famous Water Level Route... smooth as velvet. So if it's scenery and low cost and comfort you want, take a tip from me. Follow the crowd and this year, go by New York Central!"

Travel in style at less per mile

Low fares are only one of the many advantages enjoyed on the Great Steel Fleet—the 20th Century Limited—Commodore Vanderbilt—Pacemaker—Southwestern Limited and many other fine trains serving all the East with direct Western connection at Chicago and St. Louis. You'll be comfortable and have fun!

COAST-TO-COAST ROUND TRIP \$90 *in Coaches* \$135 *in Pullmans* (Plus space charge)

Inquire about travel on credit. No money down—pay later. Your local ticket agent or travel agent has full details.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

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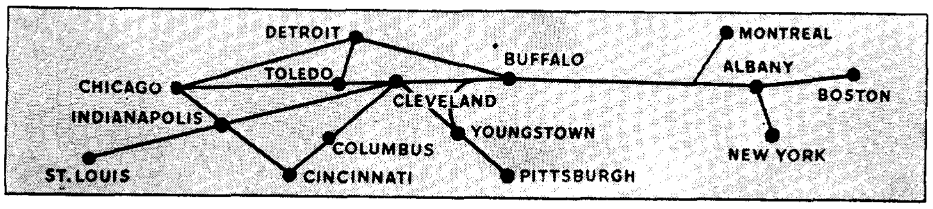

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THIS WEEK

MAY 17, 1941

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COVER SCOTT EVANS

ANY WEEK

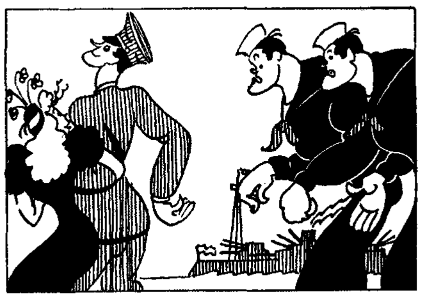
THE heroic figure in the top illustration on page 15 of this issue is a German air-raid warden and you who never doubt our accuracy won't need to be told that the uniform he wears is in every detail authentic. Artist Hardie Gramatky, pursuing the facts, called at the German Library of Information in New York. The young woman (Nordic) who received him lifted her chin haughtily and said "We don't need air-raid wardens in Berlin."

Our man departed but, fearing to return to the office empty-handed, went back in a half-hour and, entering by another door, found a helpful man, also Nordic, who gave him the information.

WE HAVE a letter from Mr. Joe Outerpine of Hollywood, California, notifying us that we've been made an honorary life member of the Deanna Durbin Devotees. We shall not quote this letter. Nor are we at all sure why such an honor should be visited upon us. We have never, as far as we remember, seen Miss Durbin on the screen or off. Moreover, we have neither the young lady's autograph nor her photograph. This, however, is to be remedied. Mr. Outerpine says that inasmuch as we are probably too busy to collect Durbiniana "a membership-rating collection will be forwarded to us at an early date." In appreciation of this we hereby publish Mr. Outerpine's postscript: "Miss Durbin," writes he, "is heart and soul with England in her struggle."

PERHAPS you're too young, but we gaffers carry vivid recollections of the snowstorm-in-a-glass-ball paperweights that used to sit on Grandpa's desk and were show pieces in Grandma's parlor. Until you picked one up and turned it over it looked merely like an ordinary crystal globe on an onyx base. But once turned over, the miracle happened—a fine blizzard within. How it happened has always been a mystery to us but it won't be much longer. Mr. James Rayen of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has notified us that the stores have revived them and that they're selling fast. Our agents in Boston, New York and Philadelphia report a similar revival. At the moment we happen to be in Seattle, Washington. We've just called up one of the Seattle stores and they tell us they expect a consignment next week. "You'd better put in your order now," the young lady told us, "because with National Defense having priority on glass we can't guarantee that we'll have them in stock very long."

SOME years ago we stopped being impressed when told that the government was becoming so grasping that presently they'd be taxing the air you breathe. But that, too, is all over. We've just received word from Miss Bernice Drafftman of Denver, Colorado, that the courts of her state have just ruled that you must pay a sales tax on the oxygen they pump into you in hospitals in order that you might go on breathing. It's an entirely different matter of course, but while we're on the subject of taxation we may as well tell you that we've been talking to a gentleman who has a plan to solve what California persists in referring to as her Japanese Problem. This gentleman is going to ask the legislature of that state to place a discouraging tax on every child born in America to Japanese parents. He became a bit annoyed with us when we questioned the constitutionality of the proposal, saying that any child born in this country, whatever its parentage, was an American citizen and that we doubted very much that you could tax an American citizen's citizenship. "Oh, yeah?" cried he. "Well, you can fine a guy for creating a nuisance, can't you?"



IF YOU'RE quick about it you can spend an evening in a new night club in San Francisco that's specializing in South Sea atmosphere among other things. Every thirty minutes there is a terrific clap of synthetic thunder, flashes of phony lightning, a torrential rainstorm and a howling gale that all but rips the bamboo walls asunder. The customers are always scared stiff but return in large numbers for more. A rival night spot is ready to stage a highly realistic air raid but is having trouble with the landlord. Still another is working on an earthquake but the police are having trouble seeing eye to eye with the proprietor. Another innovation the war has fetched to San Francisco presents a problem to the ladies known to the sailors as tomatoes. It used to be that when a warship arrived within the Golden Gate the newspapers and the radio broadcast the news. The tomatoes thereupon gathered in large numbers at Pier Fourteen to meet the lads as they stepped ashore. But the Navy has prevailed upon the newspapers and radio to adopt a voluntary censorship. No longer is the arrival of a ship announced. Never before have so many sailors walked the streets of San Francisco without tomatoes. However, several soldiers told us that they thought the Navy censorship a splendid thing.

SOMETIME during this week end we shall go to the mat with an engaging problem presented to us by a Hungarian who is at the moment in the somewhat speculative position of being stranded in Wales. Being stranded in Wales, we gather, is the ultimate in being stranded. Not that that's the gentleman's trouble. He wants to come to America. He confesses to an inability to get in under the quota from Hungary, where he isn't, nor from Great Britain where, alas, he is. "I have no much objection to not honesty," he admits, "when the reason is admirable. This is then my pledge. You will work me into the America in your own ways for which I shall work backward. One day each fortnight I shall give to America the result of my work and brains. This I shall give to you as you please with. Thus I shall pay the debt. In time I shall be an example for all the millions who wish to do what I wish to do but who do not think so quick. In your old age I shall honor you with support. There shall be no such American like me but please be quick as one cannot know what will happen to me."

AND we have been invited to buy a few wool-weave neckties of exclusive design. They are, we're assured, "the weaving of real Indians who have fabricated the splendid neckwear in the true tradition of their ancient art." These ties are "absolutely guaranteed to be one hundred per cent pure wool." The letter is signed by Chief Sitting Bullstein.

WE'VE just met Mr. Chip Busher of Pasco, Washington. Mr. Busher informed us that he is the unchallenged crossroads champion of the United States. This information left us a bit cold until Mr. Busher explained. Mr. Busher is a hitchhiker by profession. He will ride anywhere you're going at any time. When he gets there he'll get another hitch in any direction it will take him. He travels for the fun of it (he calls it romance) and has no particular destination in mind nor any idea of doing anything about it when he gets there. "Crossroads are the best places to pick up hitches," he told us. "Folks usually slow down when they come to crossroads. I know intimately more than thirty-five hundred strategic crossroads in the Northwest alone. I have made a list of them, with maps and data and am going to send it all to the President for use in this country's defense program. With my knowledge of America's crossroads the Army's work could be much simplified. I'll bet I can take any bunch of generals in the Army and lose them with my knowledge of our country's crossroads. Don't you think the President's the man to send it to?"

NO. Mrs. Roosevelt is the traveler. . . .
W. D.

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Proof against the unpredictable

Skill and a sure step are not all of a mountain climber's equipment. A stout rope occupies an important place in his pack. Though it may never be called into action to save him from a plunge over a precipice, even the most skilled climber would not set out without his rope. For he knows that nothing could replace its dependable help should an emergency arise.

Ability and industry are not enough to keep a dependent family safe. Against the unpredictable, the wise husband and father provides life insurance. Like the mountain climber's rope, it is indispensable to his sense of precaution. It is a safety measure, ready to go into action if his dependents should encounter that most critical of all emergencies — the loss of their provider.

Safe and secure is the family whose future is protected by life insurance arranged under a John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan. Individually designed to meet day-to-day needs, it pays income in prearranged amounts to cover the expenses of a critical period. A detailed description of the plan is contained in our booklet, "A Talking Picture." Write for your copy to Department C-4, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

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Let's send for that chart and figure our own car financing!"

FOR most families, buying a new car calls for quite a bit of careful consideration before the deal is closed. And that same consideration should extend as well to your choice of a time payment plan. It's really sensible to figure your own financing in advance...to see exactly what you get for what you pay...to see just where and how you can save!

Send today for the GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you the facts on car financing, in dollars and cents. In a few minutes, you can figure the "deal" that best suits you—based on the number of months you want and the amount you wish to pay each month.

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Judge for yourself! Mail the coupon today for your Figuring Chart! Then see your General Motors dealer.

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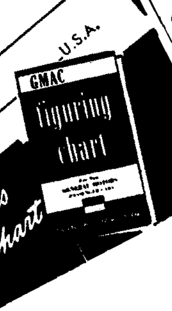


WING TALK

WASHINGTON

MARTIN HARRIS

First manager of the first federally owned airfield is John Groves

WHEN the Army Air Corps says it is "doing everything possible" to speed up the production and delivery of its new planes on order, it can back up those hackneyed words with a record of having eliminated 49 weeks of peacetime flight-test procedure in the cases of three new airplane types.

Before the gigantic aircraft-building program began, once a new-type ship had passed its test at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, an order was placed for 13 of them and when they finally came through they were assigned to tactical squadrons for a year of service-test flying. After that they went into production, such as it was in those days.

Now after a new plane has passed its structural and performance tests, full production is ordered. From 3 to 10 of the first production models are taken off the assembly line and sent to Wright and near-by Patterson fields for "accelerated service tests." Thirty to forty young Air Corps pilots are ordered in from various tactical squadrons and put to work. At dawn they climb into the new ships and fly until their fuel runs low. Awaiting their return is another detail of airmen who didn't have to get up that early and off they go. This continues all day and into the night. When 150 hours of continuous flying (representing close to 50,000 miles) is accomplished the ships have gone through the equivalent of one year of pre-Hitler service testing. If the ships on test are fighters, another 10 hours of acrobatic flying is run off.

Of course, during this grueling test period, bugs develop, changes are found necessary or desirable and as fast as they materialize word is flashed back to the factories. As long as the basic design and structure is not affected, these changes can be worked in during production.

ROBOTS now are being tucked away in the tails of airliners, to make a written record of the planes' position above ground throughout every minute of scheduled flight. They also will record when and for how long the ships' radio transmitters are in use during each trip. This information is desired by the Civil Aeronautics Board, first to satisfy itself that the flight regulations are being complied with at all times, and second, to provide a definite clue in the event of accident.

Known throughout the aviation industry for years as the "man-in-the-box," this instrument was conceived by Major R. W. (Shorty) Schroeder, now vice-president of United Air Lines, when he was the Army's chief test pilot.

The recorder occupies a metal container slightly larger than a shoe box and is fireproofed and shock-mounted. In addition to noting the altitude and radio operation, the "man-in-the-box" can take down additional information on air speed, de-icers, engine manifold pressure and, if anyone really wants to know, how many miles per trip the hostess walks up and down the aisle while dispensing cheer.

The Back Seat

Pre-eminent in public interest because of its size, accommodations and location, is the new Washington National Airport, whose manager, John Groves, is today's back-seat occupant. His is the responsibility for the operation and maintenance of this first and only federally owned airline base.

Star quarterback at the University of Maryland, Marine Corps flier and pioneer in government promotion of airports and civil aeronautics, Johnny Groves has nearly two decades of experience for this unprecedented job. Back in the early 20's when the late General Smedley Butler was running the Marine Corps he laid much emphasis on football. So good a quarterback was Johnny at the U. of M. that Butler drafted him into the Marines as a lieutenant of aviation, and for 2½ years he was gridiron general for this tough outfit, which took on all the first-string colleges in the country, and anybody else who'd play.

In the early days of the operation of the Air Commerce Act of 1926, Johnny was just about the entire aeronautics branch of the Department of Commerce. But he specialized on airport development, aids to air navigation and assistance to pilots in finding their way around through preparation of maps and airport and airway information. More recently, he was second in command of the Civilian Pilot Training Program in which he was so engrossed that he didn't even know he was being considered for the job of running the new airport.

To look at Johnny's face, you could tell he played football and flew airplanes for many years. He has a typical football-airman nose. Only it was never broken. Not even hurt.

FROM the moment the pilot and co-pilot of the 12-ton DC-3 airliner take their seats, until the "Please Fasten Safety Belt" light goes off, just about 55 operations involving switches, valves, levers and push buttons are performed by them to get the big ship rolling, into the air and settled down to cruising speed and altitude. Sometime we'll take you beyond that door leading into the pilot's compartment, a sacred sanctum that you'll never enter in flight until you become an airline-operations official or a CAA air-carrier inspector, and let you watch a take-off.

F. R. N.

You'll be Safer with this 19 FEET OF GRIP in every Foot of Tread!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON
GOODYEAR TIRES THAN
ON ANY OTHER KIND

STAR FEATURES
of the first-line "G-3" All-Weather
WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE

ALL-WEATHER TREAD—*proved safest for more than a quarter of a century.*

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE—*from tougher thick flat tread—more rubber on the road.*

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—*deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.*

NO SLIP ON CURVES—*heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.*

FORTIFIED TREAD—*new improved rubber compound gives increased resistance to cuts and bruises.*

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—*new stronger higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.*

SMART APPEARANCE—*prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.*

This first-line "G-3" ALL-WEATHER averages 20% longer tread wear than other popular first-line tires tested—yet costs you less per mile than ever before

IF you're looking for greater highway safety—and who isn't—take a good long look at this latest edition of Goodyear's famed first-line "G-3" All-Weather.

See how its time-proved diamond block tread is crisscrossed by hundreds of separate, deep-cut gripping edges. Note how they FACE at all angles—to brace against skids in any direction.

Put these non-skid edges end to end, and you'll find they give you *nineteen* feet of grip in every single foot of tread—a 19-to-1 safety factor in resisting tire-slip in all directions.

What's more, you get this greater non-skid safety in the toughest, longest-wearing tread ever built on a "G-3" All-Weather tire—*a tread that averages more than 20% longer wear than any popular first-line tire tested against it!*

As a result, you get a tire built to the finest first-line specifications—at a price so low you pay less per mile than ever before.

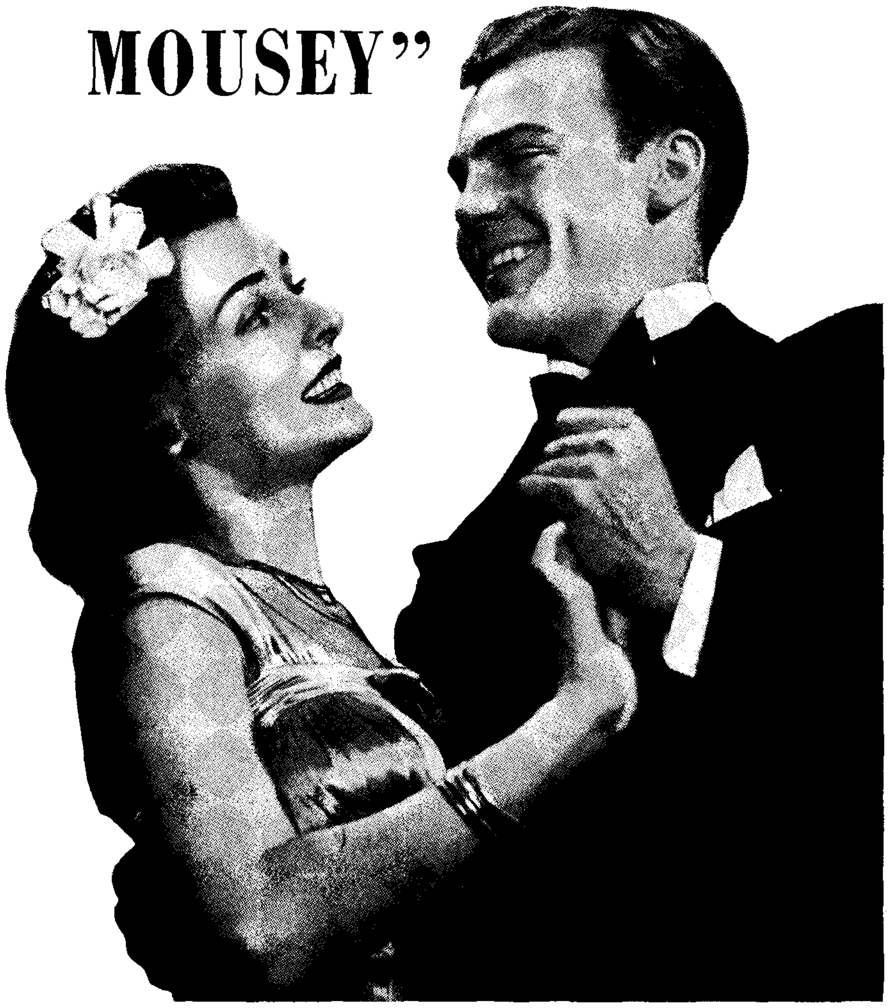
All this means that you can now enjoy first-line "G-3" All-Weather quality and safety at a price so low it proves *"you get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"*

All-Weather, Supertwist—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

P.S.
New tubes
save tires



"I'M THE GAYEST GIRL IN TOWN —and they used to call me MOUSEY"

"I USED to sit home all the time, now I'm dated every night. Don't tell me it doesn't pay to get after the 'Double O' " (offensive breath and offensive-looking teeth).

You may be careful about your appearance, but unless you've taken precautions against the "Double O" you may be out of things. Lack-lustre teeth, a repellent smile, and off-color breath surely count against you.

If you've been careless, why not start now to make yourself more attractive to others—to men especially? Why not take this delightful double precaution that so many popular people insist on daily?

For a sweeter breath, Listerine Antiseptic—you've known about it for years, probably use it. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And for cleaner, more sparkling teeth with added natural brilliance, the new Listerine Tooth Paste—changed in formula, changed in action.

For 8 years our skilled scientists tried formula after formula to get the exact combination of safe cleansing and polishing agents that would gently, quickly, and effectively aid in restoring the natural brilliance of teeth. Remember, the new Listerine Tooth Paste is especially created to do just that. Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

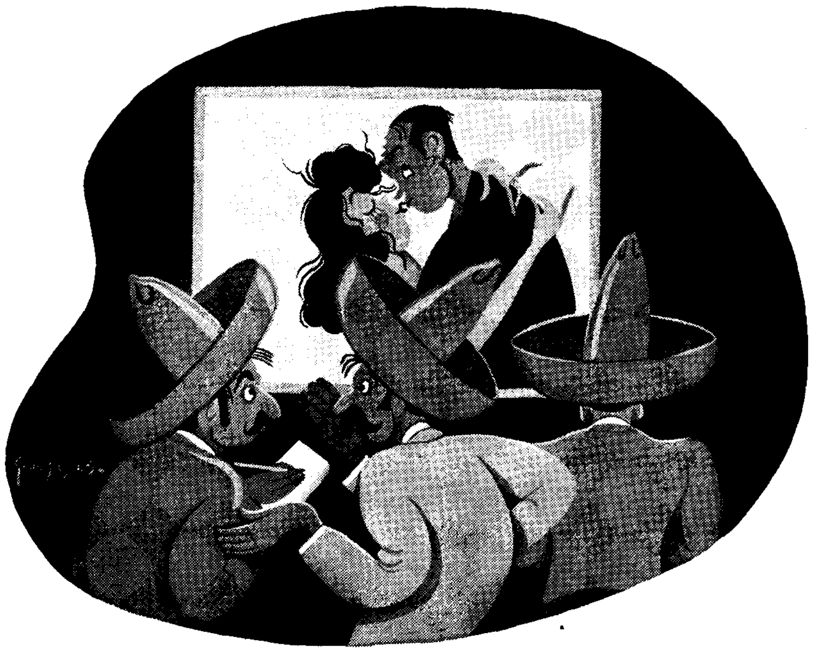
To make yourself more attractive to others, begin to get after "Double O" (offensive breath and offensive-looking teeth) now, use the new Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic every night and morning and before any date.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

the double precaution against double O Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

All motion pictures that enter Mexico each week are reviewed, criticized and classified, according to their recreational, educational and moral values, by the Mexican Legion of Decency. The information is then printed on folders, which are distributed in the churches on Sunday morning.—*By Luis Camacho, Mexico City, Mexico.*

Our federal government is today the world's largest user of office space, either owning or renting a total of 118,225,000 square feet in 19,117 buildings scattered throughout this country. The 26,000,000 square feet in Washington alone is double that of only nine years ago.

Under present income-tax schedules, a resident of New York who has an annual net income of $1,000,000 pays $807,000 of it to the state and federal governments.

Fortunes have been made on inventions that were only trifling improvements on existing devices. Among them are the nicks added to paper clips, the substitution of rubber for wooden buttons on garters, and the jacking up of a paper-making machine only twelve inches, which so accelerated the down-flow of the liquid pulp that its output was increased fifty-five per cent.

In the United States, more pounds of fish are used in industrial processes than are used for food. Fish go into the manufacture of soap, paint, varnish, wax, glue, linoleum, fertilizer, leather products and "pearl essence," which is employed to coat such articles as knife handles and toilet sets.—*By Sarah K. Schrauf, Lakewood, Ohio.*

The pressure required to stamp the design on United States silver coins varies tremendously with the size of the coin itself. A dime requires from thirty-five to forty-five tons, a quarter from sixty to one hundred tons, a half-dollar from one hundred to one hundred and ten tons and a dollar one hundred and sixty tons.—*By James R. Duffy, Altoona, Pennsylvania.*

The "right of angary," which is both a constitutional and international law, allows any belligerent or neutral nation, either in time of peace or war, to seize foreign ships and materials within its territory, subject to adequate compensation. —*By Hugh W. Lamont, San Pedro, California.*

Up to 1940, the 1,600,000 tractors installed on American farms had displaced about ten million work horses and mules and, thereby, released 45,000,000 acres of land that had been required for pasture and crops to feed these animals.

California, Connecticut, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan and Montana have laws restricting the use of white canes to blind persons so drivers of vehicles will be able to distinguish them.—*By M. Coverdell, Des Moines, Iowa.*

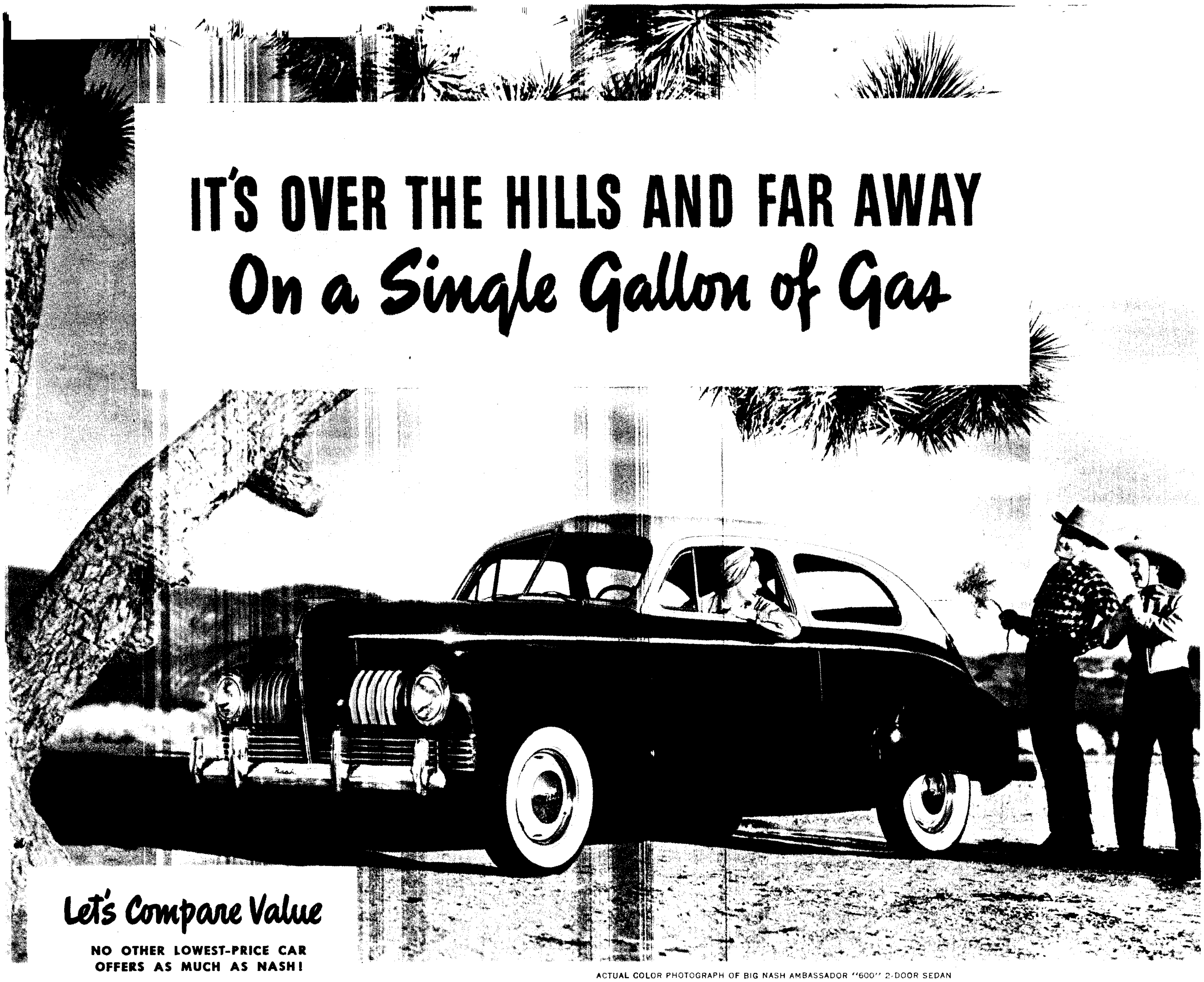
The Dead Sea, maligned for centuries as a body of water whose vapors not only killed bird life but also all vegetation for many miles around it, really has a fine climate; being 1,300 feet below sea level and the lowest spot on earth, its air contains more oxygen than that of any other place.

Some brands of cake flour are composed of a dozen different flours, some toilet soaps contain twenty perfumes, some Scotch whiskies are blends of twenty whiskies and some perfumes are made from as many as fifty different essences.

Only nine women have had their portraits on postage stamps of the United States: Queen Isabella, Pocahontas, Martha Washington, Virginia Dare, Susan B. Anthony, Whistler's Mother, Louisa May Alcott, Frances E. Willard and Jane Addams.—*By Richard Flatley, Green Bay, Wisconsin.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

IT'S OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY
On a Single Gallon of Gas



ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH OF BIG NASH AMBASSADOR "600" 2-DOOR SEDAN

Let's Compare Value

NO OTHER LOWEST-PRICE CAR OFFERS AS MUCH AS NASH!

★ **Better Economy...** up to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gas.

★ **Smoother Ride...** Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All 4 Wheels.

★ **Easier Steering...** First low-price car with Two-way Roller Steering.

★ **Roomier...** Greater Seating Width. You can have a Convertible Bed!

★ **Safer...** Welded Body-and-Frame Construction — twist-proof, quieter.

IT'S set a million tongues wagging from coast to coast—this new kind of car and what it does on a gallon of gas!

Listen to these Nash owners' experiences:

From San Francisco: "*Continually amazed by my Nash. Recently averaged 32 miles a gallon on trip at rate of 45 miles an hour in Fourth Speed Forward.*"

Can you imagine going 500 miles on a tankful? Listen to this man from Minneapolis:

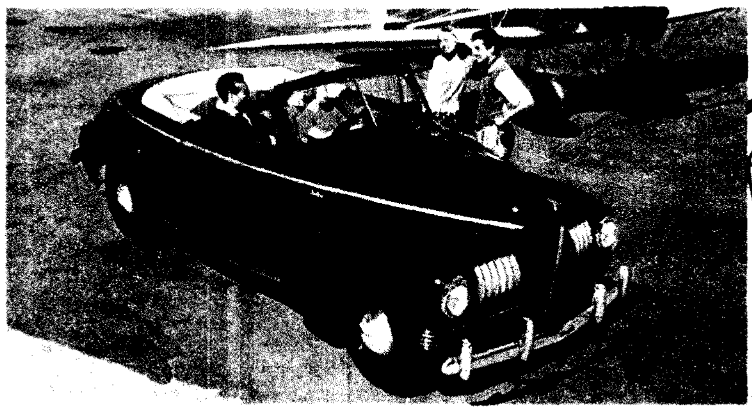
"*Drove all the way to Chicago, and then some—before I even thought about a gas station. Saving almost enough to make my payments.*"

Yet—economy is only one of the reasons Nash is the *fastest-growing* car in popularity in the lowest-price field.

Drive it—see the other amazing differences!

A front seat almost five feet wide. Coil springing on *all four wheels*, for the most amazing roadability you ever experienced. A welded body-and-frame. A Weather Eye Conditioned Air System. A big Convertible Bed for touring.

In five minutes you'll discover more *new* things than you've seen in other cars in the past five years. Come on—try it!



The top value in cars priced just above the lowest—the Nash Ambassador 6 with thrilling "Aeropower"—Twin-Ignition, Valve-in-Head Engine!

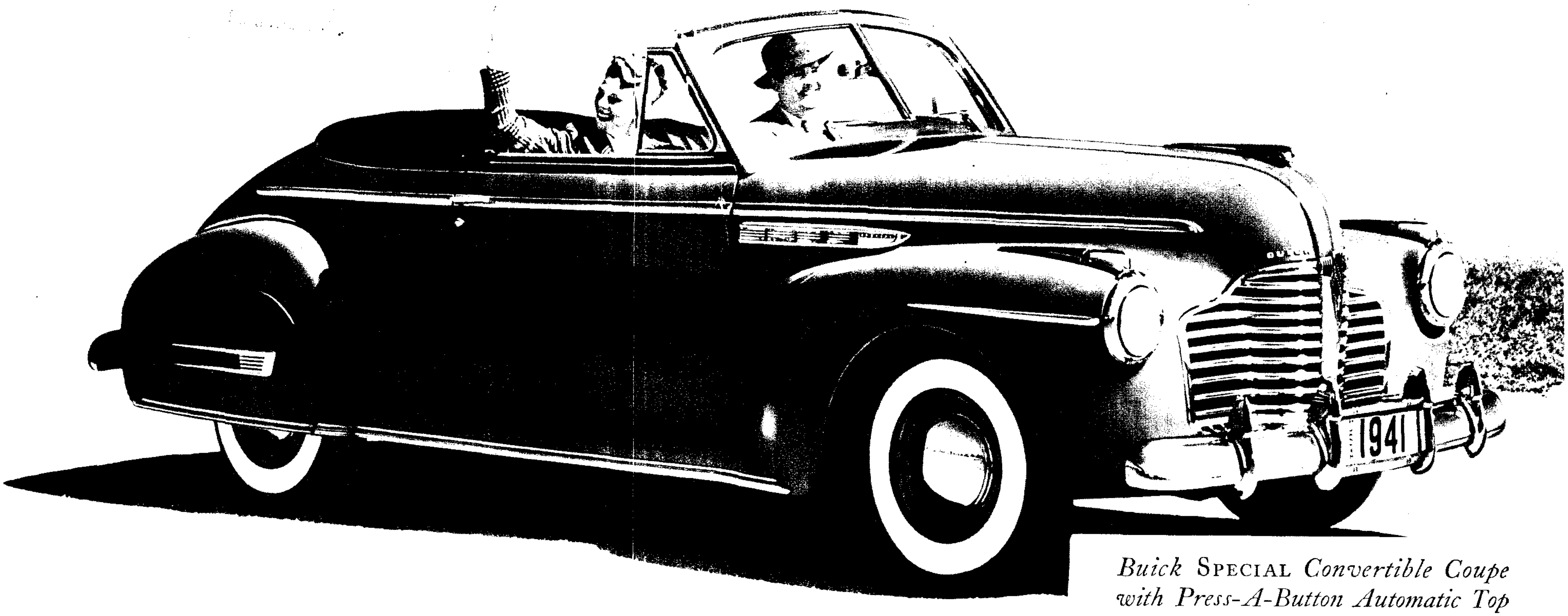
Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE

$755 BUYS THE BIG SEDAN illustrated above. *All prices delivered at Factory include standard equipment and Federal tax. Weather Eye, Convertible Bed, Fourth Speed Forward, White Side Wall Tires, Two-tone Paint and Deluxe Bumper Guards are optional extras.

OTHER PRICES AS LOW AS...$720*

(Prices subject to change without notice)



Buick SPECIAL *Convertible Coupe with Press-A-Button Automatic Top $1138. Rear wheel shields and white sidewall tires extra.*★

Yes–It's got what the Young call "STUFF"!

This is a 1941 Buick automobile.

It is big and broad, as you see — eye-delighting from any angle.

It is lovely. Watch it easy-footing along the highway, nimbling through traffic, spinning long miles behind its twinkling wheels.

It is a performer such as red-blooded men itch to lay hands on — a stylist to make you feel like somebody.

And it is more. It is the precise and polished work of perfectionists who okeh nothing as good until it is good as they know how to make.

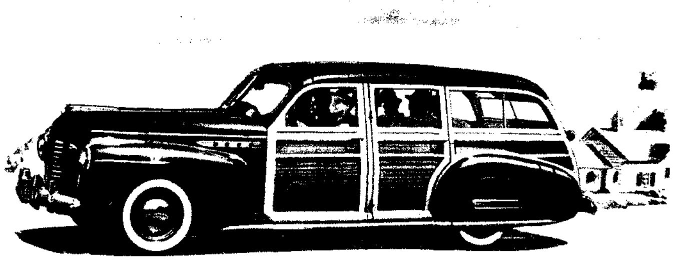
So this Buick is 12,000-plus hair-fine parts, toughened and tested, ground and fitted, teamworking here as a single unit responsive as your finger.

It is seventy-two different kinds of metals. It is the fine-tooth-combings of the best science knows. It is processed by some 5,000 operations, proved by a hundred separate types of tests and measurements.

It is the solid strength of deep-silled, X-braced frames, firm and fortresslike against road shocks. It is the gentle comfort of all-coil springing that needs no care and knows no wear.

It is the life and brilliance of 800-odd pounds of valve-in-head straight-eight engine — the vibrationless smoothness of balance so exact the misplaced weight of a dime would glaringly show up.

It is the bigness of room all around you and the springing lightness of action that gives an evening slipper perfect control.



So it is command over distance, defiance of wear, mastery of time, freedom from driving effort—and the durable satisfaction of knowing that you travel in and with the best.

For as the younger generation puts it, this Buick has "stuff."

How much "stuff" is something you begin to see the minute you first take its wheel.

It is also something you keep on discovering for months and years and scores of thousands of miles after that.

That is why *you* should have a Buick.

Not some day, but *now!*

BUICK PRICES BEGIN AT

$915

for the Business Coupe

★*delivered at Flint, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories — extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

"Best Buick Yet"

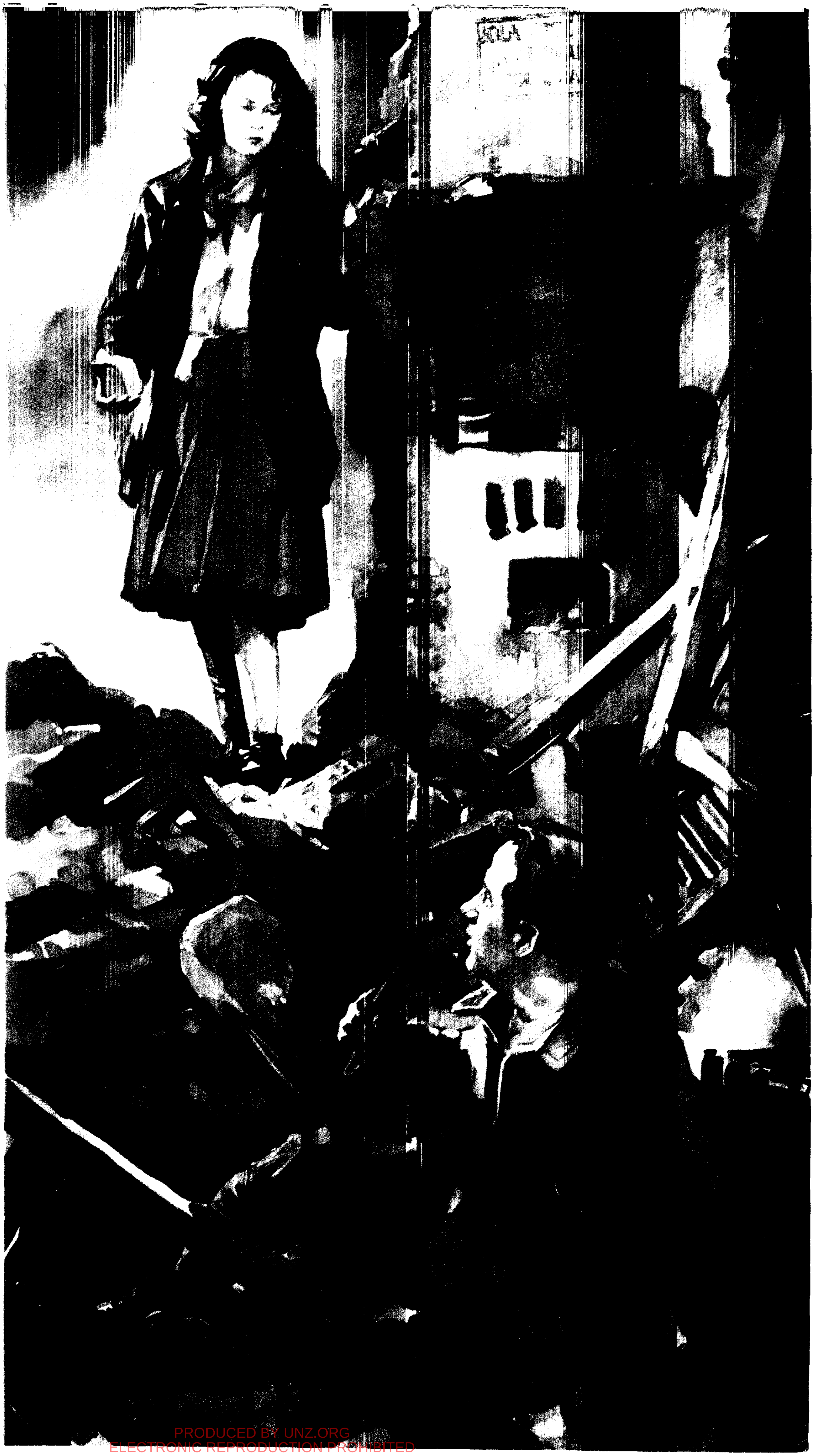
EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 17, 1941

Debt of Mercy

By Harold Sinclair
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Six brave soldiers die to free France. One does not, but his soul is already dead



"Come on down here," he ordered her gruffly. "Don't let yourself be silhouetted like that up there, you fool"

MARX stared out the cell window, his face almost against the bars. It was dark out there now, but even in daylight there was little enough to see—a flat sweep of grass with a row of tall poplars at the far edge, sixty yards away. The cells here were in the basement and the greensward was just level with his eyes when he stood. The cell too was dark now except for the light that came from the corridor.

It's dark in the other cell too, Marx thought, but not with the same sort of darkness as this. The other cell—that was the reason he stood at the black window. Here he could hear least from the cell across the corridor; when he was near the door he could understand snatches of the talk. Inside, he ached with the desire to know what the others were saying in these last hours they had in which to say anything. Yet he was, in another way, afraid to hear their talk, and he wondered if this horrible emptiness inside him was caused by the loss of that vague thing men called the soul.

It had been bad a little while ago when young Girard—he was not yet eighteen—had given way. His sudden burst of hysterics had struck Marx like a blow. Then someone, Didier probably, had slapped Girard sharply, and the sound of that had been almost as bad as the hysterics. After that Didier had comforted him as a father comforts a small son.

At dawn—how far off that was he had no way of knowing—they were going out there by the line of poplars. Didier, Lautrose, Jackson the American, Helene, Girard, Mornay, all but Marx. They were going to die out there but he, Albert Marx, was going to live. That was what the orders said, but they were wrong, all wrong. It was he, Marx, who was going to die. No, more than that—he was already dead.

IT HAD begun in that sad month when the flame had swept across Holland and Belgium and France, and they had all been blown before it like dead leaves in the wind.

Chance and the strange havoc of war had brought all of them except Helene to Martain's dingy tavern in Marseilles. Didier had come from the chasseurs in the Alps at the Pass; Marx from a broken infantry regiment below Amiens; Sergeant Lautrose had brought Jackson—Jackson the American, one of the B.E.F. who didn't get away from that hell called Dunkirk. Where were they going? Almost anywhere, though there were rumors that free Frenchmen would fight in Africa, and from Marseilles, with luck, one might cross to Africa—if it was worth it. They had two things in common: they had fought and refused to accept surrender, and they were all technically deserters.

So they lived at Martain's, and it was natural that through Martain they should come to know one another. Their low-voiced talk over the wineglasses had eased their bitterness a little, but at first all of them had just been waiting—for what exactly none of them knew.

It was the affair of the Minister that had changed things.

MARTAIN took the man in as he had the others and they didn't blame him for that. In a way that was Martain's business. But the newcomer would have none of them, and that was an odd thing because they were obviously all fugitives together. It was Didier, wracking his brain in order to recall that face, who remembered him as the Minister. In the end the matter went further, much further. There had everywhere been talk of treachery in high places, and when Didier "borrowed" Martain's keys he discovered that one of the Minister's bags contained a million-odd gold francs. The others, except Jackson whom they ruled out because he was an American, finished the business. It was Lautrose, with his thick baker's fingers, who actually throttled the man, but even Martain, from fear, helped dispose of the body in the greasy harbor water.

They faced one another around the table, the bundles of currency like a barrier between them, each of them trying not to show what was in his mind.

"Five men—a million," Lautrose muttered. "A man could go a long way—"

Jackson shrugged and shook his head. "Not me—count me out of it. I could use a stake, but not that."

Marx said nothing at all.

"One thing, gentlemen," Didier said quietly. "So far we feel we have done nothing but our duty. But *this* belongs to France. When we touch one franc of it for ourselves we become, not thieves, but murderers. You see?"

There was silence until Lautrose demanded, "Well, and what then?"

Didier looked away, his thoughts in some remote distance. "We are all soldiers and we have not yet surrendered. With a million, and courage, a few men could do much for France. Even swine—especially swine—can be bought. Four men who were determined—"

Jackson frowned and interrupted: "Get to the point, Didier!"

"Only this—we can yet go back and fight if we have the courage—and if it was worth fighting for in the beginning."

"You're mad!" Lautrose said, but his eyes gleamed. "We would certainly be taken."

"Of course, sooner or later," Didier agreed. "But in the meantime? And you, Lautrose, what have you to go back to? Your wife and children—you told me yourself they were gone. It is the same with all of us."

Lautrose shut his eyes against the vision and was silent.

"It would be better than this doing nothing," Marx said with bitterness.

The American grinned crookedly and blew ashes from his cigarette. "Well, I had hardly figured to do it this way, but—" He shrugged briefly. "What difference does it make after all? You'll need an extra hand, Didier. Carry on."

"All of you, listen to me!" Lautrose said in sudden excitement. "My village is but twenty kilometers from the forest of the Argonne, and when I was a boy I knew every path. Now there is a small swift river—"

They leaned forward tensely as he pushed the bundles of bills aside and began drawing an imaginary map on the table top.

It was the maddest of all madness, and that is how it began.

THEY went by night and secretly—Marx and Didier alone, Lautrose and Jackson together because the latter could not be expected to get on so well alone. Lautrose had drilled them well, and his instructions were engraved on their minds. Each of them carried a pistol and a portion of the money, but little else. Thus if one should be taken on the way nothing but his tongue could implicate the others.

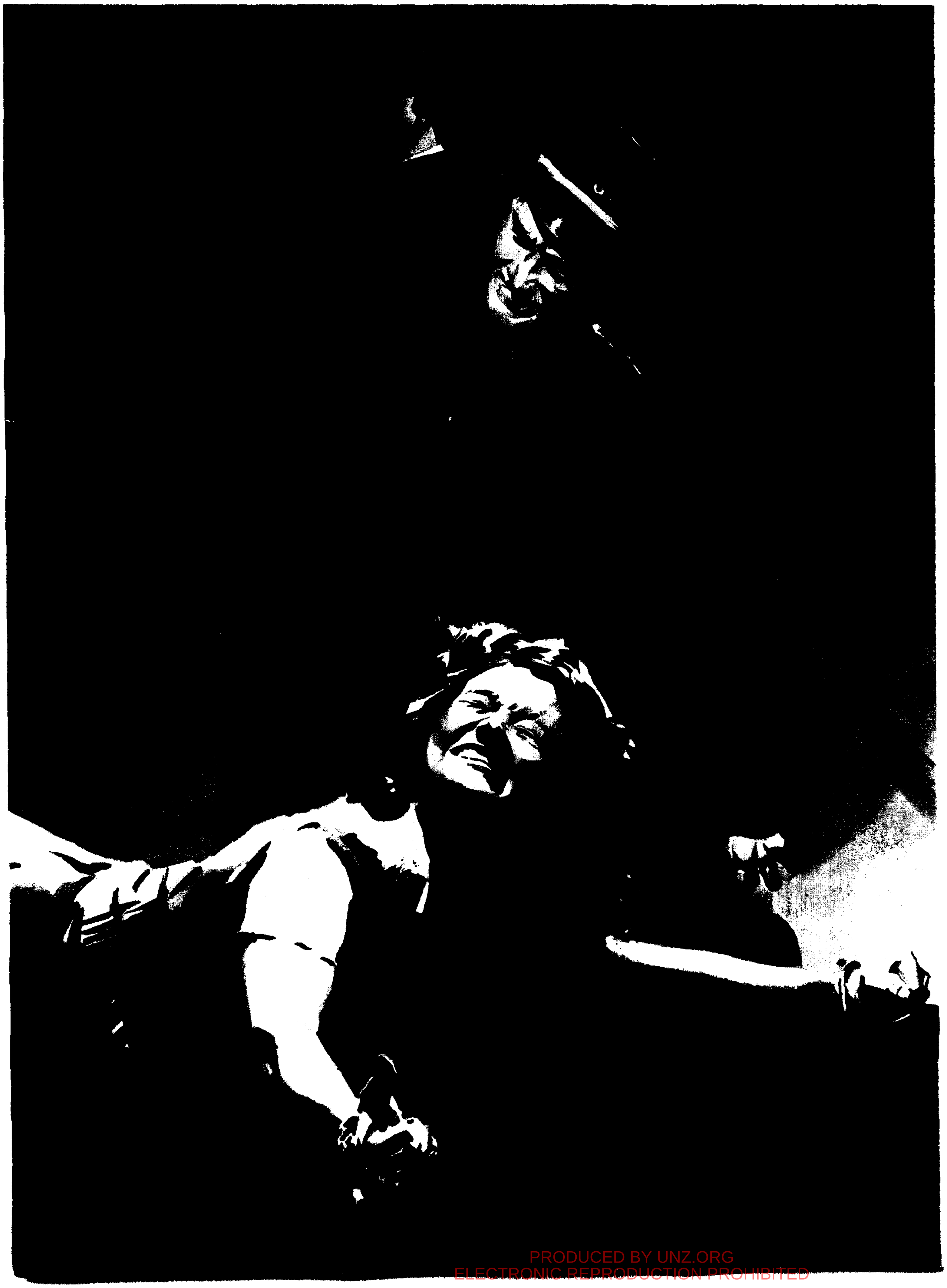
It was Marx who found the girl—or the girl who found him.

Near sunset he shook himself from uneasy sleep and crept from his hiding place in the cellar of what had once been a cottage. Now it was a hole filled with a conglomerate of broken lath, plaster, bricks and splintered furniture. The Stukas had done well here. This had once been a tiny village. Now it and the countryside were dead, with the utter deadness and desolation of a Dali landscape.

Satisfied that he was quite alone, Marx retreated to a corner of the cellar and brought bread and sausage from under his tunic. He ate ravenously and longed for a drink of cold, sweet water. It was the slight sound of disturbed plaster that startled him and left his hand poised halfway to his mouth.

He was still eating the final bit of sausage he had allowed himself and the

(Continued on page 47)



The stain widened across her blouse but she did not scream, only whimpered a little. It might be easier, Marx thought, if she did scream

Camera Dick

By Owen P. White

Because Edwin Fearon can see right into the middle of a sheet of paper, forgers are finding it difficult to make a living these days

UNTIL fairly recently forgery was a thriving profession that nicked the public for millions of easy money every year. Forgers raised checks, doctored wills, faked notes and got away with it. Today it is practically impossible for a crook to tamper with a written document without leaving behind him such a broad trail that, although it is entirely invisible to the human eye, or to the ordinary microscope, it is nevertheless easily photographed.

But how can anyone photograph the invisible? To their sorrow the forgers have discovered that it can be done quickly by flooding specimens of their handiwork with ultraviolet rays and snapping a camera on them. This produces perfect likenesses of the original documents just as they were before alteration. It sounds amazing but to scientific photographers, and especially to Mr. Edwin H. Fearon of Pittsburgh, who makes a specialty of it, it is all part of the day's work.

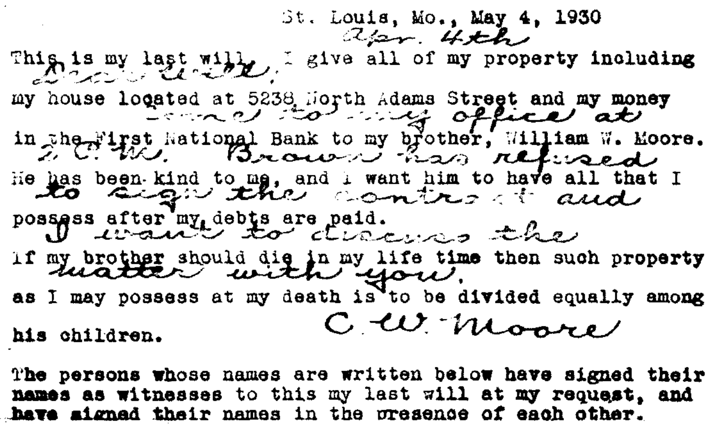
Nearly all substances are fluorescent. That means that when they are irradiated with ultraviolet rays, which are invisible to the human eye, they respond by giving forth a light of their own by which they can be photographed. If you are placed in a totally dark room and a stream of ultraviolet rays which you can neither see nor feel is poured upon you, your skin, fingernails, hair and perhaps parts of your clothing will emit a light sufficiently intense for the camera to record it.

Apply this phenomenon of fluorescence to disputed documents and see how it works. Paper, composed largely of cellulose, fluoresces strongly in ultraviolet. If paper is written on with ink and the ink subsequently is erased or bleached out, one of two things, or maybe both, will happen. Either the thin lines in the paper from which the ink has been eradicated will have a lower fluorescence than the rest of it, or else the iron in the ink, from which only the color has been removed, will have a higher one. Thus either way, owing to the difference in fluorescence between the body of the paper and the lines where the ink has been, an ultraviolet photograph will reveal the original writing which is entirely invisible under ordinary light. There are two methods by which those ultraviolet pictures can be made.

The first is strictly analogous to ordinary photography in that the picture is made by the total light reflected from the object. The only difference here is that as all visible light is excluded and as the object is illuminated with invisible ultraviolet it is only the reflected ultraviolet that acts upon the plate. Generally this method gets its man. But if it doesn't, if the document remains stubborn, and if it appears to the photographer that a clever crook is about to slip through his fingers, he tries

(Continued on page 70)

Even the cleverest of forgeries fail when Edwin H. Fearon, of Pittsburgh, goes to work on them with his lights and cameras. Above, he is using his portable ultraviolet lamp to examine a suspected document



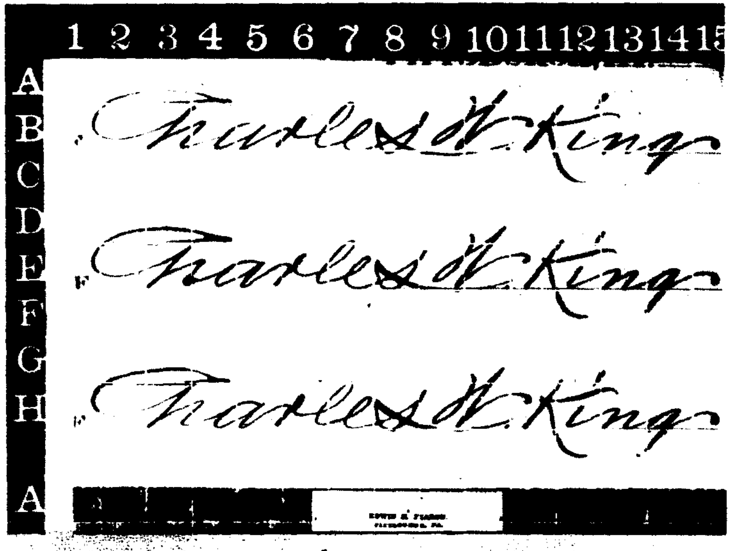
St. Louis, Mo., May 4, 1930
Apr. 4th
This is my last will. I give all of my property including
Dear Will,
my house located at 5238 North Adams Street and my money
Come to my office at
in the First National Bank to my brother, William W. Moore.
2. C. W. Brown has refused
He has been kind to me, and I want him to have all that I
to sign the contract and
possess after my debts are paid.
I want to discuss the
If my brother should die in my life time then such property
matter with you.
as I may possess at my death is to be divided equally among
his children. C. W. Moore

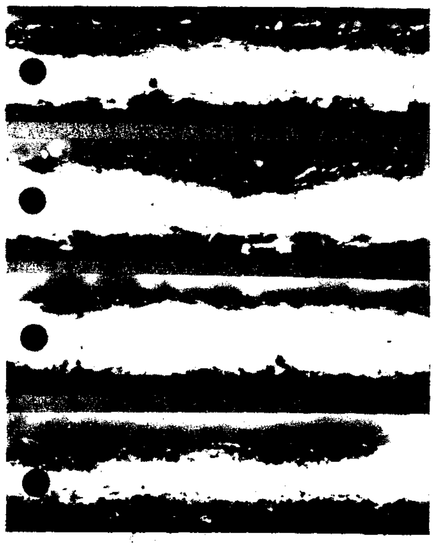
The persons whose names are written below have signed their names as witnesses to this my last will at my request, and have signed their names in the presence of each other.

Left, ultraviolet light reveals a fake will. The signature is genuine but the writing on what was originally a business note has been washed out and the "last will" typed in

Below, left, the top signature is genuine, the others are tracings. Photo against scale proves them to be exactly similar in every detail, an impossibility in normal writing

Below, microphotograph reveals that different pen strokes cause different degrees of ink penetration; no forger could duplicate them exactly



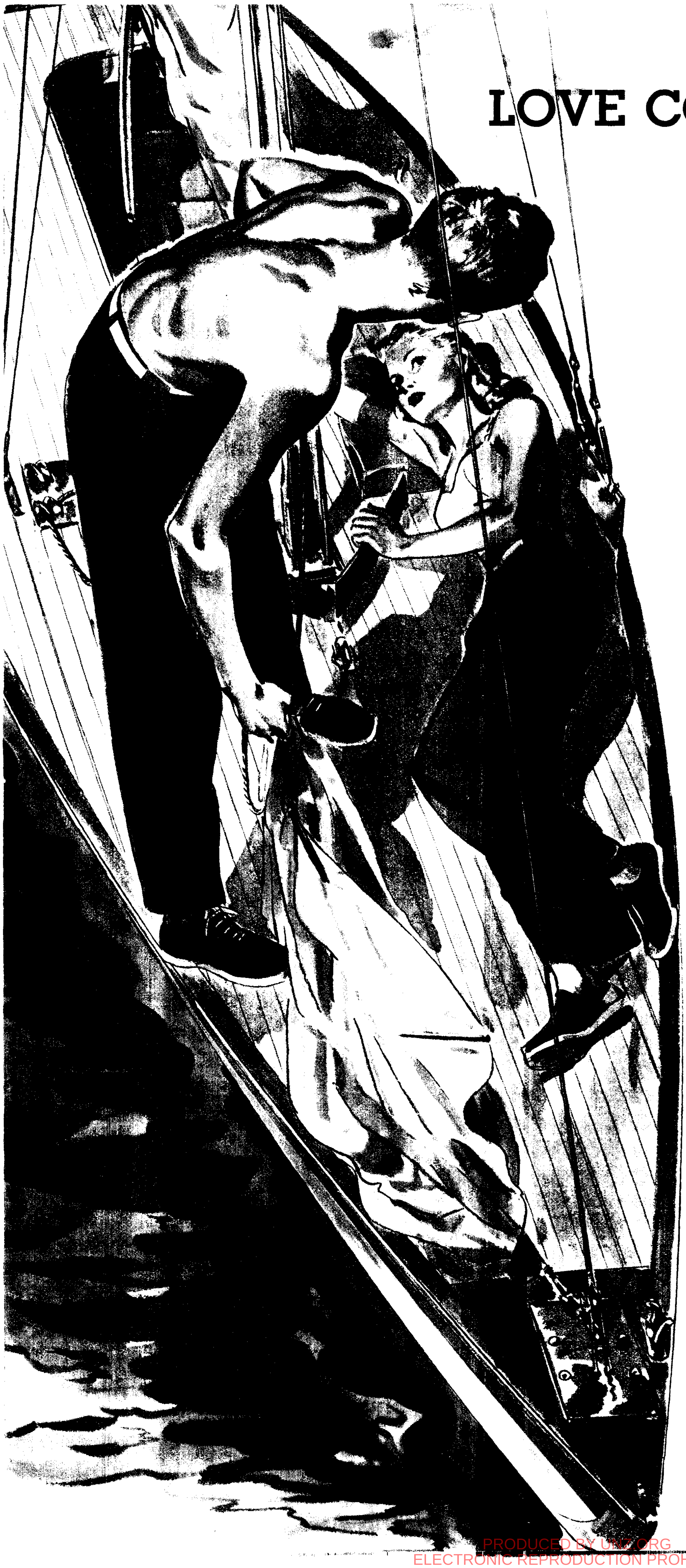


LOVE COMES TOO SOON

By Nancy Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Her tears were not for her departed lover, but because she knew she would forget him



DINAH was aware of Chris before she actually saw him. That would have sounded funny if she had told anyone. The more strange that she should have been aware of him when five minutes before she had been thinking only that Stacey Wood was about to ask for a date.

She was sitting on the rail of the runway that went down to the main dock of the Yacht Club, idly hauling up and letting down the bait box, watching the threshing, flashing mass of silver killies in the wire cage. Her rod rested against the rail on one side and Stacey on the other. A tall, thin boy with a peeling nose and a wide grin, wearing a crew cut and his prep-school sweater over a pair of brief trunks, he leaned on sunburned elbows.

He was working up to a date. Dinah could tell. He'd been building for it ever since he'd come down from St. Michael's, asking her to go along with the gang in his Star, offering to teach her how to handle her new Wee Scot.

"Going to fish, Di?" he asked her now. "Those killies could swallow anything you'd catch around here."

"Fish?" Dinah asked, lifting brows turned to a pale silver by the sun and sliding green eyes sideways at him. She could do things like that this year. Last year, when she was fifteen and still had braces on her teeth, she could only stammer in Stacey's presence. "What makes you think I'm going to fish?"

"Well, circumstantial evidence, I suppose. Your rod and the bait. Two and two."

"You couldn't hang a cat on circumstantial evidence."

She could do that, too—make light banter with him where last summer she blushed at his "Hello, kid" and watched miserably as he went on to joke with older, smoother girls.

"What d'you want the bait for then?"

"My breath."

"Oh, hey!"

"I want to listen to your every word with it baited, don't I?"

STACEY tipped back his head and laughed and Dinah was pleased. He thought she was witty. He was going to ask her to go out with him any minute now.

This was exactly what she had prayed for last summer. The only thing—well—it wasn't quite as terribly, achingly important as it had been then. She didn't know why. It was just that she'd had dreams this spring—waking dreams—of love and romance that were different than those she had had last summer. Then, all she had wanted was to dance with Stacey under the pagodalike roof of the Pandemonium, the club's big outdoor dance pavilion, to wear a red chiffon dress and hear him say she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. Now, she knew, vaguely, she wanted more than to be taken out, than to be admired. She wanted to—*feel* . . . She had a queer sensation in her breast as though it were full of bulbs getting ready to send forth shoots. But somehow Stacey wasn't—he wasn't the one for whom, in her fancies, they blossomed.

Nevertheless, she wanted to hear him ask for that date.

"Baited breath," he was saying. "Di, you're a demon. Look—"

Over his words she heard the putt-putt-putt of the club launch motor. She turned her head, impelled to do so for no reason at all. The boat was coming in, digging a furrow in the choppy water and sending the plowed spindrift up in fans either side of the bow. There was a man at the wheel. The launch was still so far away she could see only, indistinctly, a blue shirt and white gob hat. It might be Joe, the head boatman, or any of his assistants, yet she knew instinctively it wasn't. There was something about the way this man stood with his head back. A queer little pulse began to beat in her throat.

Now she could see him more clearly. He must be the new man they'd been talking about getting. But he was much younger than the others. About Stacey's age. Yet he had the build of a much older boy; and she thought she had never seen anyone so brown. It was a rich, deep bronze, not a surface tan like that of most of the boys here at the club, but burned in by constant sun and wind.

"—doing anything—" she dimly heard *(Continued on page 60)*

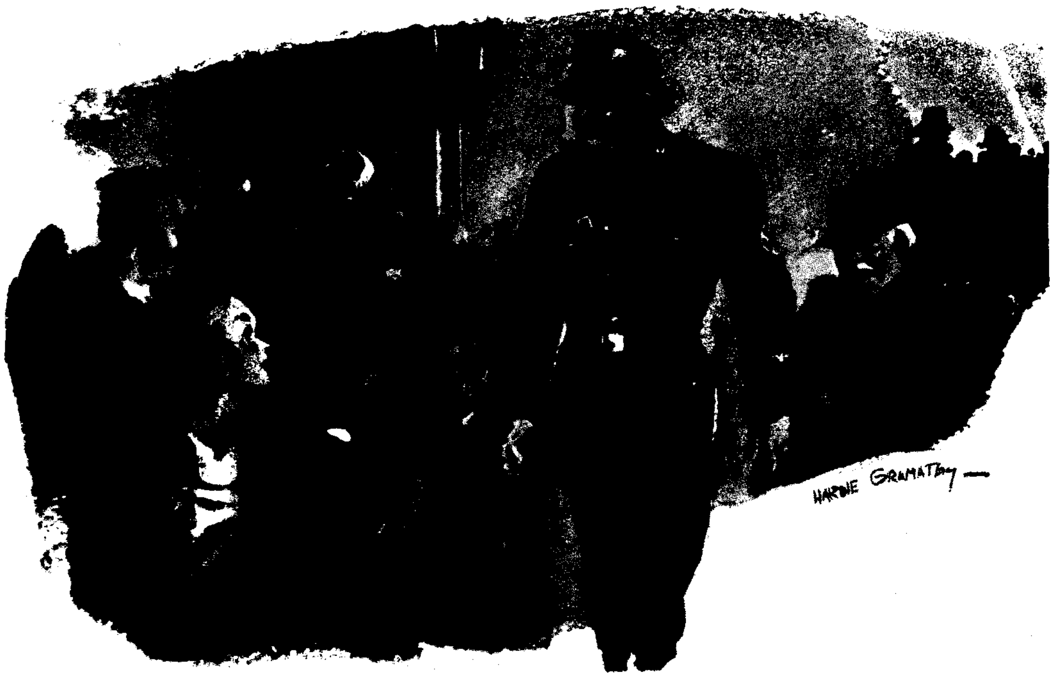
"If you really loved her," she said, "nobody could have made you break it up. When you're in love—you're just in love. That's all there is to it." "Yeah," Stacey said

How Germans Take It

By Joseph C. Harsch

Meet the Tinckler family. The name is fictitious, but everything they do and say is from real life in Germany at war. Mr. Harsch was a correspondent in Berlin from October, 1939, to January, 1941

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



The air-raid warden was a local tyrant, forbidding conversations

HITLER planned a painless war for the German people. And he almost succeeded in giving it to them. Of course there were to be some unpleasant things. You can't have battles without losses and you can't fight a war, if you are a nation in the middle of Europe, without some privation. But it was planned with the idea of softening the privations and concealing the losses to the greatest extent possible.

And it all might have come off according to plan if two unexpected things hadn't happened: First, England insisted on going on fighting much longer than it was supposed to. Second, the English also insisted on dropping some bombs on German cities.

Even with the bombs and the war going on, it doesn't yet seem as terrible to the Tinckler family as they first thought it would be. None of them wanted it in the beginning, not even Frau Tinckler who wears her Nazi *Mutterkreuz* (for six children of whom four are living) with pride, and who keeps a fresh sprig of laurel over her Fuehrer's picture. Frau Tinckler has one grown son, Werner, who had to go to war soon after it began. And Frau Tinckler remembered 1917 and 1918 and how her older children got so thin she didn't think they would ever be healthy again.

Werner minded the war less than the rest of them because he was getting tired of sitting all day long over long columns of figures in the business office of a department store. He had graduated from a technical high school, spoke French and English, had joined the Nazi party, but was still only a clerk, and, had to wear glasses to see the figures in the artificial light. And he was getting thin, pale and bored. When war came Werner was almost glad. It meant fresh air and sunshine and doing things with his hands. It meant good food, a uniform of real wool, sturdy boots and no worry about his job or his salary. And it meant comrades in the field.

With all that, Werner didn't want to fight. Even though he was a Nazi he had nothing against the French or English, or even the Poles, and he saw no particular point in conquering them.

His two sisters Erika and Anna-Lisa didn't even have Werner's interest in the war. They were afraid of it, and they didn't see any reason for it. Erika, the older, worked in a book-publishing house. Before the Nazis came she met many French and English and American writers and scholars. Her interest was in the written culture of Western civilization, in the people who think and write books. The Nazis took most of those associations away from her and also many of the books she liked to read. But she knew war would make it even worse.

Anna-Lisa didn't care about books. She was younger and blond and liked dances and going to the beaches in the summer. War promised to take all that fun out of life and she had been clinging to that fun in a world which had been getting grimmer and drabber since 1933.

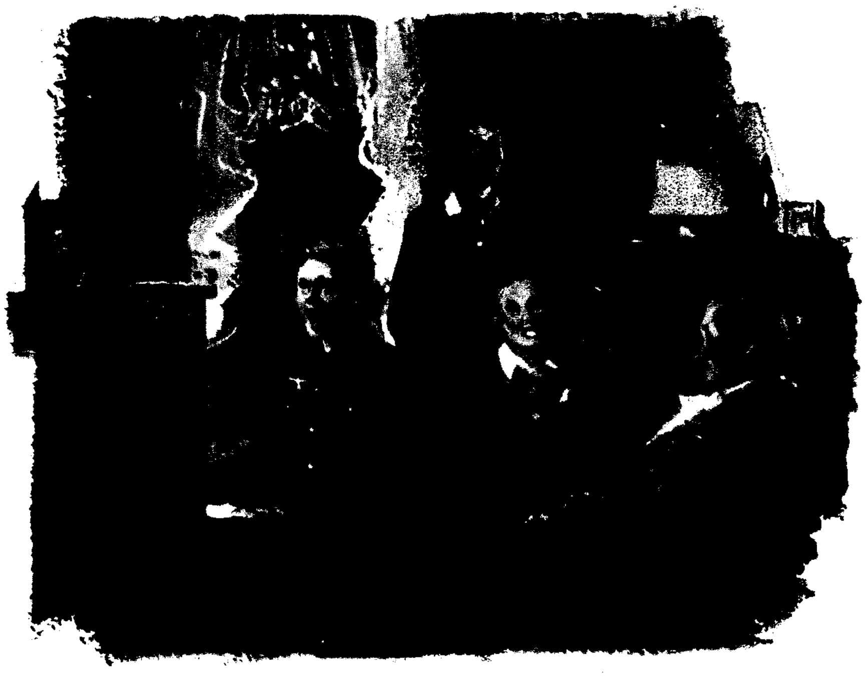
Herman, aged ten, didn't enter into the family discussion. After school he was too busy with his Hitler *Jugend* excursions into the Gruenewald, practicing capturing French fortresses and English cliffs, to spend any time at home. He came in at night whistling *Wir fahren gegen England,* and went to bed.

As a family they were much worse off than in the old days. Once they had been a comfortable middle-class family. That was when Herr Professor Dr. Tinckler taught law at the Joachimsthaler Gymnasium before the new Nazi concepts of law had so outraged his sense of justice that it broke his spirit and probably helped to end his life. They took their heavy middle-class dark oak furniture and moved it into a cheap apartment on the Thunstrasse in north Berlin, among working-class families, where Werner's and Erika's salaries could pay for enough coal to keep the two Dresden stoves going in winter and enough food to satisfy their needs.

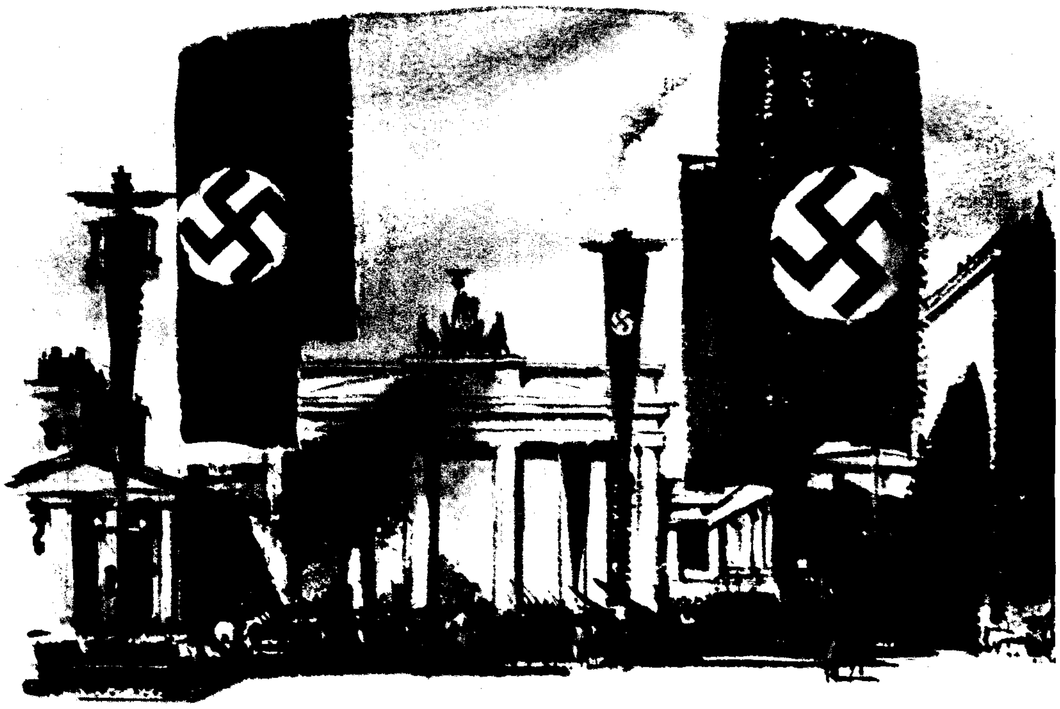
Their first big step downward in the economic scale was caused by the inflation which wiped out Professor Dr. Tinckler's life savings. But the Nazis hadn't helped them any. Nazi policy was supposed to save the middle class, but the only members of the middle class it really saved were the ones who got party jobs and moved up into the new hierarchy. Werner's party button hadn't done that for him. Through the Nazi years the party only took a larger and larger proportion of their earnings for taxes and *Winterhilf.* Erika had several rather trying experiences with the Gestapo because she had clung to a friendship with a French author whose

(Continued on page 72)

Werner's favorite songs at family gatherings were Tipperary and Smiles



The war would be over before winter, so up went the big parade stands



OUR NEW ARMY

WASHINGTON

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Pvt. Victor Jones, of Seattle, doesn't know quite how to account for himself, but the facts are as follows. During night war maneuvers some weeks ago, Pvt. Jones helped get his Field Artillery battery's guns into position, then knocked off with the rest of the boys for a spell of breathing. If he had stayed put, there'd be no story here. It was, however, a bright night and Pvt. Jones stepped back to admire the moon. He stepped back so far he couldn't find the way back to his outfit; and next thing he knew he had stumbled across the "enemy," who were supposed to be after Pvt. Jones' own battery. After they had admitted they *didn't know where it was either*, our man hiked through the woods until he came to the Pacific Highway, which runs through the fort. Not quite certain as to the best procedure, and haunted by a vague feeling that he was A.W.O.L. anyway, Pvt. Jones hitchhiked fifty miles the other way to Seattle—and his home. Deciding then that he'd better not show up there, he ambled off to a near-by park and spent the night on a bench. Next morning Mr. Jones, Senior, drove his wandering son back to the fort and let's not hear anything more about it, please, because it's a touchy subject with Pvt. Jones.

HIS pals call Pvt. William J. Fair "Razorback," a nickname that applies to his remarkably stalwart stomach. Pvt. Fair, from Baltimore, can swallow almost anything that isn't clamped down. Items comprising his between-meal snacks include tacks, brads, razor blades, needles, pennies and paper clips washed down with iodine. This sort of diet earns him plenty of spending money cheerfully contributed by awed onlookers, but Pvt. Fair says he isn't up to his dad, "who can gulp down big nails." Ordnance men had better keep an eye on their shrapnel supply.

McCHORD FIELD, *Tacoma.* When Uncle Sam began looking for a Pacific Northwest air base a few years back, nearly every community had one to offer free, mostly because taxpayers were weary of shelling out to meet airport deficits. Pierce County citizens were the winners; they gleefully turned over to the government their municipal airport, and the Army, after naming it for the late Col. William C. McChord, acquired enough extra land to join the field to the Fort Lewis reservation. McChord Field, which will be one year old in July, now sprawls across 2,000 acres of level prairie and is strategically located for the defense of Puget Sound's 250-mile coast line. The original hangar was turned into a mess hall for tented recruits; new buildings include four gigantic hangars, a mess hall 200 feet long, a theater, fire house, central P-X and a barracks housing 1,285 of the field's 4,244 authorized strength.

Men are sent here from all states to study courses covering every phase of Air Corps work, from substratosphere piloting to squadron clerking. From this field new squadrons formed around old units are sent to twelve other fields and bases on the Pacific Coast and in Alaska. *Most distinctive feature of* McChord is its 600- by 2,000-foot "warming apron," which McChordites modestly refer to as "the largest known single slab of concrete."

CALIFORNIA

FORT ROSECRANS, Point Loma. Long before the Selective Service law went into effect, Glen O. May, of Hastings, Nebraska, presented himself to the Army, which turned him down on the grounds that he was a half inch short of the minimum five-foot, four-inch height requirement. When the draft came along, May offered himself again, this time to his local board which said "Why not?" and sent him to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, whence he was assigned to the 19th Coast Artillery at Rosecrans. There, with a rifle two thirds as big as he is, Pvt. May proceeded to puncture bull's-eyes with such consistency that he hung up a marksmanship record.

That got the goats of some of the six-footers. That and the fact that the runner-up among the selectee-marksmen was Pvt. John E. Kofron, of West Branch, Iowa, who is guess how tall? Five feet, three and one-half inches.

UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. The Reception Center theater bulged with 600 soldiers and 200 others scraped most of the paint off the outside with ladders and sawhorses while trying to get a peek at Hollywood's Brenda Joyce when she dropped in last month for a personal appearance. It was somewhat of a massacre. After the show, the blonde eyeful climbed into the driver's seat of a doodlebug, or blitz-buggy, and careened in and out of about a million dollars' worth of parked bombers, while officers stopped breathing. No harm done, though. Later, Miss Joyce autographed the tail of a flying (B-17D) fortress for Lieut. Col. Earl H. De Ford, commanding officer of the 7th Bombardment Group. "With luck and appreciation," she wrote. "Very neat," commented the colonel. "Only trouble is, I can't fly low enough to let people read it."

ARKANSAS

CAMP JOS. T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. Several new arrivals were invited recently to broadcast to the world how much they liked life with the 35th Division. Glowing tributes to camp food and comforts poured into the mike while *officers beamed; then up stepped a* rugged individualist. "It's terrible," he announced, "and the grub is lousy." This revelation didn't get out over the air, unfortunately. The boys were making an electrical transcription and an officer merely stopped the machine, broke the record and started a new one. The disgruntled recruit is still burning about it.

MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. Where there's a group of young men with dough, there are always wise guys out to get some of it. G-2 headquarters at the fort had a phone call from a draftee whose induction was imminent. "A salesman is here," he reported, "who tells me the Army requires every man to buy a pen-

Security detachment with machine gun crosses river in dark to stand guard

Trucks move up with materials. Blue headlights cannot be seen from above

Unusually buoyant duralumin pontoons are skidded from trailer, carried down riverbank to water

A two-pontoon raft goes into place. Men with tape keep track of location

Bridge in the Dark. These pictures show one difficult job of the combat engineers: The construction, in the natural black-out of night, of a pontoon bridge strong enough to carry all divisional loads. This one was built at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, by Company B of the Second Division's Second Engineer Battalion under the supervision of Major Morris W. Gilland. Their only light came from flashlights covered with blue cellophane or mimeograph paper, and from the photographer's instantaneous flash bulbs, which were more confusing than helpful. First to cross the river in an assault boat was a machine-gun crew or "local security" detachment (upper left) whose duty it was to protect the bridge builders from "enemy" surprise attack. Trucks (left) brought up tools, timbers and pontoons (lower left) on trailers. Picture above shows partly completed bridge. It was pay-day night and the company was under a working quarantine for measles, but the bridge passed next morning's test (below). Besides providing transportation for troops and weapons over streams, combat engineers must be prepared to assault and reduce enemy defenses, construct and defend mine fields, repair roads and bridges and stand ready to supplement the infantry.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Men and officers hold a critique in daylight, discuss ways of improving operations in black-out

and-pencil set before he reports. Is that right?"

Reception Center officers found one of these gyp gents right in their midst. Draftees in uniforms of sketchy fit suddenly began blossoming out in shiny, wide leather belts. Investigation showed that the salesman was a Regular Army soldier assigned to the center to chaperon the new boys around. (Miss Terwilliger, please get a file ready for letters from Regular Army men who will write indignantly to say that such things cannot be.)

ILLINOIS

SCOTT FIELD, Belleville. Students of this Army Air Corps radio communications school were in the stands when the St. Louis Browns and the Cardinals opened the 1941 season. Busloads of the dit-dit-da-da decipherers will be at Sportsman's Park for big-league games through the summer. Belleville entertains the boys to the best of its traditions, which are Germanic. The Turnverein has one of the finest swimming pools in the state, and Turner Pool is checking 300 uniforms a day while the Army builds a pool at the field. Golf links and dancing classes take the men at nominal rates; tickets to Belleville's fifty-piece Philharmonic Orchestra concerts are sent to the field in blocks of 250 and are grabbed fast. Most of the entertaining has to come on week ends; the men have more homework to do than college sophomores, and they don't fool around with it, either.

KENTUCKY

FORT KNOX. Members of the First Armored Division are looking for a new name. Not a new, official name; a sobriquet. They reject panzer as Nazi and anyhow they say the American Armored Force is going to begin where Hitler's panzers leave off. Titles like Tank Corps and Armored Force don't give the impression of walloping, restless power the boys feel their nickname should convey. Somebody suggested The Sluggers, which comes close but still doesn't satisfy the lads in the crash helmets. Any ideas?

SWARMING into Louisville in search of entertainment, soldiers presented a man-sized problem to the city fathers who knew that the honky-tonks and gin mills would do the entertaining unless the city offered something better. Upshot was that Columbia Hall, a two-story-and-basement building of stone and brick, was purchased by the city and renamed The Service Club, which features a theater and auditorium, basketball court (doubling as dance hall), bowling alleys, reading and lounging rooms. Hostess and staff were provided by the City Recreation Department; the formal opening was attended by civil and military dignitaries who cut a white ribbon. The girl dearth was solved by church, Y.W.C.A. clubs and sororities. To get her name on the approved list, a girl had to be recommended by her pastor or club sponsor; now there are so many girls wanting to cheer up the Army at frequent dances that they have to wait their turn.

GEORGIA

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Unofficially known in military circles as the best planned of all basic training cantonments, this replacement center was built at a cost of more than $10,000,000, has about 640 buildings completed, 100 more to be added. Fifteen thousand New Englanders are in residence. The camp proclaims fourteen miles of paved roads, four theaters, eight churches, a $400,000 laundry, an ice plant with a daily capacity of 60,000 pounds, a bakery which will use the better part of a carload of flour a day, and a six-piece fire department.

FORT BENNING. If you're beginning to find it difficult to imagine forty or fifty thousand men in one camp, consider the fact in terms of food. Soldiers at this fort consume, in an average day, fifteen tons of potatoes, seventeen and a half tons of meat, a ton and a half of butter, half a ton of cheese, 48,000 eggs, 6,250 pounds of coffee and 31,600 half pints of milk. The monthly grocery bill is something over $400,000.

Most of the Benning cooks are Southerners. Exception is William Peterson, of Springfield, Ill. "I have arrived," he says. "I am the only Yankee cook in the world who has learned to fry chicken as well as a Southerner; and that, my friends, is cooking. My fried chicken is so good I eat it myself."

ALABAMA

FORT McCLELLAN, Anniston. Note to National Guard officers: The boys at your fort claim it's the softest berth in the Army, and have to laugh when they meet some of their brothers from other camps where Regular Army officers are tough. Anyhow, that's the way it was told to us.

GENERAL

THE Army's having hat trouble. The old campaign hat is out; so is the snappy, visored garrison cap. Both interfered with the salute. Official headgear now is the 1941 version of the rakish overseas cap, which doesn't offer much protection. There's a rumor at Fort McClellan that tropical helmets will be issued for summer equipment and the boys don't like the idea. At Camp Wolters, Texas (as at many other camps), glamour can be had at a price. Four soldiers of Co. D, 60th Training Battalion, pooled their resources and bought eight garrison caps which they rent out to lads on leave. Garrison caps can still be bought, but cost $3.50.

SINCE our report four weeks ago that Norfolk, Virginia, was sound asleep as far as entertaining men from Virginia Beach posts was concerned, things have begun to hum. The Norfolk Chamber of Commerce is now sponsoring regular dances and local amateur theatrical groups are putting on shows for the boys from Camp Pendleton and Fort Story. The Army is pleased.

THREE letters resulted from this department's statement that judo is a military adaptation of jujitsu. First letter was from Mr. Harry Auspitz, president of Chicago's Jiu-Jitsu Institute. States he: "Prof. Jigoro Kane a half century ago eliminated the obsolescent phases and correlated the various methods of jiu-jitsu in use at that time. This he called judo, the method we and other authentic schools teach." Second letter, from Mr. Arthur W. Henderson, Sarasota, Florida, asked us if we knew of a book explaining or giving lessons in judo and/or jujitsu. We said no. Third letter was from Mr. Lawrence J. Frankel, of Charleston, West Virginia, who said that judo is jujitsu, and would we like to have a book on the subject? We said yes. Mr. Frankel's gift is now on the way to Mr. Henderson, and we apologize to Mr. Auspitz for even whispering that jujitsu is obsolete stuff.

IT'S a tough racket, this being a civilian. G. W.

The Greek Way

By Howard Hartley

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

They're our Greeks—but, say the sponge divers of Tarpon Springs, it's their war. This is the story of what they're doing about it

At Tarpon Springs, Fla., the Reverend Theophilos Karaphillis blesses the sponge fisherman Anna and her crew. Each boat is blessed before each trip. Crews are superstitious and will not begin cruises on Tuesday, will not put out if there are unburied dead in town or a redheaded woman at the docks

At sea, sometimes 500 miles offshore, boat lies to over sponge beds and divers (right) go down to collect the sponges. Hazards of diving are sharks and pressures; divers get biggest crew-shares of profits. Below, home-going boats are festooned with drying sponges cleaned by the crew on the return journey

UNTIL Benito Mussolini last October sent his slightly shopworn Italian "invincibles" on what was supposed to have been a pleasant week-end maneuver in Greece, Tarpon Springs, Florida, was known as the center of the world's largest sponge-fishing industry and the only place west of Athens a hungry epicure could find a good Greek salad.

But today, regardless of the outcome of the struggle for Hellenic independence, the talk about Tarpon Springs, wherever defenders of democracy gather, isn't about sponges or salads. Because the nation-wide Greek War Relief drive—a campaign conceived and prosecuted to provide the embattled *evzones* with the sinews of war—was born in the Greek colony of Tarpon Springs ten hours after the first Italian soldier crossed the Albanian frontier.

In case you've never been there, Tarpon Springs is located near the mouth of the Anclote River, fifteen miles north of Clearwater and midway along the sweep of Florida's west coast. Out of the population of 4,100, more than half, or to be exact 2,600, are Greeks, with fully ninety per cent holding naturalization papers or being Americans by nativity.

Each year, usually during the first week in January, several thousand tourists flock to Tarpon Springs to see the archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church toss a gold cross into Big Bayou and bless the lucky Greek lad who retrieves the relic, as the crowning feature of the annual Epiphany Day celebration. Whereupon Tarpon Springs resumes the placid tenor of its ways until another Epiphany rolls around.

The sponge fishermen of Tarpon Springs live in a cluster of frame cottages around the quays on both banks of the Anclote. But the houses are set apart from the ordinary Florida bungalow. They are gleaming white with brilliant blue trim after the colors of the motherland. Opposite the quay and across a bumpy brick-paved street is a line of curio stores, coffee shops and —you guessed it— Greek restaurants.

No Time for Political Quibbles

Prior to the invasion, the Tarpon Springs colony was divided into two political factions. One group was passionately loyal to the Metaxas regime, believing that the iron rule of the Hellenic dictator had saved Greece from Communism and chaos. The other crowd clung tenaciously to the Venizelos banner, offered refuge to exiles from the mother country and denounced Metaxas as a foe of democracy. But the invasion silenced the coffee-shop orators. You can't find a Venizelos poster in Tarpon Springs today. Instead, you'll find pictures of the dead Metaxas, framed in the colors of Great Britain and Greece.

The Greeks took the news of the invasion calmly. There was no hysteria, no weeping, no frantic cables to relatives back home. For these Greeks are hardy folk, accustomed to trial by fire and sword. It was war with an ancient foe, a war against enemies superior in numbers but not in valor. So be it! The problem was swift aid for the homeland.

So Tarpon Springs' Greek War Relief campaign was launched before the newsboys arrived from St. Petersburg and Tampa with the first invasion extras. The community, following custom, looked to its leaders to assume command. Within an hour, a meeting was held in the office of Nick Arfaras, who has parlayed a diver's suit and helmet into a fleet of boats, the biggest sponge-packing business in Florida and a million-dollar bank balance since he came to Tarpon Springs in 1905.

Born on an island of the (*Continued on page* 57)

Wearing nonmilitary evzone costume (opposite page) is John Samarkos, who came to America in 1914, has been boat captain and diver and now owns a store. His three brothers own boats

Greek-American beauty, Helen Milonas, 22, born in Tarpon Springs and secretary to a sponge packer. Costume is for festivities

Typical old-timer is **hardy Nick Zerdos**, 63, a diver for 44 years. He **was born on the** island of Hydra and came to **Tarpon Springs** in 1906

Evee Anastassiou crochets lace to be sold at Greek Relief **benefit. All** Tarpon Springs Greeks are patriotic, fisher**men set aside** every tenth sponge to raise money for Greece

Greek fishermen from Dodecanese Islands naturally hate Italy. Typical are cook-deckhand Paraskos Kantounia, above, and life-line man Guberas Guberas, below

Hot Shots

By Lawson Little

NATIONAL OPEN GOLF CHAMPION

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Lawson Little has made some sensational shots out of water. But don't try them, he says. Drop out of the hazard and accept the one-stroke penalty

Funny thing about golf—the really tough shots a pro makes look ordinary to the amateur while the easy ones often move him to cheers. Here's some advice from an expert on how to play the tough ones

I WAS walking in a semitrance from the fourteenth green to the fifteenth tee of the Canterbury golf course during the play-off with Gene Sarazen for the 1940 National Open Golf Championship. Two of the gallery were discussing a putt I'd just made on the fourteenth.

"Pretty fair putt he holed," one of the men remarked.

"Yeah, six or eight feet, but nothing to those birds. C'mon, let's see 'em drive," answered the other.

My putt that had been rated merely as "pretty fair" had given me the break that enabled me to win the National Open title. It drilled a hole right through the heart of one of golf's most valiant battlers, Gene Sarazen.

It was a nightmare putt to me. It still is. Even now I shudder when I think of it.

Here's how the stage was set: I was leading Gene by two thin strokes as we played the fourteenth. It's a par-four hole. My second shot lay over the green directly in back of the hole and was about thirty-five feet away. The ball nestled in tight, shaggy grass. No one can be certain of a chip played out of that sort of lie. I gave mine a bit of a jerk and the ball came to rest about eight feet short of the hole.

Now it was Sarazen's turn to play. His second shot lay to the right of the green only about twenty-five feet from the cup. His lie was bad. He studied the shot carefully—selected a dynamiter, swung—and holed out.

There I was. Gene down in three, with me lying three and facing an eight-foot sloping, downhill putt over a green as slick as glass. If I missed that putt, the best I could get would be a five against Sarazen's spectacular three. My two-stroke lead would have vanished. For the first time in the play-off we would have been even. From then on, the psychological advantage would have been with Gene.

With a prayer in a dry mouth I lined up that eight-foot putt and hit it—and boy, it fell in!

That was almost the same kind of putt that Ralph Guldahl had at the last hole of the 1933 National Open at North Shore Country Club, but his stayed out, and almost everybody in golf knows what tough days followed for Ralph.

What made my putt exceedingly difficult was that it had to be firmly stroked to hold the line. You seldom can baby or stab putts or allow them to slide off the putter blade—and not once in a thousand times can you get away with a sidehill putt that isn't stroked firmly into the hole. Those putts must start off as straight putts with the effect of the slope of the green and of the grain or nap of the grass being figured by experience and good guessing.

Then you have to hope that you won't tighten up, move your head or body, or let your grip waver at that critical instant when the ball is struck. I pictured mentally what I thought was the right line on which the ball must start, then I brought my putter back low with the blade at a right angle to that line. The actual stroke was slightly down onto the ball.

Everything happened as I had figured and hoped. And yet that putt, to an onlooker who was undoubtedly a keen golf enthusiast, had seemed only "pretty fair."

Applause at the Wrong Time

But don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining that the golfing public fails to laud the performances of those who play in the big championships. As a matter of fact, they run a fever of praise about shots. The mystery of the praise is that it's frequently awarded for shots that are spectacular but not particularly exacting or significant.

I had one of those at Canterbury. It was a shot golfers have mentioned to me a hundred times since that tournament as one of the shots heard round the golfing world. And the funny part of it—the truth—is that the shot was one of the easiest I had in all the ninety holes of the competition.

But it was a shot out of a sand trap, and the average golfer unfortunately thinks that sand always means trouble. My drive from the fifth tee, in the play-off, landed in a trap to the left. The ball was practically teed up. I gave it a bat with a mashie and it came to rest on the green about 170 yards away. Then I had a nice break in holing my putt for a birdie three.

Chances are that the ball in the sand provided an easier, more certain shot than if it had been in the fairway. Due to the heavy rain the night before the play-off, the fairway lie probably would have been tight and the wet grass possibly would have caused the ball to slide off the club face, out of control.

Usually the full, long-range shots out of the sand which the average golfer misses are due to the player's getting buck fever. He associates sand with woe and makes a despairing, jittery effort to get out. He would be more successful if he'd only remember that a ball struck from a clean lie in a sand trap will have about the same flight as one hit from a good fairway lie. The same upright stroke is used. About all he has to consider, as the difference between a ball lying in a fairway and sand, is that in the traps—when he wants to bang a ball out and far away—the shot is more exacting. You have less margin for error. The club *must* contact the ball first, and then skid along, or dig into, the sand.

The shot out of sand around greens

(Continued on page 45)

Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

DAN MITCHELL, marshal of the frontier town of River Bend, and Ford Green, the county's prosecuting attorney, become enemies when Mitchell, a tolerant man, opposes Green in his plan to oust the town's wilder element. Green—engaged to Sherry Gault, with whom Mitchell is also in love—believes that if he can become known as a reformer he may go to the United States Senate. . . .

Some Texans—members of Cap Ryker's outfit—reach River Bend, become unruly. Mitchell forces them to behave themselves. Whereupon, Ryker, infuriated and vowing vengeance, rides away with his punchers. Heretofore antagonistic, Charley Fair (owner of The Pride, a noted saloon, and leader of the crowd Green wishes to oust) and Ed Balder, who heads the town's businessmen, agree that Mitchell has made a serious blunder. They fear that Ryker, a power in the West, may have River Bend boycotted.

Jett Younger, an outlaw, kills a member of the Crazy L outfit. Green and Balder order Bravo Trimble, the sheriff, to arrest Younger. An old man, Trimble feels certain that the outlaw will not submit to arrest. Realizing that Trimble is in peril, that Younger may kill him, Mitchell and his friend Tom Leathers accompany him when he rides to the outlaw's cabin.

As Trimble had thought, Younger puts up a fight; and he succeeds in making his getaway. . . . The Texans return. Mitchell has an altercation with one of them, disarms him and locks him up. A few hours later, Irish Jones, one of Younger's followers, tries to assassinate Mitchell. The marshal knocks the fellow unconscious and hauls him off to jail.

Among Mitchell's loyal friends is "Big Annie," proprietress of The Dream, a dance hall. While there one evening, with Tom Leathers, Mitchell, touched by the obvious unhappiness of one of the girls—"Rita"—suggests to Big Annie that she raise five hundred dollars and send the girl to Texas, where she may have a chance to marry some quiet, sober man.

Tom Leathers is very fond of Rita. He listens to Mitchell's suggestion; then, when his friend leaves, he turns to Rita and invites her to have a toddy with him. Rita hesitates. "I don't like it very much," she says diffidently. Leathers raises his glass. "Right now," he exclaims, "you're doing a man a favor. *How!*"

VI

LEATHERS watched Rita sip at the toddy; he watched her quite a while before he took his own drink. She had to sit straight when she drank, and she gave him a shy, doubtful glance and at that moment he saw one pure shine of innocence that struck him so powerfully he had to take his eyes from her. She wasn't accustomed to whisky; it took very little to bring color into her face. He said, "Move over," and sat on the steps beside her. "These people mean well," he added in a confidential voice, "but they take life mighty serious. What's to grieve about? This earth still turns. Why water it with tears when there's rain enough in the sky?"

She said: "I feel strange."

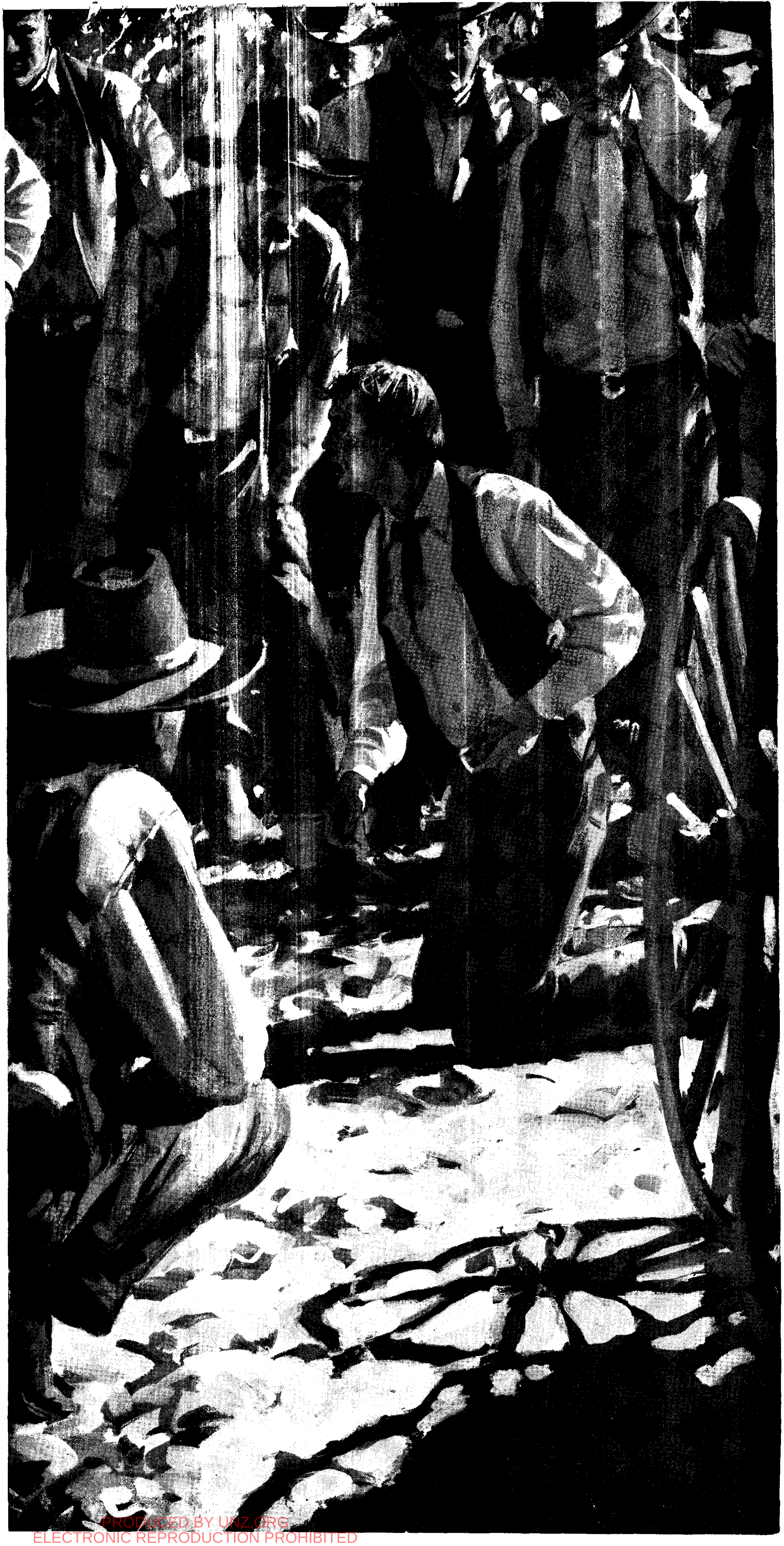
"That's the halfway mark on a glass. When you get to the bottom you'll see something you never saw in your life. I'm just taking you on a little journey. You're holding my hand. I'm the old man that's been there before."

She had her head averted from him. She asked: "Are you looking at me the way you always do?"

"No," he said, "I'm just goin' along with you. You're three quarters down the glass and you ain't dizzy any more. I know. This is the place when doors start opening and you're seeing things as they might be if folks hadn't set up such a damned fool set of rules. Kind of pretty, everything is. Take that rug. Ever see such a nice shade of red? Well, it is like being a little girl again when you didn't have anything to worry about and you could do anything. You could walk in the sky, you could run faster than the wind, you could lie in the grass and watch a grasshopper's eyes get big as plates."

She turned on him. She watched him closely. Her lips had loosened and he saw dread and shame and old memories thaw. She was just a girl, a pretty one who had traveled alone too long. There were no scars on her, not one. She said—and would never have said it without the whisky: "I can tell you why you look at me that way. You want me to be better than I am. Why do you want me to be?"

"I guess," he said, "you didn't read right. I have been wonderin'—what made you think you got off the track? Listen to the old man who's just takin' you where he's been before. I see a girl who's got white teeth and black hair and a (*Continued on page* 34)



He lifted his head and wanted to rise but could not. He said: "Mitchell! My legs won't work. If I could get up I'd fight you all the way down this street to The Drovers'!"

Lady in Armor

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

DALE MEREDITH, an American girl, is the guest of Peter Aylesworth and his wife in England, when the war starts. Peter goes into the army. Dale, Mrs. Aylesworth and her baby, Joyce, sail for this country. Their ship, the Athenia, is torpedoed, and Mrs. Aylesworth is drowned. But Dale and little Joyce are saved; and together they go to Dale's home in Karnak, a small city in the Deep South. . . .

Peter, badly wounded, loses an arm. Useless to the army, he comes to America, where he joins his small daughter at the Merediths'. . . . Dale is an unusually attractive girl. For years everyone—including her father, Otis Meredith; her charming seventeen-year-old sister, Peggy; even Dale herself—has wondered why Jerry Hamilton, owner of Chinquapin plantation, has never asked her to marry him. Certainly Jerry had once been in love with Dale; and certainly Dale still loves Jerry. The gossips never weary of discussing the problem.

Now, shortly after Peter Aylesworth reaches Karnak, Rita Hamilton, *Jerry's wife,* arrives from New York City, and forces Jerry to take her into his home. Jerry gives her a frosty reception. But she insists on staying.

More excitement follows. At the primary elections, Dale Meredith, known to be thoroughly honest, is nominated for the office of sheriff. Then, at the general elections, she is elected. To her amazement, Neil Berkeley—the county's political czar, whose grafting friend, Angel Verner, has been sheriff for twelve years—does not put up a fight. A charming man socially, and a conscienceless crook politically, Berkeley feels certain that, once in office, Dale will take orders meekly from the well-organized and utterly corrupt machine.

Then, too, Neil is absorbed in a love affair—a new one. The woman is beautiful, fascinating. *The woman is Jerry Hamilton's wife!* . . .

Neil Berkeley learns (Angel Verner tells him) that Dale has ordered Ed Clarendon, Jerry Hamilton's brother-in-law and a deputy sheriff, to raid and close "Carney's," a notorious gambling establishment which operates under the protection of the machine. The news infuriates him; and instantly he goes into action—secretly. . . .

On the evening of the raid, Dale and Peter Aylesworth are on Dale's front porch. An automobile roars up, Peggy leaps out. She is frantic. "Ed Clarendon," she cries, "tried to close Carney's place. He's been shot, Dale. They murdered him."

III

DALE MEREDITH looked like anything but an officer of the law as she emerged from the courthouse and walked down the street toward the MacDonald Block.

Brilliant November sunshine had dissipated the chill of the previous night, and Dale wore her smart gray tweed coat with the fur collar unbuttoned, so that the gray dress with its attractive red trimmings and accessories was visible. A pert little hat fitted snugly against her well-shaped head and a little crimson feather jutted up proudly.

Folks on the street greeted her casually or warmly, according to the degree of their personal intimacy. Almost without exception they had known Dale all her life. Some of them applauded her, some were sorry for her, but very few of them were amused. The period of amusement—of regarding a girl sheriff as a joke—had passed with the brutal killing of Ed Clarendon.

Dale turned into the musty doorway of the musty red brick office building that was known as the MacDonald Block. A few persons saw her enter. They wondered whether she might be calling on Neil Berkeley.

She was.

Neil rose as she entered and came forward with his hand outstretched. He looked taller than usual, and strikingly handsome. His well-shaped mouth broadened into a friendly, welcoming grin. He said, in his smooth, well-modulated voice, "Howdye, Dale."

"'Morning, Neil."

He motioned her to a chair, and said, "I've rather been expecting this."

"That will make it easier, then. This visit is official, Neil."

"Yes . . .?"

"There's no reason why we shouldn't talk frankly, is there?"

"Certainly not."

"I'll come straight to the point, then. How much do you know about the killing of Ed Clarendon?"

"A great deal," he stated with apparent candor. "I know everything everybody else knows."

"That isn't what I mean. I thought maybe you could tell me why he was killed."

"You'd hardly expect me to do that, Dale . . . even if I knew."

"Carney has disappeared. But that's not important, really." She was very serious, and as grim of expression as it was possible for so pretty a girl to be. "Ed's mission was very simple, that night. He didn't anticipate trouble, and he didn't cause it. Carney wasn't a fool. He wouldn't kill a deputy—or have him killed—unless it meant something."

"Sounds logical. But where do I come in?"

She leaned forward. "I know how incongruous it is for a girl to be sheriff," she said. "But that doesn't make me unintelligent. My closing that place was a gesture. The killing of Ed Clarendon was the answer. What I came to find out is: How far will this thing go?"

He considered that for a moment. "I wouldn't be knowing for sure, Dale . . . but as a friend, I might suggest that you'd be smart to take things easy."

"How easy?"

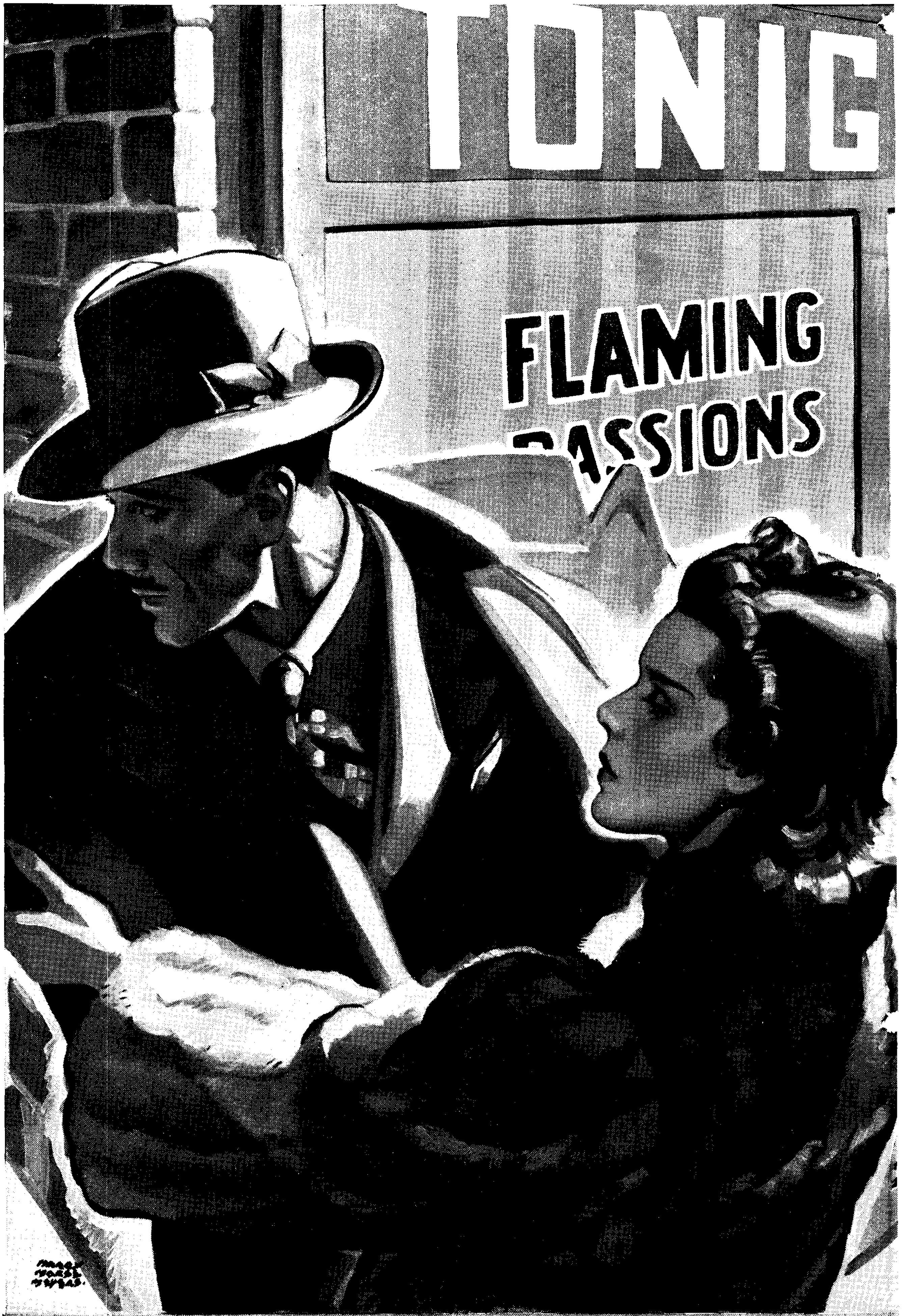
"You've got a nice job. Maybe you'd be wise to do that job and not probe too deeply into other folks' business."

"The crookedness that's been going on for ten years? The way all the county offices have been used for private graft? Had I better forget all that?"

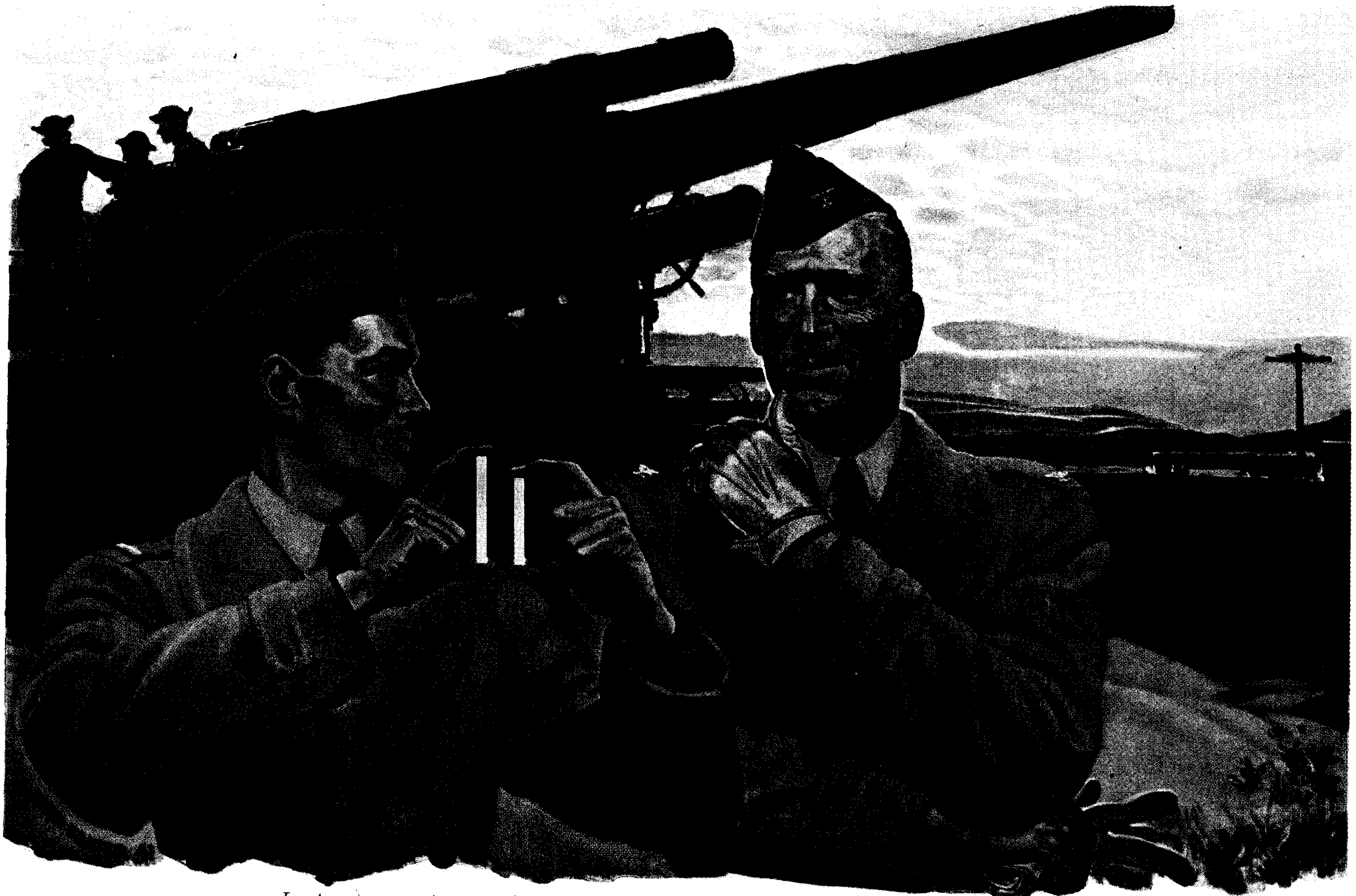
He answered good-naturedly: "You've got a cute little nose, Dale. Why not keep it out of trouble?"

"Without being heroic, Neil . . . I seem to remember swearing to discharge my official duties . . ."

"Of course. Of course you did. Enjoy your four years. Make everybody toe the line. But let the past remain past. What difference does it make to you what's been going on (*Continued on page* 25)

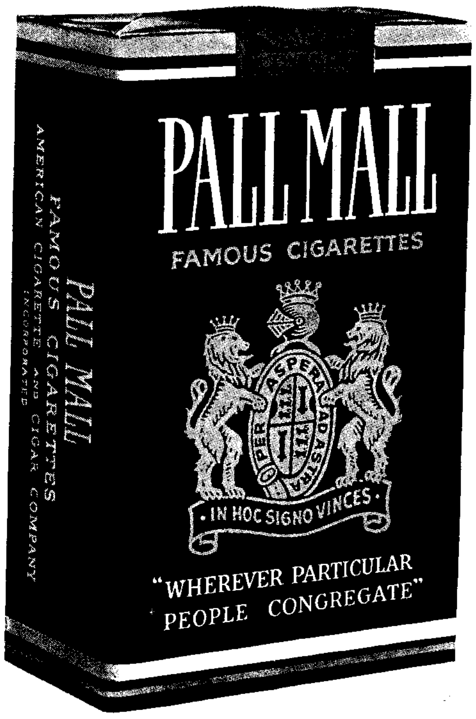


Neil felt a twinge of jealousy. Who was the man? Why did Rita look at him that way?



In cigarettes, as in coast defense guns, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

"*Yes, Colonel*—Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"



PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Of traditionally fine tobaccos

• Modern design has made a vast difference in coast defense—has given these streamlined railway guns a new kind of performance. That's important—for lives may depend on their range and accuracy—their modern design.

Listen to the men who direct these guns. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, as in coast defense guns, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design brings you an entirely new kind of smoking pleasure. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a much smoother, less irritating smoke. You see, tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered—filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. The additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree that—

"Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

HYDRA-MATIC

High Spots!

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

WHAT GENERAL MOTORS' NEW DRIVE DOES THAT OTHER DRIVES DON'T !

1- *ELIMINATES THE CLUTCH PEDAL!* Hydra-Matic is the only drive in the world that eliminates the clutch pedal entirely. Driving "without using a clutch" is 100% true with Hydra-Matic Drive. There's literally "no clutch to press" in a Hydra-Matic Oldsmobile!

2- *ELIMINATES THE CONVENTIONAL CLUTCH!* Hydra-Matic is the world's only drive that does away with the conventional clutch mechanism. Fluid coupling takes its place—but fluid coupling *alone* is not enough to provide quick getaway and top-flight performance.

3 - *GIVES FULLY AUTOMATIC SHIFTING!* Hydra-Matic is the only drive in the world that adds to fluid coupling a *completely automatic* four-forward-speed transmission. "No gears to shift" means literally that gears shift themselves from first to second, second to third and third to fourth.

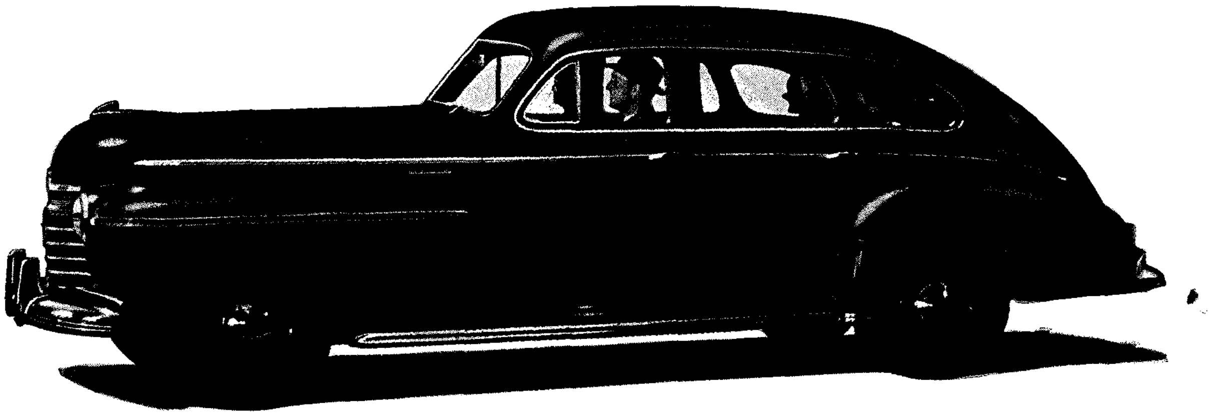
4 - *SELECTS EXACTLY THE RIGHT GEAR!* Hydra-Matic is the world's only drive that selects the *right* gear at the *right* time and shifts to it *automatically*—with never a motion by the driver. It's a combination of the car's power and speed that governs selecting and shifting.

5 - *PROVIDES A SPECIAL PICK-UP GEAR!* Hydra-Matic Drive is *unique* because it provides extra power for passing cars or climbing hills when cruising. Extra throttle pressure puts you in pick-up gear.

6 - *AVOIDS FREE WHEELING!* Hydra-Matic, unlike some other drives, is always in gear—does not allow free wheeling. Braking power of the engine is always available for decelerating or descending hills—an extra safety feature that adds to your security.

7- *GIVES PEAK-PERFORMANCE PLUS!* Hydra-Matic Drive gives full accelerating power without shifting gears by hand, from take-off to cruising range. That's because Hydra-Matic "goes through *all* the gears" *automatically*.

8- *GIVES SAFETY OF "TWO HANDS ON WHEEL!"* Hydra-Matic is the only new drive that permits you to keep both hands *always* on the wheel. In emergencies, you have surer, safer car control—mental reassurance *all* the time.



9- *GIVES EXTRA ECONOMY OF 4TH GEAR DIRECT DRIVE!* Hydra-Matic has a *direct-drive* fourth gear. Because of low engine speed, less gas is used in cruising—you save money . . . *No other drive in the world like Hydra-Matic—try it today!* See your Oldsmobile dealer.

Hydra-Matic Drive Optional at Extra Cost on all Oldsmobile Models

THE CAR *Ahead* IT'S OLDSMOBILE

STYLED TO LEAD
BUILT TO LAST

Lady in Armor

Continued from page 22

in the county? Supposin' there has been a bit of shenanigans—this crusading business isn't always healthy."

She said, "There's no use warning me, Neil. I've started this job and I intend to carry through."

"Commendable," he replied. "But foolish."

"Is that a warning?"

He spread his hands innocently. "I have nothing to do with it, Dale. I'm an insignificant, ordinary citizen."

"Okay." She shook her head. "I thought maybe we could talk sensibly. Obviously we can't. But you still might be interested in what I'm doing." She checked off the items on her fingers. "I've replaced all the old deputies. I believe I can trust the men I've put in. The county is going to be run honestly so long as I'm in office. And anything I find out about the past—those road contracts, for instance; the details of the graft on the hospital and school; the buying in of land—privately—at public sale . . . that sort of thing . . . well, part of my job is to collect evidence and to turn it over to the grand jury. Does that make things clear?"

"Yes . . ." He let his eyelids drop so that she might not see the dangerous light. "You're warning me, Dale. I'm warning you right back. You're tackling a difficult job. It's liable to make some folks mighty uncomfortable."

THE door opened and a throaty, contralto voice said, "Oh, excuse me," and Rita Hamilton followed the voice into Berkeley's office.

Never had Rita looked more gorgeous, more exotic, more exciting. She was wearing a lavish mink coat, the collar of which set off her startlingly beautiful face to perfection. Her hair seemed unusually red beneath the mink-trimmed hat, her lips were too vivid, her eyebrows too perfect. She crossed the room, throwing back her coat. She looked at Neil and then at Dale Meredith, and there was insolence in her scrutiny. She said, "I hope I'm not intruding."

"You're not." Dale was remembering, too acutely, that this woman was Jerry Hamilton's wife. "I was just leaving."

Neil walked to the door with her. He was as casual and friendly as though this had been a purely social call. He shook hands with her and smiled into her eyes. He said, "Goodby, Dale . . . give my love to Peggy."

He closed the door and moved back toward his desk. Rita, sitting in a rather ancient leather chair, inserted a cigarette between her scarlet lips and puffed as he held a match for her. She asked quietly, "Who is Peggy?"

He chuckled: "What big ears you've got, my dear."

"Who is she?"

"Dale's kid sister."

"Why did you send her your love?"

"Social courtesy, Mrs. Hamilton."

Rita was not stupid. There was something in Neil's manner, not a reticence, but rather an avoidance, which annoyed her. She said, in her husky voice, "It was more than that, Neil. I know. Where does Peggy rate?"

For a moment, he did not reply. Then he said, softly and seriously, "She's rather important, if that's what you want to know."

"How?"

"At the moment, she's the sweetest little ace-in-the-hole you've ever seen. And now . . ." he shrugged the topic aside. "Let's talk about other things."

She started to press the subject, but changed her mind. Instead she said, "I'm afraid I stepped on Dale Meredith's toes."

"But hard," smiled Neil. "You're not a very discreet person, my dear."

Rita said, "She's in love with Jerry."

"Of course. Everybody knows that. And he's rather overboard about her, isn't he?"

"I figure it that way." She laughed. "Trouble with Jerry is that he's so damned gentlemanly."

"Then how did he happen to marry you?"

"Guys like him think of marriage when they fall in love. And for a couple of weeks he had me looping."

"And then . . . ?"

"Deliver me from big, honest, honorable gents."

"Didn't he ask you for a divorce?"

"It's his theme song. But I'm not having any. Until—"

"Until what?"

"I find someone I'd rather be married to. Jerry's a safe feeling—as a husband. And not at all bothersome." Her greenish eyes glowed. "Now if you were to suggest marriage, Mr. Berkeley—"

"Sorry, I'm not the type."

"I know . . . Maybe that's why I'm so crazy about you. We're both screwballs. The thing that gets me is meeting a guy like you way down here. I thought I was going to be bored stiff."

He moved toward her. She rose to meet him, and suddenly his arms were about her. He held her tight . . . breathlessly tight . . . as he kissed her. Then he released her suddenly. She stood there trembling, and she said—not quite steadily, "I'm a fool, Neil—a complete fool. I've let myself fall in love with you."

"I hope so." He spoke quietly. "I'm off the deep end a bit myself. I haven't figured all the angles yet. But it's that way, just the same."

SHE started to say something, then thought better of it. Neil had turned away, as though to conceal his real self from her.

He had fallen for this woman—fallen hard. It wasn't love. You couldn't call so unholy an emotion by that word. Rather, it was a new, devastating and rather uncomfortable feeling. It had nothing of the quality of respect which he could feel for a girl like Peggy Meredith. Perhaps that was because Peggy was of his own class.

Rita wasn't that sort at all. She was exotic, exciting, intoxicating. He knew he could never be in love with her, but he could—as the popular phrase had it—be crazy about her. Was, in fact. He hoped that Rita wouldn't even suspect how hard hit he was. He broke the brief, tense silence. He asked, "What does Jerry think of our . . . well, call it friendship?"

"He hasn't mentioned."

"We'd be wise not to be too flagrant, Rita."

"I'm not worried."

She seated herself on his desk, and nodded toward the door through which Dale Meredith had recently left.

"What did she want?"

"Dale?" His mind flashed back to the interview. "She's playing cops and robbers. Came to warn me."

"Of what?"

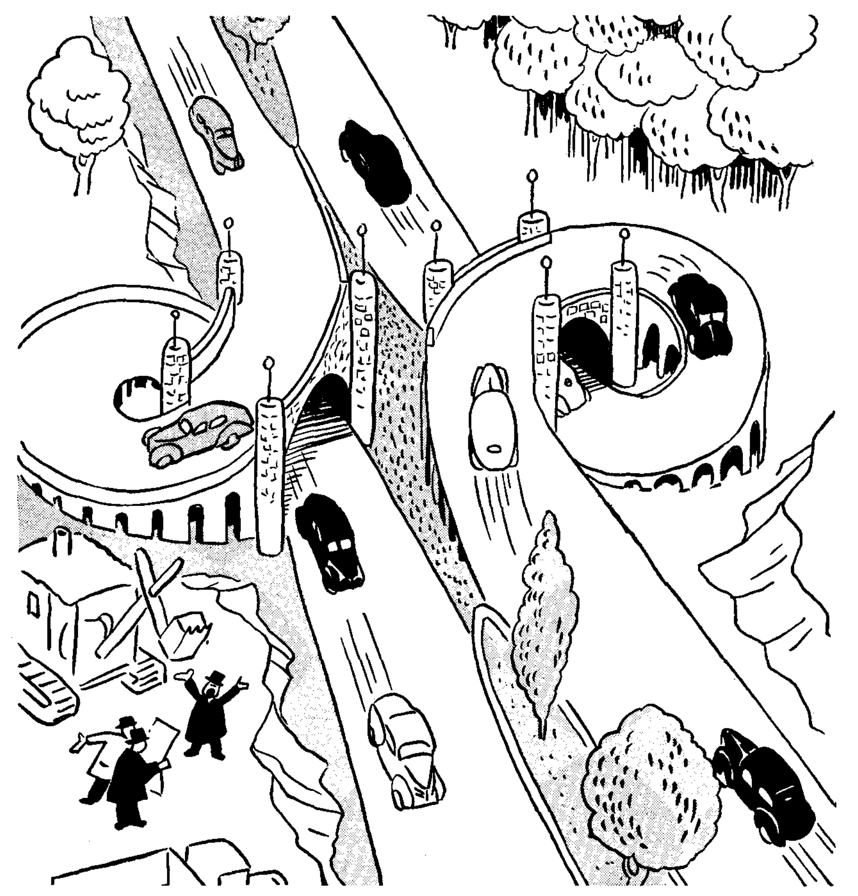
"That I'd better act sweet."

Rita's eyes dwelt on the lean, powerful, slender figure of this amazing man with whom she had fallen in love.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Just what I've always done," he answered conversationally. "I shall continue to play things my way . . . and if the little lady steps on my toes, it'll be too bad for her."

Neil Berkeley wasted no time. But even the most astute citizen of Karnak



"I know the contract called for a clover-leaf intersection, but the other road never came through" JOHN DIRKS

Bill was just another good man "OFF-SIDE"

BILL was a big man at State. His football jersey—old 44—is framed in the gymnasium. But Bill wasn't popular—*indoors*. Later in business it was the same story. Underarm odor in the world's rule book is—OFF-SIDE.

FIRST BILL sold bonds—but he wasn't successful. He sold insurance—but not enough. Bill's job saga was "Hired—Fired" until that little blonde at Sinclair, Sinclair, Sinclair & O'Hara slipped him a farewell note.

Dear Dunce,
A bath only
takes care of past
perspiration—
Mum prevents
risk of future
underarm odor

BILL'S BACK with the three Sinclairs and O'Hara and doing well, socially and in business! Good looks and personality, intelligence and initiative can take any man places—especially if he doesn't let perspiration odor hobble him—if he remembers daily MUM.

● CALLING ALL MEN—your daily shower only takes care of past perspiration — Mum prevents risk of odor to come. A quick dab of Mum under each arm — 30 seconds to apply—prevents underarm odor all day or all evening long. Mum is a smooth, pleasant cream, easy to apply—does not stop perspiration—harmless to clothing. Get Mum today.

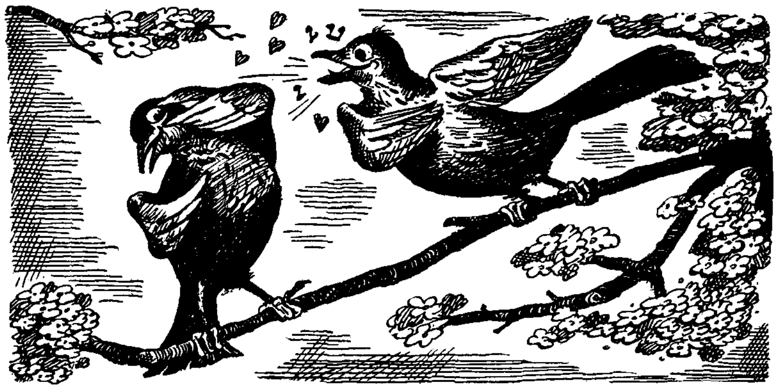
• • •

Join the million men who already play safe with Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LOVE'S SECRET

by Will Shakespeare, Jr.



Should ye observe Sir Lovebird on a limb
'Tis plain his lady's breath is sweet to him.

Sir Romeo, quite oft, hath no such luck
And with a bad-breathed Juliet is stuck.

But if LIFE SAVERS Juliet will eat
True love will bud as breath grows pure and sweet.

BUTTER RUM
LIFE SAVERS

LIFE SAVERS sweeten the breath and refresh the mouth after eating, drinking, or smoking. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

County did not suspect Neil of being connected with what was happening; nor indeed was there any suspicion—at first—that the isolated occurrences were anything other than mere happenstance.

In one corner of the county there was a holdup. A silo was burned. Two men were beaten and robbed. Some livestock was poisoned. There were more holdups, additional cases of second-degree arson. The residents of the county were at first interested, then angry and finally frightened.

The sheriff's office was besieged by indignant citizens who demanded protection; citizens who insisted on knowing why no arrests had been made. It was only when all county history and precedent had been smashed by this crime wave that Dale Meredith realized that it had been carefully planned for the purpose of discrediting her as sheriff.

THE law fixed her minimum number of deputies at five, but gave her permission to add as many as might be needed to cope with any particular emergency. She increased her staff to ten. Good, courageous men. She deputized the three county policemen she was permitted to have: two on motorcycles and one in a police car.

Still the crime wave continued. And Dale was on the spot—and she knew it.

Neil Berkeley knew it, too. He talked it over with his chief henchmen—Angel Verner, who had been sheriff, and Smith Edge, perennial clerk of court. The two latter gentlemen had just returned from a tour and their reports were optimistic.

"Ev'ybody's on his ear," reported Mr. Verner. "Men are gittin' skeered to go out nights thinkin' maybe somethin' turrible will happen to their homes or wives or families. An' they're all yellin' about why don't the sheriff do somethin' about it."

Smith Edge—tall, distinguished-looking and prematurely gray—nodded sagely: "It was a good idea, Neil. Ev'ything's been checked up to Dale Meredith, and she ain't capable of stoppin' it." He lighted a ferocious stogie. "You reckon somebody will start a clamor?"

Neil Berkeley spoke softly: "They're bound to. And that's the whole idea—to discredit Dale. Soon there'll be petitions circulated askin' the governor to demand her resignation on the ground of incompetency. Heaps of folks will sign 'em."

"And if that happens?" inquired Smith Edge.

"Well, if she's shoved out . . . or if she just naturally decides it's too tough a job for her . . . why, then the governor appoints a new sheriff to fill out the unexpired term. He always appoints whoever is recommended by the county delegation to the state legislature . . . and since we control that delegation, why, it would seem like maybe Angel Verner will be sportin' the official badge again."

Angel said, "You're a smart boy, Neil. An' we'll keep right on. Already we got it so folks are skeered to go out at night."

There was plenty of truth to that statement. Men were afraid to leave their farms, their womenfolk, their children alone.

OTIS MEREDITH'S drugstore was not particularly busy. Three youngsters sat on high, revolving stools and sipped hot chocolate, the clerk at the cigar counter waited on a few customers, and Otis himself dawdled in the prescription department—occasionally casting a glance at the two occupants of a table at the rear of the long, narrow store.

Otis was worried about his daughter, but this glimpse of her with Jerry Hamilton reassured him somewhat. He heard Dale laugh and wondered what she could find to be merry about with circumstances what they were today in Karnak.

Actually, what Dale was laughing about had nothing to do with Karnak or a crime wave—or anything that was other than strictly personal. She looked across the round, marble-topped table at the big blond man and said, "It's always struck me as the most incongruous thing in the world, Jerry."

He grinned. "What?"

"You taking an ice-cream soda."

It *was* odd to see this big, powerful man enjoying something so sweet and frothy . . . but Jerry was that way. He was a comfortable person . . . particularly in times like these. Dale said, "It's gotten so I'm afraid to drink a soda myself. Folks drift into the store, take one look at me and break into wisecracks."

"What sort?"

"Our sheriff attacking an ice-cream soda! If Angel Verner had indulged when he was sheriff, it wouldn't have been worthy of comment. But because I'm a woman . . ." The smile left her face and her eyes clouded. "I'm glad you dropped in, Jerry. I'm worried, and I need someone to talk to."

He said, "At your service, lady. What's on your mind?"

"As though you didn't know." She looked around the almost empty store, as though fearful of being overheard. "I can't talk to Dad," she explained. "He's upset enough as it is. Peter is a comfort, but he doesn't understand anything so typically American as Karnak. Neither of them can figure out why I hold on."

JERRY asked deliberately, "Why do you?"

She hesitated. Then: "I think you know the answer to that one, Jerry."

"Maybe . . ."

"I didn't seek or want this thing . . . but I've played that tune for you before. Right now—I like the job."

"Isn't it pretty strenuous for a woman?"

"It's strenuous for anybody." There was high courage in her voice and in her eyes. "Can't you see what's happening? This so-called crime wave has been deliberately organized. Nobody could cope with it . . . but because a woman happens to be sheriff, the county is yelling that my sex makes me incompetent. I'm being pushed around, Jerry . . . in the belief that I'll resign."

"Will you?"

"No."

He reached one big hand across the table and touched hers. "Good girl," he applauded softly.

She toyed with the spoon and hesitated, as though uncertain where to start. Then she smiled apologetically and said, "Important things are being pushed on me, Jerry."

"Yes . . ."

"I knew fairly well what I was stepping into when I took this job. At least, I kidded myself that I did. But yesterday something happened that flattened me."

He waited gravely.

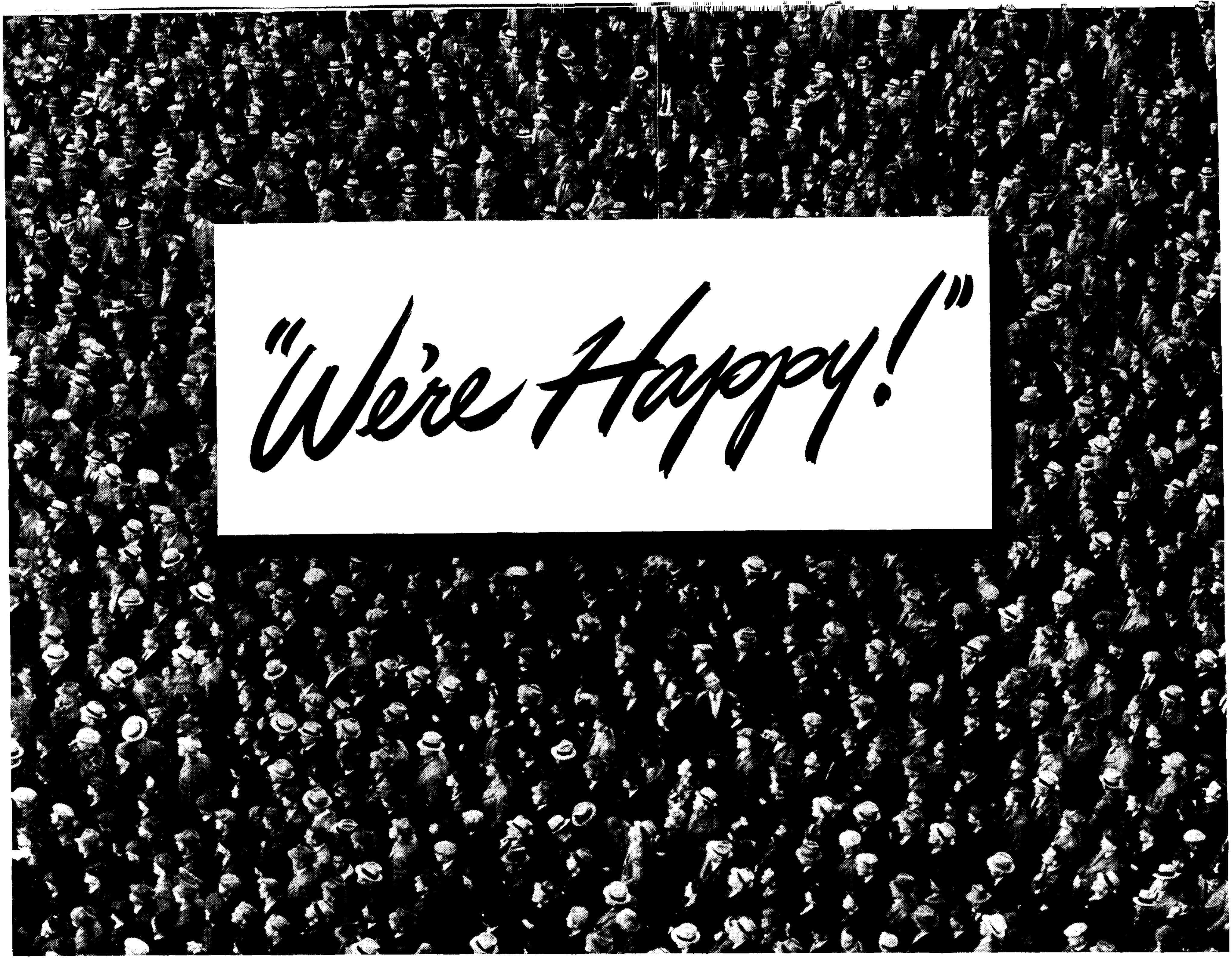
"I suppose," she went on, "that you remember that bus disaster at the Little Cat Creek bridge?"

He nodded. "Who doesn't?"

They were silent for a moment, their minds drifting back a little more than a year:

It had been a beautiful fall day. Labor Day and a holiday. It had been the day of the annual community picnic at the cypress grove just beyond Little Cat Creek.

There were few men, women or children who ever missed that picnic. It was a gala event that always exceeded in enjoyment the keenest anticipation. The whole town turned out for the tremendous open-air barbecue, games, con-



NEW Chrysler owners at the fastest rate in history! Biggest percentage of sales increase in our years of experience! No wonder Chrysler dealers and salesmen are happy, everywhere, from coast to coast!

For *Fluid Drive* sells itself. One ride is worth a thousand sales talks! And once you've taken that ride . . . once you know how much easier and smoother *Fluid Driving* is, you'll never want another car without it.

Have you tried *Fluid Driving?* Do you know what it is to drive all day without shifting gears? Have you experienced the seeming miracle of stopping, standing still and breezing away again . . . all without touching clutch or gearshift? Finally, do you know the velvet smoothness, the airplane speed, the positive economy of Spitfire power delivered through oil, instead of metal?

Here, at last, is ideal motoring . . . workless, jerkless, carefree motoring.

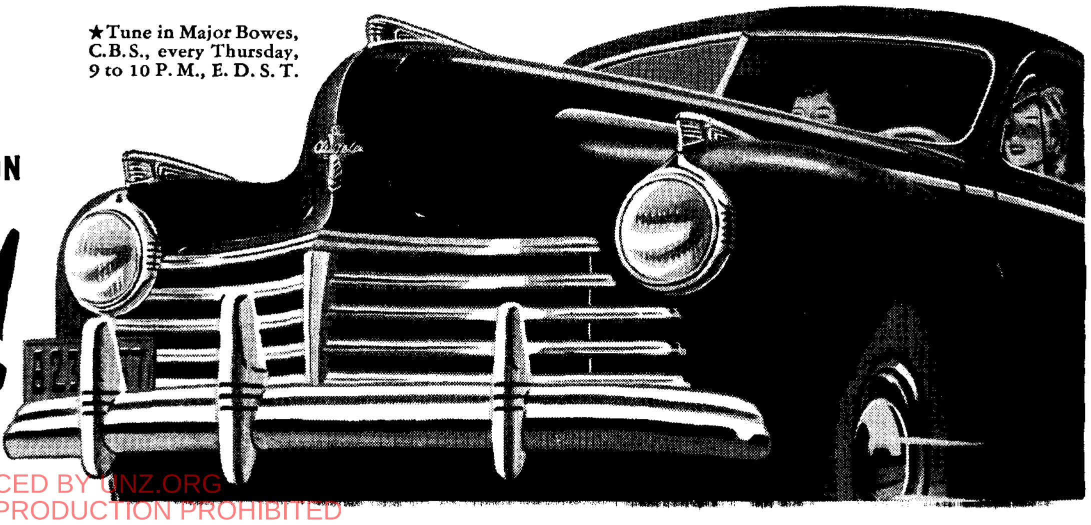
Try it! Any Chrysler dealer will be happy to have you call . . . and you'll be happy you called!

See the last word in Station Wagons . . . **Chrysler Town & Country Car**

★Tune in Major Bowes,
C.B.S., every Thursday,
9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

BE MODERN — WITH FLUID DRIVE AND VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION

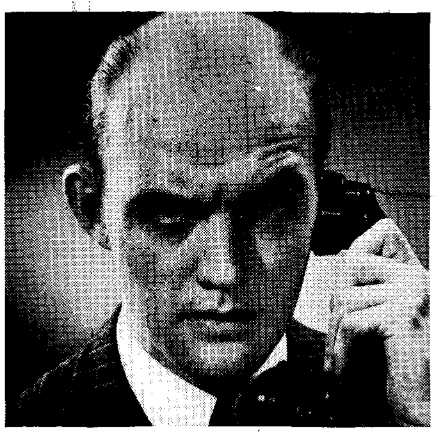
Buy Chrysler!



LINE'S BUSY!

Wild Hair Walter: Scares girls away with that He-Man hair. Water-soaks his hair without thinking. Ought to know that water robs his hair of natural oils — leaves it dry and brittle. Kreml helps overcome dryness, controls uppity hair.

"Slick" Sylvester: Thinks that plastering his hair with sticky grease makes him a "smoothie". Frequently has dandruff, too. Girls give him the go-bye. Kreml is not at all greasy. It makes hair look *naturally* well-groomed and removes dandruff scales.



Billiard Ball Bill: "—but he has a heart of gold, Mary, and isn't as old as he looks!" Poor old Bill. Kreml and proper care might have helped him keep his hair. Too bad. Too late. Nothing will bring it back now.

ALL DATED UP! Has them hanging on the phone for his call. Kreml keeps his hair looking *naturally* handsome, lustrous, well-groomed. A tonic-dressing, Kreml contains beneficial oils that make your hair "easy to look at" as well as easy to comb.

KEEP that tap turned *off* when you comb your hair! Use Kreml instead — every day — for *greaseless* grooming.

Kreml *helps* your hair instead of harming it. For Kreml actually checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp.

You too, ladies! Women say Kreml keeps coiffures lovely and lustrous. It conditions your hair *before* a permanent — works wonders *after* one.

Get Kreml at your drugstore or barber shop. Ask for Kreml Shampoo at the same time. It has a gentle 80% olive oil base that leaves your hair more thoroughly cleansed, easier to handle.

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

tests, dancing and general hilarity. It was a day for community good fellowship, a day for discarding personal animosities and political and social differences.

But on Labor Day, a trifle more than a year ago, tragedy had struck. It had struck suddenly and unexpectedly, as tragedy usually does, and this year there had been no picnic because Karnak had not forgotten, nor could it ever forget.

The exodus from the town and from the outlying sections of the county had started early. Everyone who could get away was headed for the grove. At nine in the morning a half-dozen busses departed from the town of Karnak, loaded to the doors with children and their mothers. They traveled the state highway for a few miles and then turned off on a county road leading to the new bridge across the deepest part of Little Cat Creek. On the far side of that bridge was the grove.

The busses had traveled close to one another, and the children in them had been laughing and singing and having a grand time in anticipation of the day ahead. Two of the busses had rolled across the new bridge at the same time.

The bridge had collapsed.

IT HAD been pretty terrible. Women and children mangled. Women and children trapped in the busses drowned. Disaster which struck out into the remotest sections of the county. Thirty-nine persons killed, most of them children. Twenty others severely injured. The impact of that disaster was as far-reaching as the county itself.

And after the first horror, there had been indignation. The bridge had been built by the Karnak Construction Company under the direction of its engineer, Tom Garrison. Immediately after the disaster, Garrison had disappeared . . . even before the county engineer investigated and made public declaration that the construction of the bridge had been faulty and the material far below specifications.

True, the county engineer admitted that he had inspected the work as it went along . . . but he claimed that the vanished engineer of the private company that was doing the job had substituted materials after official inspection, and that he had cleverly concealed work that was faulty and flimsy.

It was known that Neil Berkeley was the principal owner of the Karnak Construction Company, but Neil's voice was raised loudest in condemnation of the engineer. The county recovered slowly from the original shock, but not from its anger. The flight of Tom Garrison, company engineer, was proof of guilt, and by the same token Neil Berkeley was absolved of any complicity in this particular bit of criminal graft.

The grand jury returned indictments against Tom Garrison . . . indictments accusing him of a multitude of felonies, including murder. Stanch Karnak citizens—slow to wrath but terrible when aroused—would have dealt drastically with Garrison had they been able to find him. And no one thought of blaming Neil Berkeley—the cards had been too neatly stacked in his favor.

And so Jerry Hamilton looked across at Dale and asked, "What about the Little Cat disaster?" And she said quietly, "I got a letter from Tom Garrison yesterday."

Jerry gave vent to a low, amazed whistle. "Tom Garrison," he echoed, as though repetition of the name would make the incredible more credible. "Where is he?"

"I don't know. His letter bore a Minneapolis postmark." Her eyes were serious and worried. "But where he is, Jerry, isn't half as important as what he said."

"Yes. . . ?"

"He started off by saying that he had waited for this opportunity. He said that he had kept in touch with Karnak affairs ever since the disaster. He said that he was a broken man; that his nervous system had been shot to pieces by what had happened."

Jerry reached for his pipe, but didn't bother to light it.

"Garrison's story was amazing," Dale went on tensely. "But I believe it. He says that the whole thing was a frame-up between the county engineer and Neil Berkeley, but that Neil was the guiding spirit and the one who profited by the cheap material and flimsy construction. Garrison says that when he got the materials he knew they were miles below specifications. The fact that Neil had wangled the contract for his company at an excessive figure was taken for granted. He did that on all public work—road building, the construction of the high school and hospital . . ."

Jerry nodded. "Everybody knew that."

"Garrison says he protested to the county engineer and to Neil himself. He was told to keep his eyes and mouth shut and to go ahead with his work—or get out. They argued that the bridge was on a little-traveled road, and would never be subjected to any great strain. Garrison had an ill wife, and was desperately broke all the time. He admits that he was criminally at fault for following orders when he knew that the bridge wasn't safe—but that the real criminal was Neil Berkeley."

Jerry said, "I see what you're driving at, Dale. The Karnak public has been willing to let Neil and his crowd commit ordinary graft. But if they ever knew that he was the cause of the Little Cat bus disaster, they'd . . . well, they'd do plenty."

"Exactly. Garrison explained that he had waited to write this letter because he knew it would do no good so long as Neil Berkeley was in charge of the political machine in Karnak. It seems that the novelty of a woman being elected sheriff was interesting enough to be carried on the wires of the big press associations. Garrison wrote to me, hoping I could do something about it. He isn't man enough to give himself up . . . he uses his wife as his excuse . . . but he says that Berkeley and the county engineer should be sent to the penitentiary. If I could prove it, even Neil wouldn't be able to save himself. It's the one thing that has ever happened in Karnak that is greater than his personal power."

JERRY said, "The letter itself isn't enough evidence, though, Dale. Your only hope is to find Tom Garrison and bring him here."

"That's exactly what I'm trying to do. I've sent out a notice . . . all over the country, but especially to the section around Minneapolis. Of course, it's unlikely that Garrison is still using his real name. He warned me that I'd have trouble finding him. If anyone picks up a likely-looking suspect, I'll send a deputy whom I can trust to identify him. Then I'll have him extradited and brought to trial here. He's bound to talk . . . it will look like his only chance to save himself . . . and then the public will get the truth."

"What did you do with the letter?"

"I put it in my box at the bank."

Jerry shook his head. "I'm not too happy about it, Dale. Suppose Neil Berkeley found out what was going on?"

"It's possible that he suspects already. I picked my new deputies carefully, but it's only reasonable to suppose that Neil has his spies well planted. It would be foolish to presume anything else. So we'll assume he knows that I've sent out a call for Tom Garrison."

"Have you seen him since you got Garrison's letter?"

"No." She smiled just a trifle. "But I did have a talk with him several days ago."

"Yes . . . I know."

She looked up in surprise. "You know?"

"Rita told me she met you there."

"Oh . . ." Dale didn't know what to say. "I knew she knew. . . ."

Jerry Hamilton's eyes met hers squarely. "Don't feel embarrassed, Dale. You know exactly how things are—or aren't— between Rita and myself. Just because she's technically my wife . . ." He fumbled in the pocket of his loose-fitting tweed coat and produced pipe and tobacco pouch. He filled the bowl and tamped in the tobacco with fingers that were big and strong. He said, "I've wanted to talk to you about this for a long time."

HAD the light in the back of the store been better, Otis Meredith might have seen the color drain from Dale's cheeks. He might even have suspected that she was saying to herself, "Steady, Dale, steady! This is what you've been wanting to hear . . . so try to be casual about it."

"I'm not an awfully good talker," Jerry said, choosing his words carefully and speaking with even greater deliberation than usual. "But there are reasons why I'd like you to know a few things that Karnak speculates about."

"Don't tell me anything you don't want . . ."

"But I do want." He wasn't looking at her now, but at the glow in the bowl of his pipe. "I don't suppose I need to do much explaining about how I happened to marry Rita. I was considerably younger than I am now, and pretty lonely. She was singing in a New York night club. She has a certain something that attracts a man. . . ."

"Go ahead," prompted Dale. She was pleased with the steadiness of her own voice.

"The marriage didn't work out. We had decided to keep it secret until Rita finished the engagement she was then playing. Before that time was up, I knew I'd made a mistake. I asked her for a divorce, but she wasn't having any. I came back home . . . figuring that sooner or later she'd meet some man who offered her more than I could ever give her, and then I'd be free.

"I figured that what Karnak didn't know wouldn't excite it. It was my own personal affair, and I felt rather silly about it. I expected to hear from her any day, saying she wanted her freedom. I sent her a reasonable allowance, and I didn't try to get her to come down here, because I didn't want her. When she did come, it was a complete surprise to me. It has continued to be a surprise."

He stopped talking. Then, abruptly, he went on. He said, "I should have told you."

She didn't pretend to misunderstand. "It would have been better," she agreed.

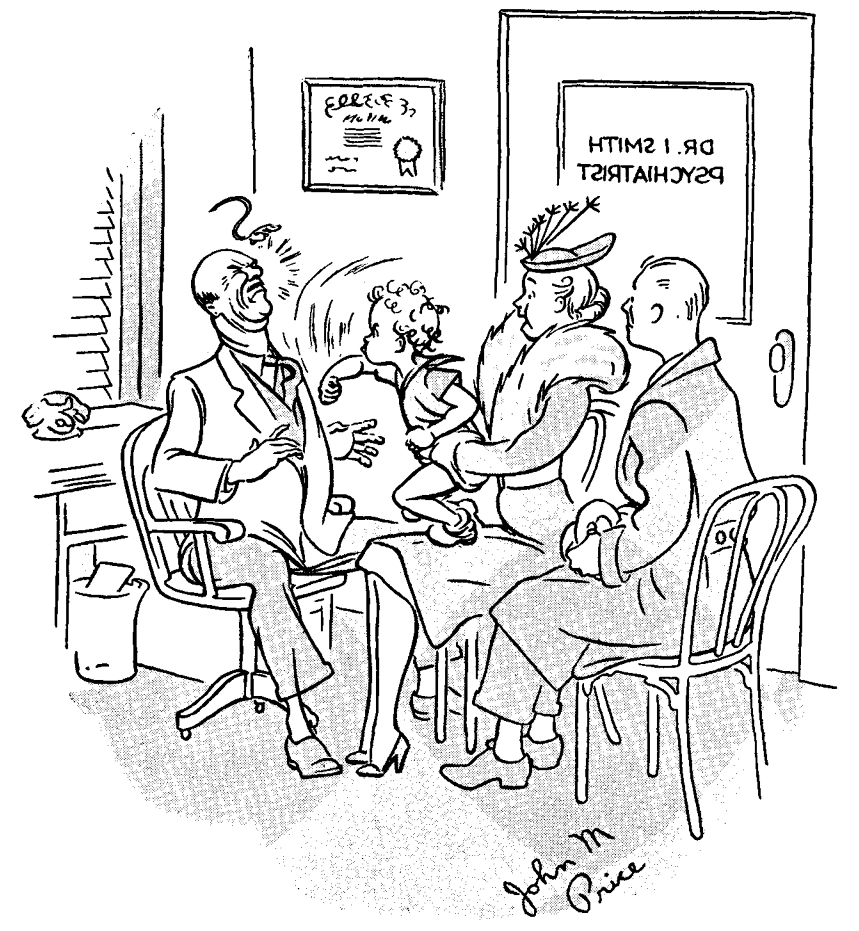
"It was my mistake, and I'm sorry. But at least it explains why I avoided you."

"Not entirely."

"I avoided you," he said steadily, "because I felt it was not fair to do anything else while I was still married."

It was a simple enough statement, but the meaning behind it was not so simple. Dale hoped that she did not show everything she felt. This was as close as Jerry had ever come to being sentimental with her. She didn't say anything because she didn't want to break the spell . . . or to embarrass him. But for a moment her other problems were forgotten and the outlawry that was sweeping Karnak—the outlawry it was her job to prevent—seemed remote and unimportant.

"Since Rita's been here," Jerry went on, "I haven't been awfully happy. Personally, I don't care what she does . . . but there are limits . . ." He gave a short, mirthless laugh. "I hate platitudes about honor and all that sort of thing, and Rita herself means nothing to me. But there are times when I resent her intimacy with Neil Berkeley. I resent the



"See? That's what we've been spanking him for, Doctor. Is that wrong?"

JOHN M. PRICE

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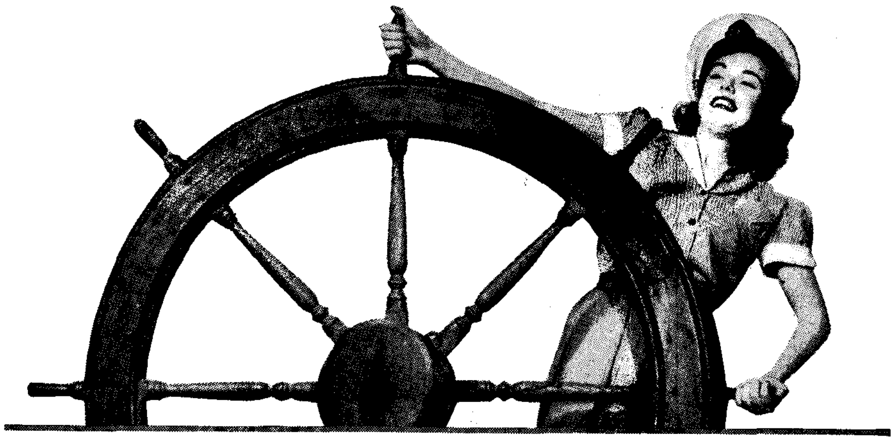

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fact that folks are gossiping about her. I see the situation becoming more tense and dangerous . . . not only on the personal side, but because the whole county is being torn up by the roots; because Ed Clarendon was my brother-in-law, and because every time I see Martha and the two kids I get a desire to do things about it." The big hand on the table was clenched tight. "That's how it is, Dale. That's why I'm worried, too."

"There's plenty to worry about," she agreed. "But I'm glad you've told me this much."

He asked, "Can I be of any real help?"

"I'd rather you kept out of it."

"I see . . . They'd think it was because . . . well, because I was pretty keen about you."

Her cheeks flushed, but she met his eyes bravely. "Something like that," she said.

"They wouldn't be far wrong."

"Thanks, Jerry." Her voice was almost inaudible. "That helps—but plenty."

He tried to make things light: "You know where to get me if I'm ever needed."

"I won't forget." She, too, was smiling now. "But I think I can handle things. After all, they can't get any worse than they are now."

She said it confidently, and she thought she was telling the truth. But fortunately for her peace of mind, she did not know that something else was in the process of happening—something more important, more vital, more deeply and inescapably personal than anything that had occurred up to then.

It started that very night, and—as is usually the case—the manner of its start was neither dramatic nor noteworthy.

THE night was brilliantly clear and cool. The downtown section of Karnak was jammed: cars from all over the county nosed into the curbs, soda fountains and restaurants were doing a more than satisfactory business. Most of the people were at the Bijou Theater, which was proudly showing a new picture.

There were few loungers at the station when the Flyer rolled in from the North. And those few paid scant heed to the little man who alighted from the Pullman and engaged Johnny Ellis to drive him to the Karnak Hotel.

Although a guest was always a welcome diversion, there was nothing about the stranger to excite more than a casual glance from the night clerk at the town's modern, yellow brick hostelry. He was small, wiry, with deep black eyes, and the sharp voice and quick gestures of the neurotic. He registered simply as "Paul Campbell—New York," and asked for a room and bath. The bellboy conducted him upstairs and reported to the clerk on his return, "He give me fo' bits. Nice feller . . . but awful nervous."

It wasn't long after that when Paul Campbell came downstairs. He wore a new and expensive gray topcoat and a gray felt hat. He moved restlessly about the lobby. Then he went out the front door and stood on the veranda for a few moments, gazing at the foursquare courthouse and at the lights of the Bijou Theater across the way.

Johnny Ellis' dilapidated taxi was still parked in front of the hotel, there being no more trains due that night. Paul Campbell moved down to the sidewalk and Johnny waved a greeting. He said, "Howdye. "Get fixed up all right?"

"Yes. Yes, of course." Campbell's voice was crisp. He looked around as though uncertain which way to go, then approached the taxi and started talking to Johnny.

"Nice town," he said, trying to make his voice seem casual.

"Yeah—swell little place." Johnny's civic pride was in the ascendancy. "Guvment done us dirt, though."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, suh, it sho is. We got five thousand people livin' heah, an' the census said less'n fo' thousand. It was just like gittin' a bust in the nose. Why, I know good an' well that . . ."

Paul Campbell wasn't paying much attention. He said, tensely, "Look, I'd like to ask you a question."

"Sho. Go right ahead, stranger."

"You—er—you probably know everybody in this town, don't you?"

"Me? Gosh, yes. I was bawn an' raised heah."

"I'm looking for a young lady . . . a very beautiful young lady. She hasn't been here long . . . maybe she's not even here. But if you'd ever seen her, you wouldn't forget."

"I never forget nobody, mister."

"This young lady . . . oh, how shall I describe her? She has brilliant red hair, and a beautiful figure, and I imagine that she's been wearing a very fine mink coat. Her name is Fenton."

Johnny seemed disappointed. "Golly," he said, "fo' a minute I thought I knew who you meant. But I reckon I was wrong. There ain't no gal heahabouts named Fenton."

Campbell's eyes clouded. "That's possible. But I thought—"

"You say she's got red hair and a swell fur coat an' she ain't been heah long?"

"Yes."

"She wouldn't be from New Yawk by any chance, would she?"

"Yes, she's from New York."

"Mind tellin' me her first name?"

"Not at all. It's Rita."

Johnny's eyes gleamed. "Maybe you got somethin', mister, but I don't know about this Fenton thing. Gal you described—well, there's somebody just like that got heah maybe two months ago. Name's Rita, too. But it ain't Fenton."

"What is it?"

"Hamilton," responded Mr. Ellis. "Rita Hamilton. She's the wife of Mr. Jerry Hamilton, who owns Chinquapin plantation."

Paul Campbell shook his head with obvious disappointment. "That couldn't be the girl I'm looking for."

Johnny was in a gossipy mood: "Reckon you're on the wrong track then. But this lady I been tellin' you about—Mister, I wouldn't fool you—she's somethin'. Ain't nothin' like her ever been seen aroun' Karnak. Gorgeous, what I mean. Got these—and those." Johnny was getting dramatic. "An' a bit of a hell-raiser, if you ask me. She was a s'prise, too. Nobody even knowed Jerry Hamilton had a wife."

The faintest suggestion of a frown appeared on the face of Paul Campbell. "Did they get married recently?"

"Naw. I don't know fo' shuah, but folks say it happened about three years ago in New York. They say she was singin' in a night club. They say. . . ."

Johnny kept right on talking. He held forth at graphic length on the subject of Rita Hamilton, mixing fact and conjecture with fine disregard for anything save dramatic effect.

He did not notice that the stranger was no longer listening. Paul Campbell's dark, narrow face was tense. He was thinking hard, and a close observer would have seen that his thoughts were disturbing. Occasionally, he nodded as though fitting unpleasant facts together. His slim fingers worked nervously.

A CROWD started streaming out of the Bijou. A gay crowd; a typical crowd. Johnny, looking across the street, caught a glimpse of a man and a woman—together. The man was Neil Berkeley; the woman was Rita Hamilton. He turned eagerly to the stranger.

"Yonder she is now," stated Johnny Ellis. "Just comin' out of the Bijou."

He saw the man stare across the street. He saw the man's cheeks get white, saw the thin little hands clutch the side of the automobile. Johnny was excited, too. No question that the stranger recognized Rita; no question that she was the woman he'd been inquiring about.

Paul Campbell asked, tightly, "You say her name is *Mrs.* Hamilton?"

"It ain't nothin' else."

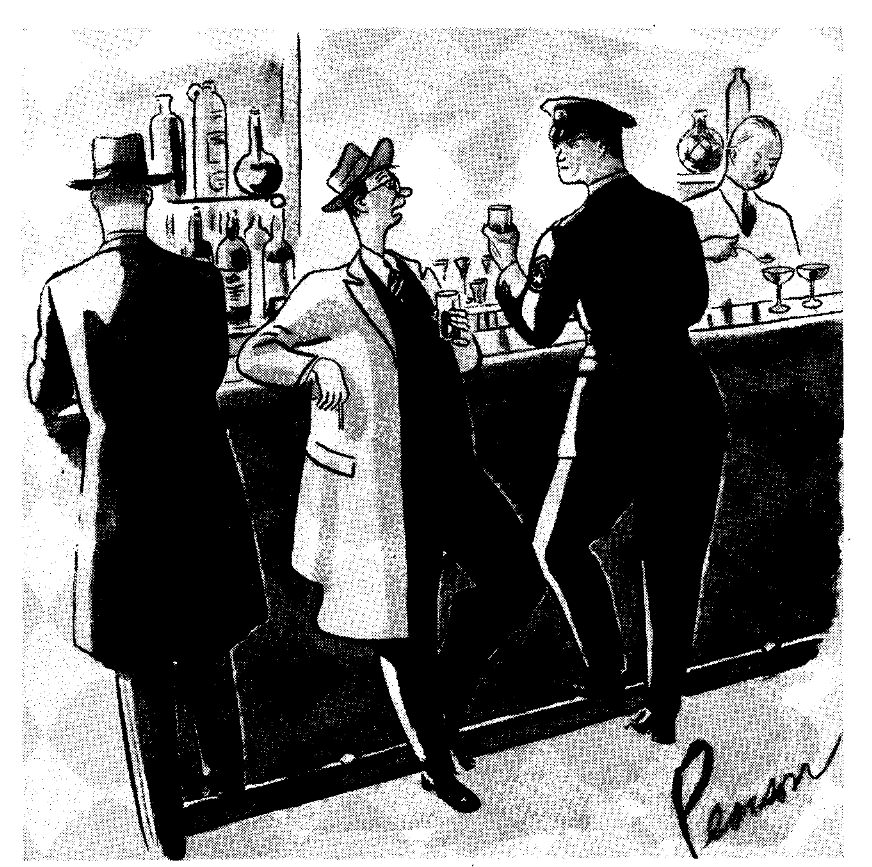
"And she's only been here about two months?"

"Just about."

"And that she's been married for three years?"

"Uh-huh. That's right."

Talking about it afterward, Johnny



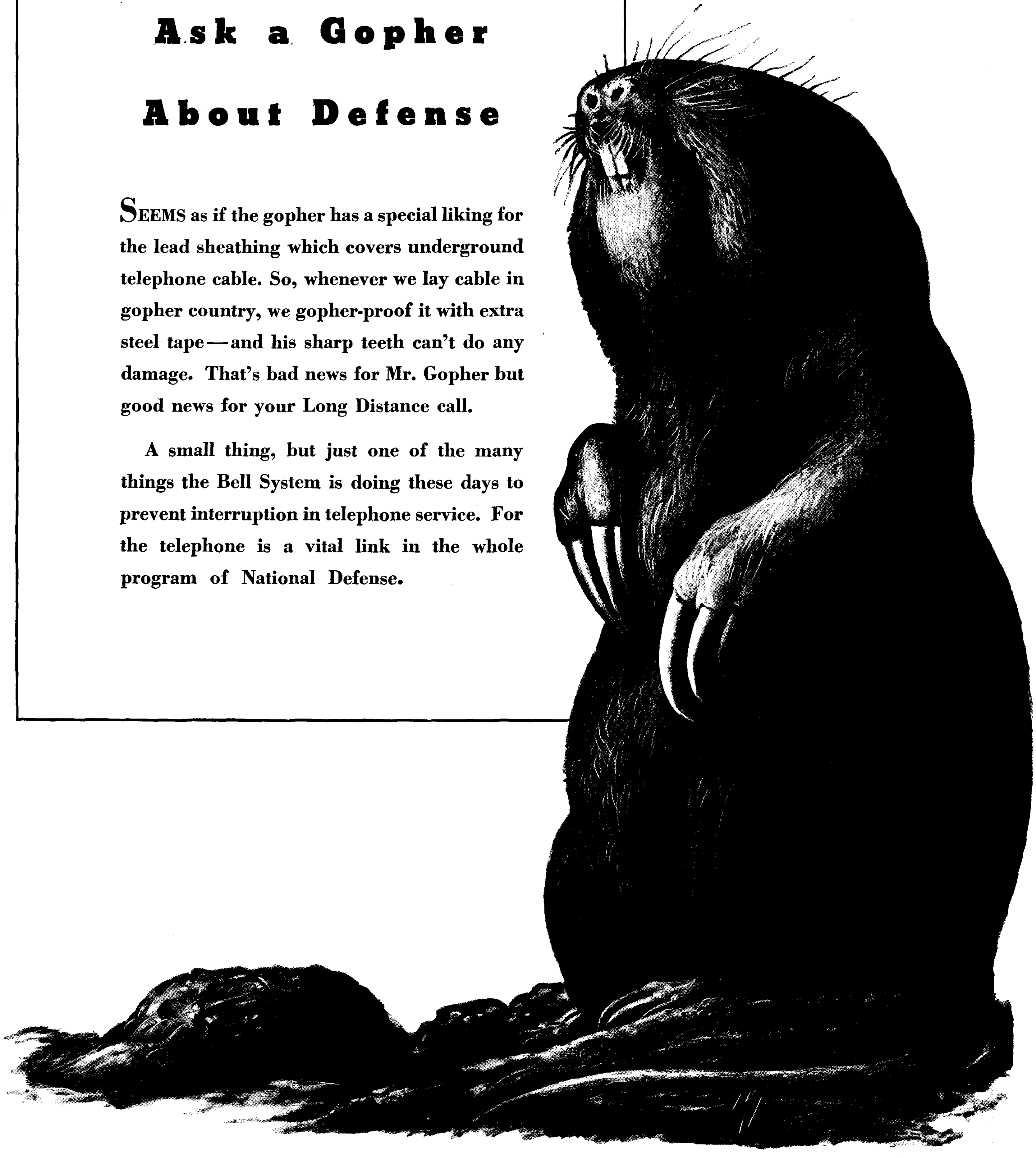
"We Americans are the best fighters in the world, aren't we?"

CHARLES PEARSON

Ask a Gopher About Defense

SEEMS as if the gopher has a special liking for the lead sheathing which covers underground telephone cable. So, whenever we lay cable in gopher country, we gopher-proof it with extra steel tape—and his sharp teeth can't do any damage. That's bad news for Mr. Gopher but good news for your Long Distance call.

A small thing, but just one of the many things the Bell System is doing these days to prevent interruption in telephone service. For the telephone is a vital link in the whole program of National Defense.



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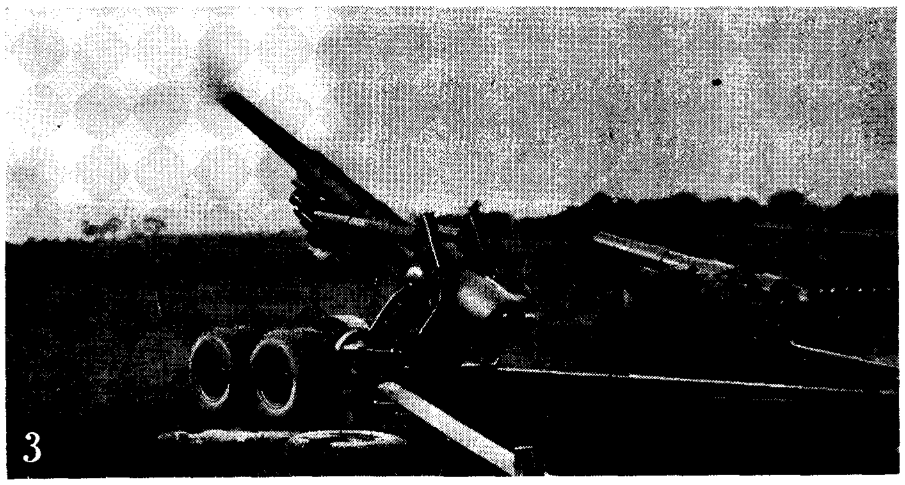

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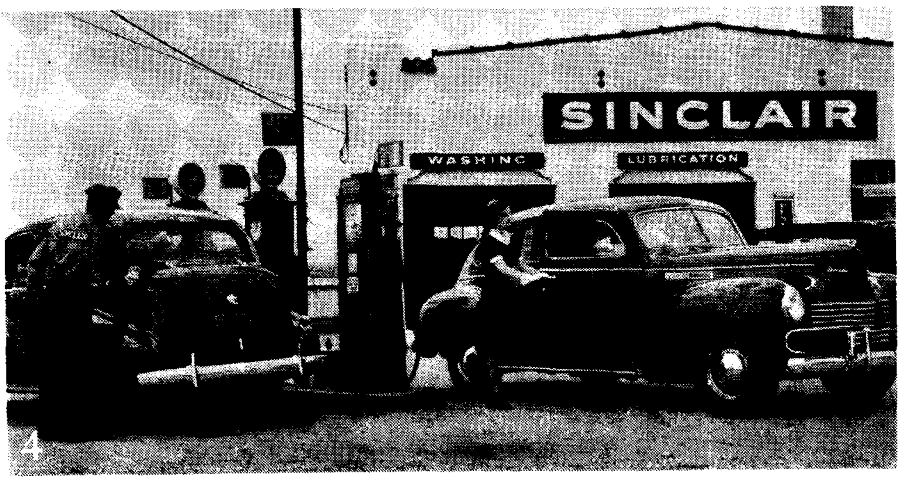


...car against the strain of hard summer driving have your nearby Sinclair dealer Sinclair-ize your car for safety. A Sinclair-ize job may save you real money as well as give you greater personal safety.

said, "The guy wasn't nothin' mo' than a runt, but the way he looked then was scary. Made me feel creepy. Then he turned them crazy black eyes of his on me an' he cracks out, 'Where is the sheriff's office?' and I says, 'It's over yonder in the co'thouse,' an' without a word he starts across the square. Nuts, that's what he was . . . just plain nuts."

Johnny Ellis had seen a great deal. But his attention had been focused on Paul Campbell so intently that he had missed a very important bit of byplay.

RITA had emerged gaily from the Bijou. She was holding Neil Berkeley's arm and she was laughing. Then she looked across the street. The slim figure of Paul Campbell was limned sharply in the glare of the corner arc.

For a long moment Rita stared. Then she shrank back into the protection of the theater, drawing Neil after her. Something in the urgency of her action communicated itself to the man. He looked down at her, started to say something—and then changed his mind.

His first thought was, "She's got on too much rouge. I hadn't noticed before." Then he realized that the natural color had drained from her cheeks, leaving the make-up startling and artificial. Behind the heavy fringe of mascara her eyes were unnaturally bright. He followed the direction of their gaze.

He saw a stranger, a well-dressed stranger. He felt a twinge of jealousy. Who was this man? Why did Rita look at him that way? What had happened between them in the past? Neil was reminded that he knew very little about Rita.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"Nothing. Nothing at all, Neil. I . . ."

"Don't give me that. Who is he?"

She said fearfully, "Someone I used to know."

"What's he doing here?"

"I don't know, Neil. I didn't even tell him where I was going."

Berkeley saw the stranger start across the square. "Funny," he commented. "He's headed into the courthouse."

Rita said, "I'm afraid he won't stop there. Let's get in your car and see where he goes."

By the time they had nosed Neil's car through traffic, the stranger had left the courthouse and was walking toward the residential section of Karnak. He walked quickly, nervously; his shoulders twitching under the loose gray topcoat. But he walked like a man with a purpose.

Neil kept well back of Paul Campbell. He fired a question at Rita: "What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing . . ." Her voice carried no conviction.

"Hadn't you better come clean with me?"

This time Rita did not try to evade. She said simply, "I can't."

"You're afraid of him, aren't you?" Neil asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"For God's sake, Neil . . . can't you quit cross-examining me?"

"Steady, Rita. No hysterics." He went on very quietly, "Are you in love with him?"

"Don't make me laugh."

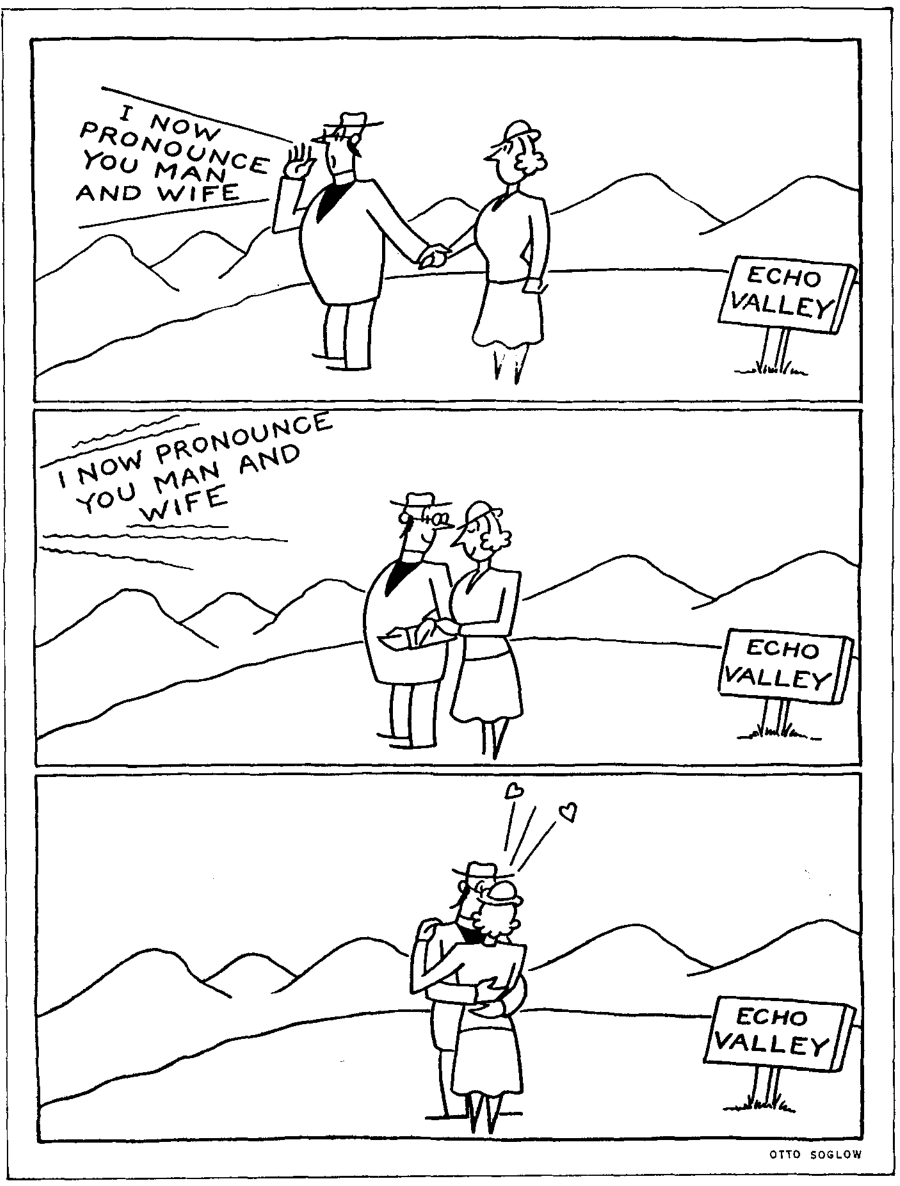
"His being in Karnak . . . does that spell trouble for you?"

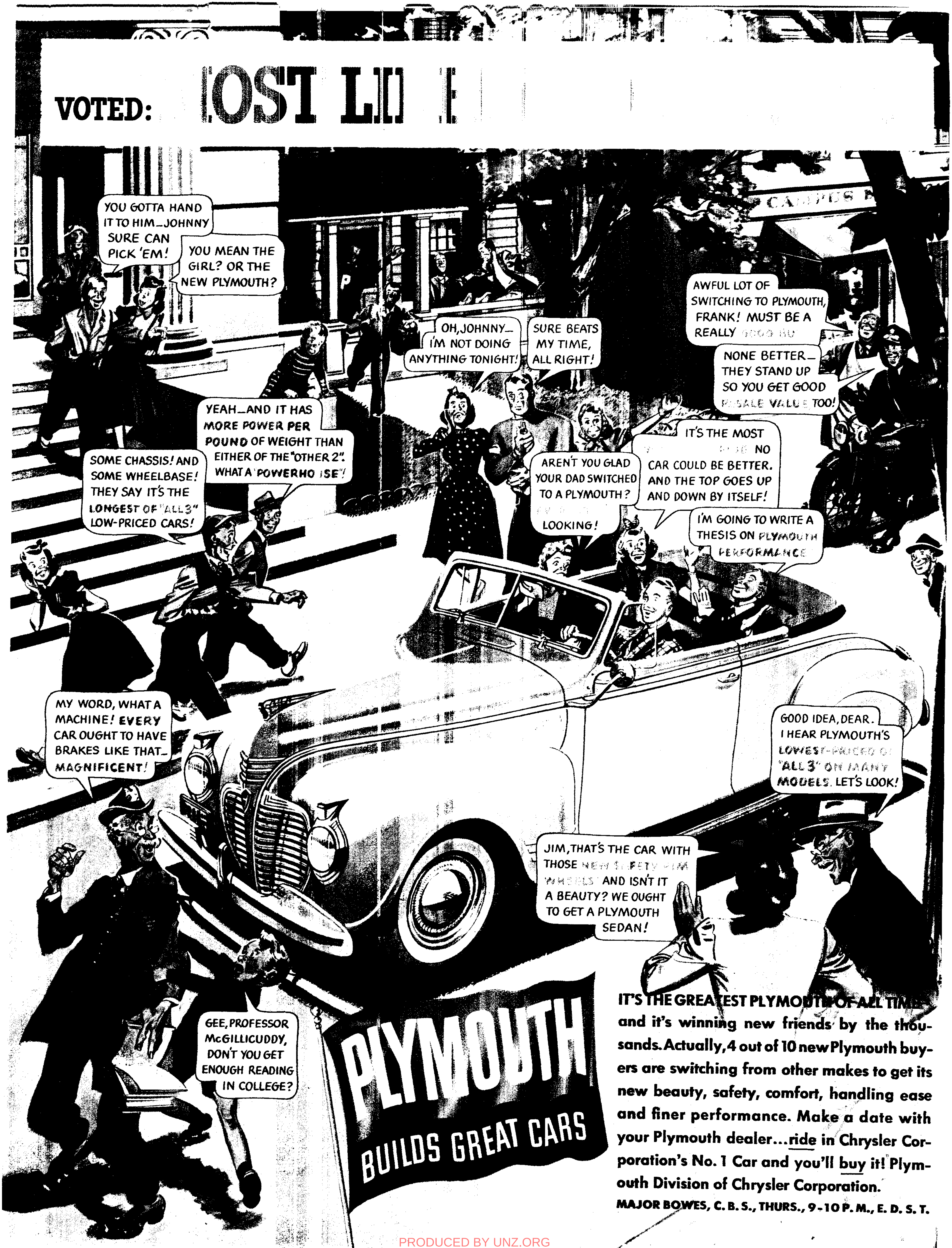
"Yes."

Paul Campbell was peering at house numbers. He turned into a gateway. Neil whistled. "Dale Meredith's house," he said.

Rita spoke in a flat, toneless voice: "It's more than that. It's the home of the sheriff."

(To be continued next week)


I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE
ECHO VALLEY
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE
ECHO VALLEY
ECHO VALLEY
OTTO SOGLOW


VOTED: MOST LI
YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO HIM—JOHNNY SURE CAN PICK 'EM!
YOU MEAN THE GIRL? OR THE NEW PLYMOUTH?
OH, JOHNNY— I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT!
SURE BEATS MY TIME, ALL RIGHT!
AWFUL LOT OF SWITCHING TO PLYMOUTH, FRANK! MUST BE A REALLY GOOD BUY
NONE BETTER— THEY STAND UP SO YOU GET GOOD RESALE VALUE TOO!
YEAH—AND IT HAS MORE POWER PER POUND OF WEIGHT THAN EITHER OF THE "OTHER 2". WHAT A "POWERHOUSE"!
SOME CHASSIS! AND SOME WHEELBASE! THEY SAY IT'S THE LONGEST OF "ALL 3" LOW-PRICED CARS!
AREN'T YOU GLAD YOUR DAD SWITCHED TO A PLYMOUTH? [illegible] LOOKING!
IT'S THE MOST [illegible] NO CAR COULD BE BETTER. AND THE TOP GOES UP AND DOWN BY ITSELF!
I'M GOING TO WRITE A THESIS ON PLYMOUTH PERFORMANCE
MY WORD, WHAT A MACHINE! EVERY CAR OUGHT TO HAVE BRAKES LIKE THAT— MAGNIFICENT!
GOOD IDEA, DEAR. I HEAR PLYMOUTH'S LOWEST-PRICED OF "ALL 3" ON MANY MODELS. LET'S LOOK!
JIM, THAT'S THE CAR WITH THOSE NEW SAFETY-RIM WHEELS AND ISN'T IT A BEAUTY? WE OUGHT TO GET A PLYMOUTH SEDAN!
GEE, PROFESSOR McGILLICUDDY, DON'T YOU GET ENOUGH READING IN COLLEGE?
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MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURS., 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"Beg pardon sir, but is it worth taking? It's not G-E Mazda, you know!"

GERALD: Eh—oh—what's that you say, Jarvis? It's a little dull in the drawing room. Thought I'd brighten things up a bit, what?

JARVIS: Very good, sir. But if I may say so, Mr. Gerald, this is hardly a suitable bulb for the drawing room. Just my opinion of course, sir.

GERALD: What the deuce are you driving at? What's wrong with it?

JARVIS: The wattage, sir—

GERALD: The what?

JARVIS: Exactly, sir. On the end of the bulb. It says only 40 watts, and for reading, as you know sir, General Electric lighting experts advise a total of not less than 100—

GERALD: Oh, tosh, Jarvis, it can't make too much difference.

JARVIS: Begging your pardon sir, you sprained your ankle last month because of the wrong size bulb in the hall. Not to mention your eyes, sir.

GERALD: Right you are, Jarvis, they're not what they used to be, dash it all! But what about my reading lamp?

JARVIS: Quite simple sir. With your permission, I'll dash to the corner and buy enough spare G-E MAZDA lamps so we can always have plenty of light without—without—

GERALD: Without bulbsnatching, eh Jarvis?

JARVIS: Very good, sir!

WHY BE A BULBSNATCHER WHEN G-E LAMPS COST SO LITTLE?

15 and 25 watt......... 10¢
40, 50, and 60 watt...... 13¢
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MADE TO STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hear Gerald & Jarvis on G-E Hour of Charm, Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra, Sun. NBC Red 10 PM EDT

Trail Town

Continued from page 21

way of makin' a man remember her by her eyes. Nobody—this is what you sort of forget somewhere along the road—nobody who knows what goodness feels like has ever been very bad."

She said: "Where did you come from?"

Half an hour later Big Annie, having climbed the back stairs, came along the upper hall and stared down. Leathers had found a bottle of whisky in the house. He had emptied half of it and he sat cross-legged on the floor. He was telling a story and making Indian motions with his hands and his face was full of laughter. Rita sat on the step with a shoulder against the newel post; she watched Leathers and she listened to him and she was smiling at him with a relaxed, soft forgetfulness. Big Annie studied the girl's face for a considerable time and marveled at it and went quietly back down the hall.

MITCHELL patrolled Race's dead quiet. Here and there in the saloons a few men played a last game and occasionally a gambler came out to stroll quietly along the shadows. Mitchell entered Webber's House and climbed to his room. Lighting a cigar, he stood at the window, looking down on a town whose goodness and evil alike slept.

When day's vigil was done and the tight strain of nerve and muscle began to go, he had his time of reflection. Standing thoroughly alone at the window, he saw the town more clearly than anybody else saw it and wondered about its ending—and his own ending.

For his life was inseparably connected with the town. He was tied to it by a thousand things, by the enmity of Charley Fair, by the endless intrigue of Ford Green, by the pity he had for Rita, by the affection he bore Chappie Brink and the trust that broken little man had in him, by his pride and his hatreds and his loyalties, by a streak of compassion that other people had never seen in him, a compassion for all these people of River Bend who worked their little ways on the hard soil of the prairie and had their longings and hidden tragedies and their courage.

He saw both sides of River Bend. The merchants of Willow and the genteel families living in Antelope's quiet had their moments of narrowness and greed, yet according to their own lights they were just people, conscious of their obligations and laboring to keep the town alive.

Race Street, too, was part of this town, catering to lusty appetites that called to be fed; and in this same sun and dust Chappie Brink lived with his memories and his moments of decency and Rita had her hungers for goodness. Standing above the dark and quiet streets, Mitchell felt the presence of all these people, and knew of their silent crying and of their unspoken words and of the things that were common to them all, high and low. He knew them better than anyone else; the deeper he saw into them the more tolerant he became of them.

But no town stood still and no deadlock lasted. Little by little the silent maneuvering went on, isolating him. Cautious and unrelenting in the background, Ford Green slowly cut the ground from beneath him. He had lost the grudging neutrality of Charley Fair, he had made an open enemy of Jett Younger. One by one his supports fell away, leaving only Ed Balder. Even Balder had his doubts and those doubts would grow and some day Balder, seeing a better way of running the town, or believing the steady whisperings of Ford Green, would turn against him.

"I should turn in my star now," he thought, and turned from the window. But he knew he never would. The memory of the little people held him—and one other thing held him. Having been marshal during the town's fair weather he could not run before the storm. Lying in bed he considered these things, listening to stray small sounds move through the hotel. At the end of the hall Sherry Gault slept—and the thought of her broke through all other thoughts as a cold, tonic wind.

MRS. BALDER was giving a tea and she had tables on a porch which ran around three sides of the house; and here in the shade the ladies of Antelope, very pretty in their summer dresses, idly sat and exchanged the little things they had to say, and made those little things important by the inflections and dramatic pauses they used. At the head of the steps there was a bowl of lemonade for the youngsters who had come along with their mothers, which was a bribe for decent behavior. Young Dick Lestrade knew it and sat on the ground in the angle between steps and porch with his hat pulled down over his forehead and thought of the shadows the big bridge cast on Spanish River and of the deep, cold pool under the bridge.

There was a stringer on the bridge which stood twenty feet above the water's level, so that one long, straight dive took a fellow deep down. His mother had said: "For my sake I want you to stay in Mrs. Balder's yard and be nice to Estelle Louders. She's your age. Why don't you like her?" Estelle and the other children were somewhere behind the house but Dick Lestrade sat here, hidden from the women, and thought about the river. Now and then the sudden gusts of talk came down to him and made an impression and went away.

SHERRY GAULT sat on the south side of the porch, watching the blue and brass shimmer of heat along the horizon. Great streamers of dust rose on the river road where trail herds moved slowly toward the loading pens. Beyond the river other gray-raveling clouds showed where new herds moved up from the south and threw off to wait their turn. Drinking her tea, she considered the ladies idly and smiled and was polite and selected the little bits of gossip that interested her in the steady chatter. Irma Gatewood moved up and paused. She said: "I thought you'd be in the hills, with weather like this."

"Warm there, too," said Sherry. "And lonesome. All the men are in the timber, riding trail."

Irma Gatewood said, "I know," and when she smiled her eyes had a kindness. Her face was soft and she moved along the porch and didn't really seem to be with this group; her mind was somewhere else. After a while she made her excuses and departed. Sherry watched the girl adjust her parasol and go along Antelope, small in the hard sunshine; and, for some reason she had no way of explaining, Sherry felt sorry for her.

Louisa Pallette spoke in the lightest voice: "Will Gatewood's a nice man, but I think I'd prefer a more robust husband."

Marion McNab murmured: "He's most courteous."

"Ah," replied Louisa Pallette, "but that seems to be all." Some of the ladies smiled, whereupon Louisa Pallette blushed. "What a silly thing for me to say."

"Well," put in Sherry, "I suppose we must have our gossip."

Mrs. Balder had been standing attentively by, large and formidable. "Gossip's gossip," she said, for whatever it meant. "More tea, Sherry?"

IT WAS three o'clock. Estelle Louders came from the back of the yard and whispered some shocking atrocity in her mother's ear, and was sent away. Mrs. Louders murmured carelessly: "Georgie, it appears, tripped her," and gave Mrs. Snow, who was Georgie's mother, one of those smiling glances in which venom dwelled. Dan Mitchell came into Antelope on his high buckskin and moved down the middle of the street. Abreast Mrs. Balder's porch he lifted his hat and passed on.

Sherry looked at him with that swift and complete interest his presence always brought. He sat straight-legged on the saddle, one arm full length, one arm lifted a little with the reins. He seemed very long and the sun turned his face deep bronze and the edges of his hair showed a heavy black beneath his hat. The hat lay raked on his head and his body moved with the horse and seemed to have no weight to it; he was a grave man who seemed to smile and to be apart from them and yet judging them by his own standards; and so he turned the depot corner and was gone.

His passage had left its effect. Sherry noticed that Mrs. Balder followed him with her glance as long as he remained in sight, very clearly hating him with all the power of her solid will; and it was not heat alone that lifted the color of her cheeks, for she said: "Why does he ride down Antelope? Race is where he belongs."

Sherry said one sharp word: "Why?"

Mrs. Balder, surprised at the tone, lifted her brows: "That's the part of town he's hired to keep order in, isn't it? Those are the people he touches. He's one of them. Everything they are, he is also. I do not like him. I never have. Ed picked him for that job and you'd think he'd be grateful to Ed. But he has talked to Ed as though Ed were no better than Charley Fair. Ed shouldn't put up with it a moment. I've told him so. But it isn't only that."

"Then what is it?" asked Sherry, now aroused. She wanted to know. Anything connected with Mitchell summoned her instant attention—as though she wanted to see him for what he was, as though there were parts of him dark to her which had to be illumined.

"He's as bad as anything on Race Street," said Mrs. Balder. "Never once has he lifted a finger to clean it up. The same crooked men are here that were here a year ago. The same women. Where does he go when his job's done? To Big Annie's. He's hand in glove with all of them. He's one of the crooks."

Sherry didn't answer. She was surprised at the resentment she immediately felt toward Josephine Balder. This big, ample woman had a truculent nature; she had tremendous energies and she liked to be fighting. She had, Sherry knew, tried to organize a reform movement in the town without much success, and her failure only deepened her antagonism against everything on Race Street.

Josephine Balder looked around her and said in a lower voice: "Why do you suppose Mitchell went into the hills with Bravo Trimble? He was no friend of Trimble's. Trimble was Ford Green's friend—and Mitchell hates Ford."

All the ladies glanced at Sherry. There was a moment of discomfort on the porch. Sherry said: "Then why did he go?"

"Hasn't Ford told you all this?" asked Josephine Balder.

"I don't ask about Ford's business."

"It wasn't Jett Younger that killed Bravo Trimble," said Mrs. Balder. "It was Mitchell who did. He wanted Bravo out of the way."

SHERRY rose and spoke with a thorough irritation: "Who told you that? Ed?"

"Ford," said Mrs. Balder, "told Ed. Not outright, of course. He simply let it drop as a hint. A hint is enough, isn't it?"

"Is it?" said Sherry. "Why should Mitchell want Bravo out of the way?"

"A deal," said Josephine Balder. "A deal with Charley Fair. Mitchell is very close to Charley Fair. Bravo did something Charley didn't like."

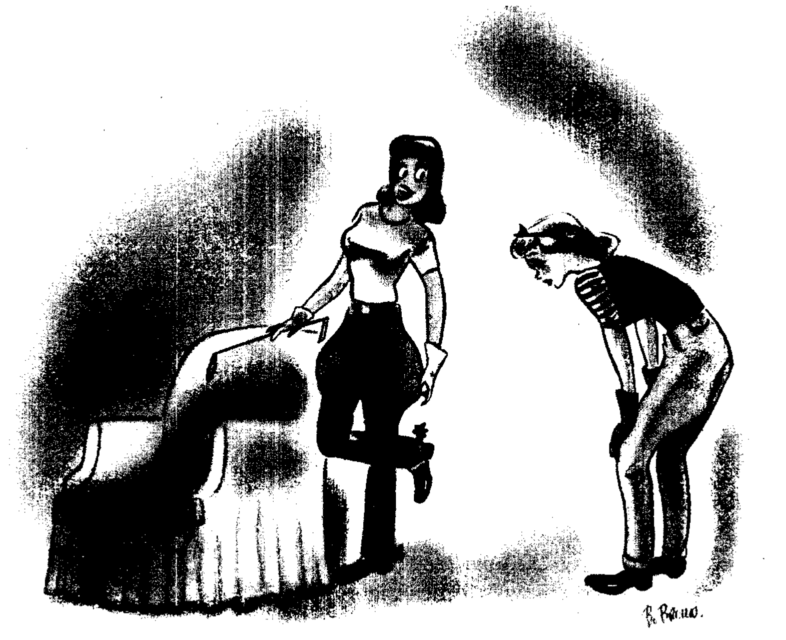
"What was it?"

Josephine emitted a slicing breath of exasperation. "How would I know that?"

"You seem so sure of everything," pointed out Sherry.

Mrs. Balder cast a sharp glance on Sherry. "It is odd to me you'd doubt something Ford said. After all—" She let the rest of it stand as implication.

Sherry said: "I do not know that Ford



"I forget what they call them, but they correspond to the accelerator in an automobile!"

BO BROWN

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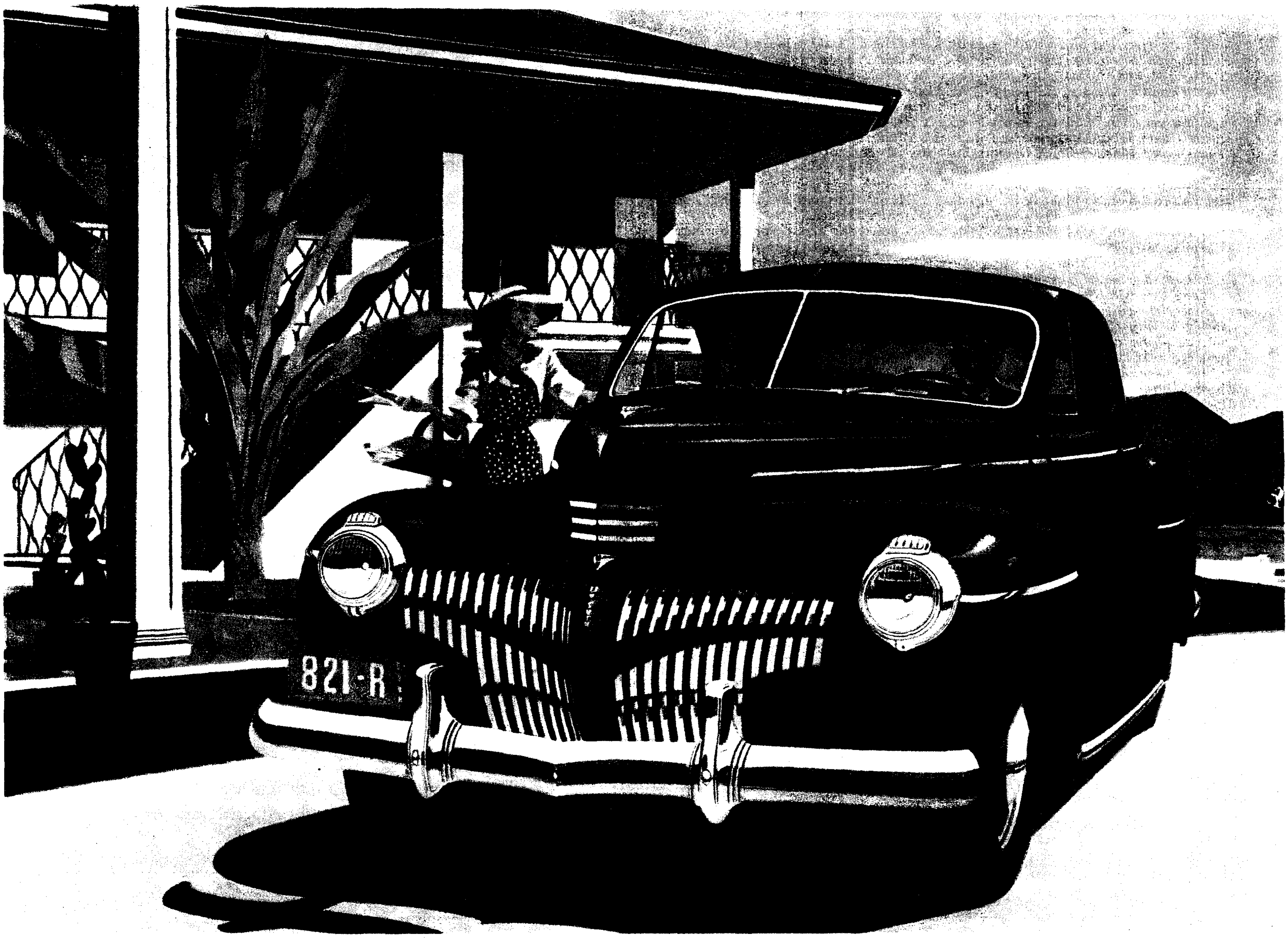

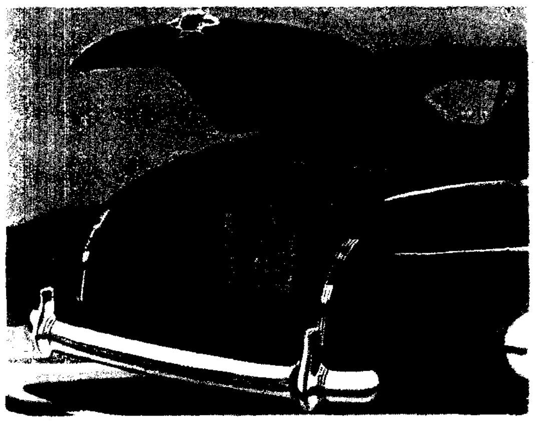

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*AVAILABLE ON ALL MODELS AT MODERATE ADDITIONAL COST said it. If he said it I do not know that I believe it."

"He's your man," pointed out Josephine Balder.

"Perhaps," said Sherry. "But he didn't see Mitchell shoot Bravo."

"There are ways those things get around."

"Yes, there are. And some of those ways I don't like." Sherry, never anything but blunt, put her feelings into the briefest phrases: "It is the same as shooting a man in the back. Mitchell's a very broad target. It is very easy to stand in the dark and ambush him. I wouldn't be very proud of that. If I had something against him I'm meet him face on."

The rebuke took effect. Mrs. Balder's color deepened and her anger grew plain. "Why don't you tell Ford that?"

"I will. I'd tell anybody that."

Mrs. Louders, wishing to break the growing embarrassment, said: "Josephine, could I have some more of that delightful cake?"

HIDDEN in the angle between steps and porch, young Dick Lestrade dreamed of the pool under the bridge and heard nothing until the mention of Mitchell's name broke through his dreaming. Mitchell was one of his silent worships, and Bravo Trimble had been one of his gods. Now in complete stunned attention, he listened to Mrs. Balder's revelations. He knew these were things he shouldn't have heard and presently he got on his knees and crawled along the base of the porch wall until he was on the far side of the house. Rising, he circled the house and walked toward the depot.

He reached Willow and went slowly along the street with his head down, struggling with the terrible wreckage those few words had left behind him. He was eleven years old and his loyalties were great loyalties, without which he felt empty and forlorn. He came up to the arch of the Wells-Fargo barn and stopped, so deep-sunk in his thinking that he had not realized he had stopped. A voice came from far away, saying, "Hello, Dick," and he raised his head and found Mitchell on the buckskin in the middle of the street. Mitchell was smiling at him.

"Hello," said Dick in the hollowest voice possible. His face was pulled together and there was no light in his eyes. This, from a boy who had always seemed to glow in his presence, puzzled Mitchell.

"Trouble?" asked Mitchell.

"No."

"You know," said Mitchell in his conversational tone, "a friend's a friend, Anything I can help you out on?"

"Nothin'," said Dick, and turned away. But he only took a step, and swung back. Loyalty died hard but the words of his elders were words he had never learned to doubt, and Mrs. Balder had said everything plain. "You didn't kill Bravo?" he asked. "You didn't do that—even though you didn't like him?"

"Son," said Mitchell, "who said that?" He had been smiling, and no longer was. He said, "We've got to talk about that," and started to leave the saddle. Dick Lestrade turned away and broke into a run. Mitchell called after him, "Son—wait a minute. Wait up for me." But young Dick was crying and would not turn his face to Mitchell. He ran down Railroad Avenue, out of sight.

Mitchell stepped from the saddle, watching young Dick Lestrade run away; and then he swung back to the saddle, every instinct pushing him to ride on and overtake the lad and mend his heartbreak. But he did not. He sat still, knowing that he would do no good now. Realizing this, a feeling of pain passed through him with the cut of acid. Nothing, not even the tragedy of Rita hit him as hard as the lost faith of young Dick.

The boy's disillusion was his disillusion. This one scene, crueler than any other had been, brought home to him the fact of his vulnerability and his isolation. When a man wore the star he opened himself wide to slander and doubt, to the whispered hatreds and jealousies and dark suggestions; a man with the star was a target. All this he had earlier realized and had closed his teeth firmly against making any answer. He had learned to smile and be silent, he had come to know the things behind other men's eyes when they watched him—the soft, quick, fugitive things running there even as they spoke and were friendly. All that he had toughened himself against. But Dick Lestrade's destroyed faith broke through and got him.

He turned down Willow. Sherry Gault came from Antelope and moved toward him. The sight of her brought him out of his preoccupation and when he noticed that she was watching him he swung over to the walk and lifted his hat.

She said: "I want to talk to you. I have heard—"

She stopped the sentence. Looking across Willow he saw Ford Green come from the courthouse at a long-legged and slightly hurried gait, as though he meant to break up this scene. Even at the distance the signal of dry jealousy showed on his pale, freckled face. Sherry said: "Tonight, as soon as it is dark, I'll ride out to the bridge."

Ford Green arrived. He removed his hat and divided his pale green glance between these two people. Suspicion showed in the glance and suspicion edged his voice and made it arrogant. "I'll walk along with you, Sherry."

She was an independent girl, she had her own will. Ford Green's suggestion hit her wrong, for she lifted her head and gave him a full stare. "I had not said I was ready to walk along."

He showed a greater irritation and a more stubborn insistence. "When you're ready to walk, I'll go along."

She made it a point to delay. She said to Mitchell: "Why was Dick Lestrade crying?"

"He'd heard bad news."

"Maybe," she said, "I could help."

"Some day," he said, "it might be mended, but not now."

SHE turned on Ford Green. "If you are still in the humor to walk, come along."

Mitchell lifted his hat. Green, stung by the rebuke, put both arms behind him and walked beside Sherry Gault, past Balder's store toward the depot. Mitchell turned down Race for another circle of the town.

It would be, he realized, Ford Green who had started the rumor of his killing Bravo. This was the way Ford worked, surreptitiously and roundabout, moving toward his aims with all the noiseless stalking of a cat. He passed Poe's saddle shop and nodded at Poe in the doorway.

Poe was usually a pleasant man; now he only nodded back and in his eyes was a reserve that had not been there before. The rumor had reached Poe as it had reached others. All through this town, in the past twelve hours, Mitchell had found that strange withdrawing from him and had not understood it. Now he did. He turned down Race, one sharp ache in him when he remembered young Dick's face.

At the foot of Race Street, just before he circled The Drovers', Chappie Brink came out of Horsfall's livery, violently shaking and terribly in need of a drink; and though he said nothing he was silently begging for help. Mitchell said, "Chappie, I owe you four bits for curry-

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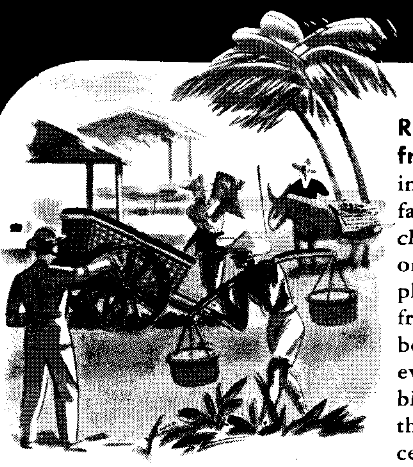

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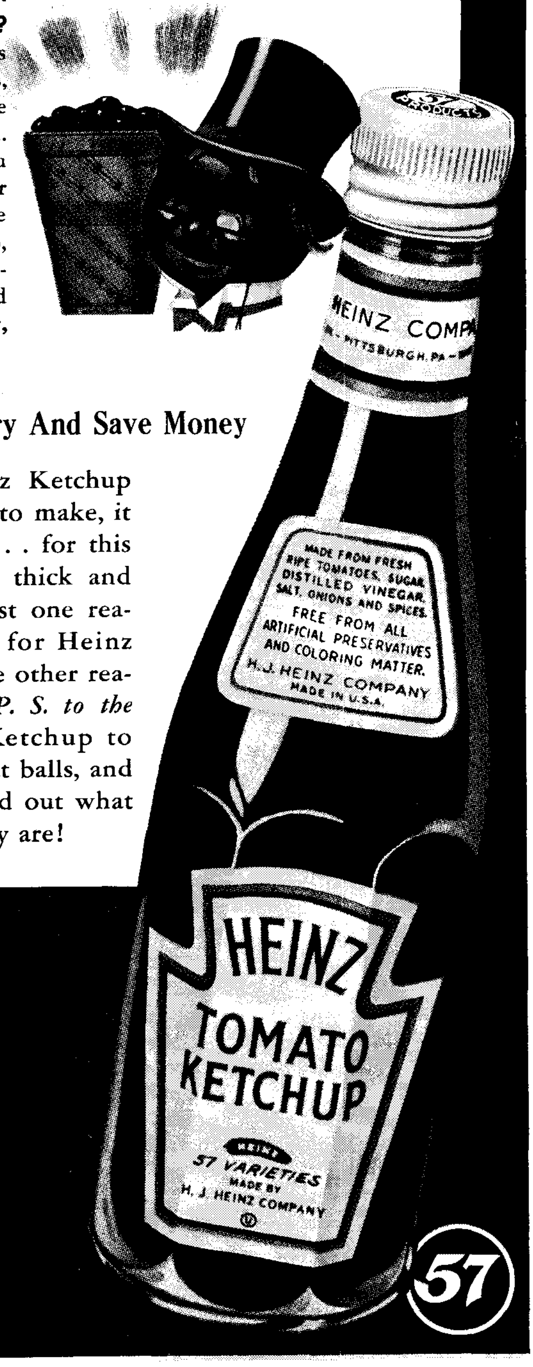
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ing my horse," and got a half dollar and dropped it into Chappie's hand. Chappie had not curried his horse; it was a fiction which both of them understood, meant to save that little shred of pride still burning in Chappie's ruined body. Chappie said: "You know what's goin' around about you?"

"I know."

"You know where it started?"

"Yes."

"Dan," said Chappie in his rasping voice, "somebody ought to go after that man." Then he said, "I believe I'll go get a bite of breakfast," and turned up the street, traveling faster and faster toward The Pride. His breakfast would be four whiskies and a free lunch.

SHERRY GAULT moved along the galleried walk, past Balder's and Tarleton's millinery. Ford Green's attitude had roused her ready anger and now his sulky silence infuriated her. She said: "Ford, I want to talk to you. Did you tell—"

He said, "Not here, Sherry," and looked carefully around him. Gatewood moved up the street and said, "Hello," and passed on. Ford Green's eyes inspected this street and he murmured again: "Wait."

This caution rubbed Sherry Gault wrong. She said with a cutting scorn, "What are you afraid of—your shadow?"

Ford Green sank deeper into his balky temper. His jaw lengthened and his long legs stamped against the walk harder than before. They passed the butcher shop and crossed Willow's dust to the depot and walked along the cinder path until they were well beyond the depot. Ford Green would have walked farther but Sherry stopped.

"Now, Ford, what have you been up to?"

"First," he said, "there was no call for you to make me cool my heels while you chinned with Mitchell."

SHE threw the challenge back at him without delay: "When did you become my guardian, Ford?"

"Ain't it understood—"

"Nothing's understood. Maybe there's one thing you ought to know. I'll talk to whoever I please at whatever time I please, for however long I please. You came across the street with the idea of carrying me right away from Mitchell."

"The man's no friend of mine," said Ford Green.

"Makes no difference," said Sherry, carrying the attack to him. "You're not to interfere with me. Don't you know that yet?"

He didn't answer and he didn't meet her straight glance. He looked past her into the drenching late sunshine on the desert, his eyes half closed. He was silently resisting everything she said, listening to her but not agreeing and never meaning to agree. Behind his softness was a stubbornness, she observed, as great as her own. More than that, he now showed a streak of surly ill nature. She had not particularly noticed this in him before; the pressure of the last few days had begun to pull out the things he had so long been careful to conceal. She didn't like what she saw.

"If you were a woman you'd be pouting," she pointed out. "It's the same kind of a look and has no place on a man's face. Buck up, my friend. You don't like to be crossed but you had better make up your mind to take a licking gracefully when it comes. This time you're taking one. You don't run me, Ford. Never try."

"Let's just forget it," he said, very dry and disagreeable of voice.

"That's not my style. What have you been telling about Mitchell around town?"

He looked at her for the briefest of moments, quick and searching, with his eyes springing open; and again looked away. Slyness made a momentary appearance. "What?" he said.

"Ford, don't beat around the bush with me."

He seemed to debate with himself, and when he spoke it was in a balanced, thoroughly cautious manner. "I simply said that I wondered why Mitchell, who was certainly not Bravo's friend, should go into the hills with Bravo. Let's walk back."

"What else did you say?"

"Sherry, let well enough alone."

When aroused she had the ability to rough a man up with her talk. "Don't crawl and creep and duck, Ford. Stand straight."

His sullenness grew in the increasing projection of his lower lip and he spoke as though the words were wrung out of him: "I said how could we be sure it was Younger that killed Bravo. Let's walk back, Sherry." He turned away, expecting her to turn with him. Five feet away her voice came after him.

"You walk away now, Ford, and you'll keep right on walking as far as I'm concerned."

He wheeled, half crying: "What do you want out of a man?" He came back, so stirred that he forgot to be cautious. Looking deep into his eyes she saw that he had danger in him, physical danger. It pleased her a little to see this and took a part of her contempt away.

"You must be pretty proud, Ford. Whispering sly little things behind the man. There he is, out in the open. It's very easy, isn't it, to sulk around him, out of reach of his fists?"

"You think I'm afraid, Sherry? Afraid of him?"

"What I really think is that you've been cautious and clever so long that you've forgotten how to stand up and fight straight. You know you have nothing to base those whispers on. You know nothing more about that fight than I do."

"I told you once," he reminded her, "he was in my way and I proposed to get him out of my way. I'll see you later," he said and turned away.

She watched him cross the dusty street and asked herself one very pointed question: "How much do I care?" And suddenly closed her mind before the answer came. Love, to a woman, meant the world turned over, it meant the difference between living and not living, the difference between light and dark, cold and heat. It meant a full heart, a wild, strange and ever-changing feeling, it meant all the colors and all the sounds, it meant a thousand unexpressed thoughts; it meant taking and giving, it meant feelings that ran all the way from rich goodness to cruelty, all things full and nothing empty; it was something proud and abject, something like a slashing winter wind and something as hot as a bed of fire. If it was anything it was all this. She still watched Ford Green move across the street. Mitchell, making his swing of the town, came into the south end of Willow and then Sherry's glance whipped away from Ford Green and she forgot him completely. Mitchell was a black shape against the yellow light and his shoulders swayed a little as he rode.

THE secret sense of power so necessary to Ford Green had been pretty well knocked about during his talk with Sherry Gault. Now he returned to his office and lay back in his chair, watching the street below him until the feeling of personal strength came again. Within the four walls of this office he was always a bigger man than he was any other place.

For a little while the scene with Sherry kept troubling him, so that he rehearsed it, giving her silent answers and better answers in justification of himself. Then he at last put all this away and thought of the man he must have in River Bend to take charge when Mitchell was knocked out. It was up to Balder and Dug Neil and Tom Franzen, who were the county commissioners, to appoint a new sheriff but he foresaw that they would abide his word if he presented the proper man.

He meant to get one of those men common on the frontier, one who wore a star yet was hardly better than the outlaws they were sworn to take, a rough one who had a killer's reputation and gloried in it and was always ready to add to it. With this kind of a fighter Ford Green proposed to lay waste to Race Street, to tame it and destroy it. It was essential to him that he destroy Race Street so thoroughly and dramatically that the news of it would sweep across this state, an example of swift and terrible vengeance made upon sin by one incorruptible district attorney. When he killed Race Street the town, of course, would die; for there was no other great trade remaining to support it. But that was an immaterial by-product.

IT WAS late afternoon, the sun near the western rim. A homesteader's wagon pulled down Race Street, filled with a family heading out toward Chickman's Flats under the escort of Bill Mellen. Back in a corner of Ford Green's busy mind a side thought had its brief play: There were a lot of homesteaders drifting into town these last few weeks. Then the thought gave ground to the things more urgent. He had his man in mind. Tonight he would catch the stage for Pawnee and see Bill Bexar who was the marshal there. Time was growing short. Mitchell had about reached the end of his tether and one of these days would hang himself, or be hung.

He picked up his hat and left the office. He crossed to Balder's store in the sudden, still, clear light that precedes dusk and met Balder at the doorway.

"Ed," said Ford Green, "I'm going out tonight to see a man you might want for sheriff. I'll bring him back for you to look at."

"No rush," said Balder. "The county can run without a sheriff for a few days."

"Might be later than you think—right now," commented Green, in his suggesting, mysterious voice.

"Why?"

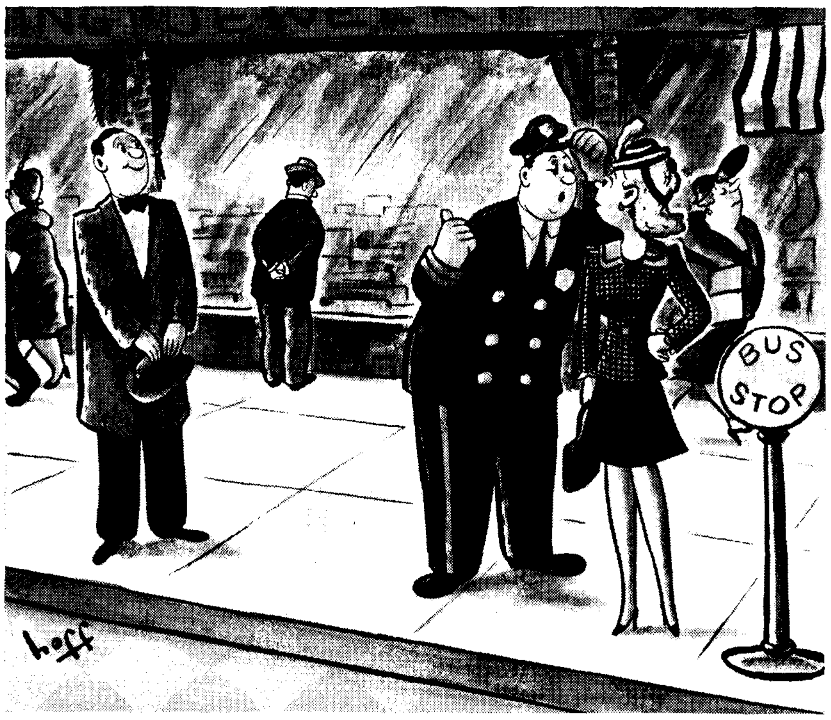
"You might want a strong sheriff on hand pretty soon," said Green. "Where would you be if anything happened to Mitchell? Suppose he quit, or was killed? Suppose he turned against you? Suppose Race Street just rose up and went wild, with nobody to stop it? Where would you be then?" He was again sliding his doubts into Balder's slow head. Knowing his man, he dropped those little acid fragments into the stream of Balder's thinking and then changed the subject: "I'll bring this man up. Do what you please. But no harm in looking at him."

THE southern stage was making up by Neil's big barn and would leave in another half-hour. He had time for dinner and so turned toward Webber's. As he turned he saw Mitchell swing out of Brinton's stable and also advance toward Webber's. Green moved steadily on, now reminded of that earlier scene in which Sherry had rebuked him in front of Mitchell. Not knowing it, his steps quickened, and this man who was usually a complete master of the things in him now became a puppet of those things, never aware of it. In the space of three paces he had decided he would enter Webber's before Mitchell.

It was a small, obscure desire rising out of pride and jealousy. When Mitchell came before Webber's door, the late-arriving Green reached forward and caught Mitchell's shoulder and flung him away. Not until then did he realize how every cautious precept of his life had gone out in one single tide, how completely he had turned into that kind of man he so much despised, at the mercy of old savage instincts, of thoughtless rage and sheer ego.

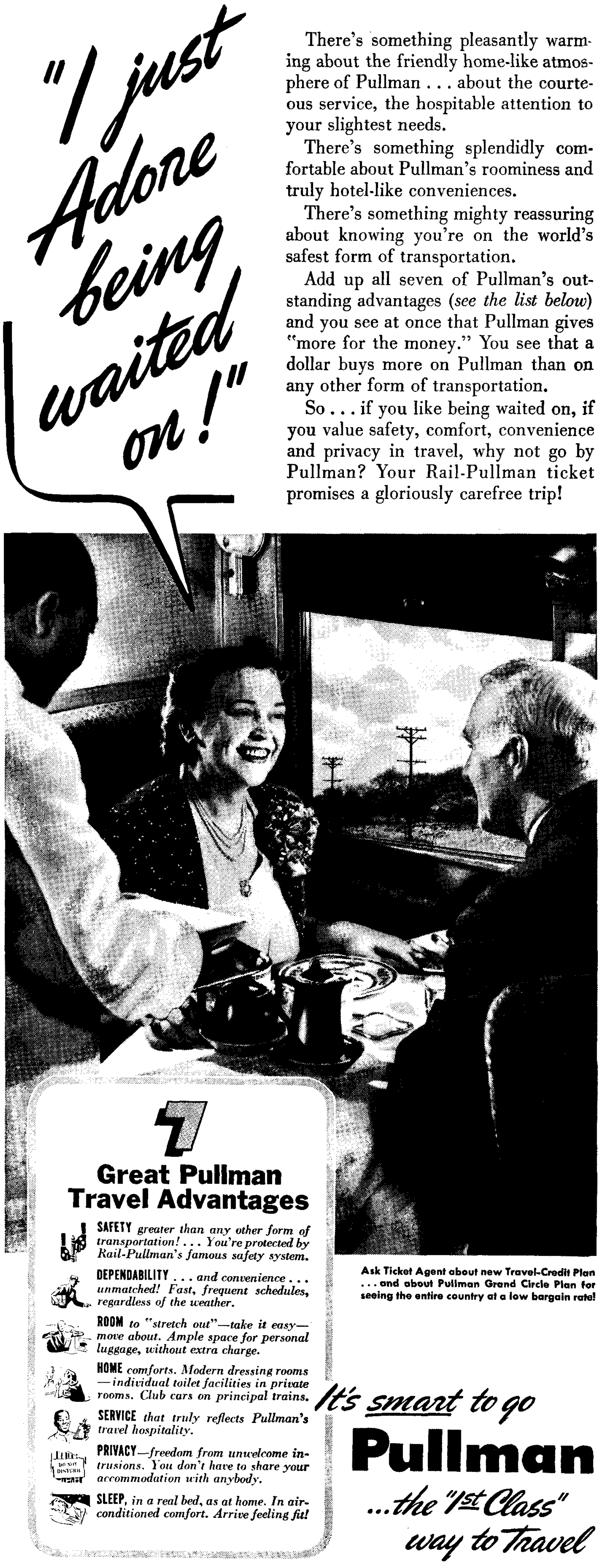
It was then too late to turn back. Mitchell straightened and surprise showed on his face and was covered by tight amusement—as though this was something he wished for and had never expected. "Ford," he said, "you have been eating meat."

There was no answer Ford Green could make, no logical thing to say; and for this he hated himself and saw himself in a poor light and grew more greatly enraged. He stood still, blocking the doorway with his angular shape, without reason for doing it but powerless to give ground. All he saw now in Mitchell's



"The gentleman wishes to know if you'll call me if he says 'Hello' "

SIDNEY HOFF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Mr. L. C. had an accident with his car late at night. So he called a garage whose display advertisement said they were always open.

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Mrs. M. needed her piano tuned so she looked under "Piano Tuners" and selected one whose advertisement satisfied her of his reliability.

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Mrs. B.'s vacuum cleaner needed repairs, so she looked in the Classified for the trade mark of the cleaner and under it she found a service man who did the work.

Look it up first in the Classified Section

eyes was that growing brightness, that complete understanding. Mitchell knew. Mitchell, who dealt with the errant and the proud and the sinful and the violent, looked straight into him and fathomed the queer promptings that had placed him here.

People moved up from the darkening street and one sharp voice seemed to send a call all down Willow: "Look at that!" This was the oldest story in town but it was new now, because it was Ford Green who prowled River Bend's dust and looked for trouble instead of a wild puncher off the Texas trail. He saw Balder in the background. He saw Chappie Brink staring at him with the greatest expectancy he had ever seen on a human face. He saw Dug Neil. There were others around him, for the smell of a fight went through River Bend like lightning. It sickened him to think of it, yet he could not move and he could not shake away from the blind, ever-heating rage that grew into obsession.

SUDDENLY Mitchell quit smiling, and spoke one actually gentle phrase: "Never mind, Ford. Turn around and go get your supper."

Mitchell stood above him, seeming to look down from a height. He was a flat and serene man, taking this situation securely within control and now he was offering Green a way out, he was giving ground deliberately to save Green's pride.

Everybody, Green understood, caught this humane impulse. It changed everything, it turned the evening black to Green, and his hatred grew to fury because he could not endure this other man's unhurried mastery. There was still nothing for him to say but he could no longer remain still and so, obeying the oldest of impulses, he dropped his head and rammed himself at Mitchell, his arms going out in a great sweep to imprison the marshal.

Behind Mitchell was a four-by-four post, supporting the wooden gallery of the hotel. Mitchell lifted his arms, knocking Green's arms aside; he had stiffened himself for Green's plunge but Green's weight, thrown out in the one violent lunge, carried him back against the post and the post gave way and fell and the two men went down in the dust. Green let out a pure yell—of anger, of relief, of animal exuberance that had no meaning. He was on his knees, clawing in the dust and half blinded by it, seeking Mitchell who had vanished. Mitchell was on his feet, speaking from a distance.

"All right, Ford. All right."

GREEN hauled himself up. He swung, seeing Mitchell balanced beyond range. He dropped his head again and ran in. Mitchell hit him full on the cheek and stopped him. Green set his teeth against the raw streak of pain that cut all the way through him to his legs. Mitchell was a shadow before him. He put out his hands, catching Mitchell's blows. Mitchell moved around him slowly. Mitchell's smile was gone; there was a dark, drawn steadiness in the man, a thin, ever-watching glow in his eyes, an infinite patience that could wait for the kill to come. Green, pivoting to match the marshal's steady circle, suddenly felt rage again and flung himself forward. He took Mitchell's swinging fist on the head and thought he heard the magnified crack of Mitchell's knuckles. He brought up his hands and knocked Mitchell's arms and closed in. He hit Mitchell in the belly and drove him across the dust.

Mitchell struck a wall and the wall echoed all down Race Street. Mitchell came away from the wall, elusive in the first evening shadows, and closed in and beat him across the temple and seemed to fade, and came out of the shadows once more and slashed him in the neck and over the bridge of his nose. Thunder rolled through Ford Green's head and the light of day faded. Reaching out without vision, he caught Mitchell's arm and clung to it and closed in and drove his knees up into Mitchell's belly. He roughhoused around the dust until his head was clear, and sprang back. He hit the edge of the collected crowd; he half turned and struck out at the crowd, and turned against Mitchell once more, lowering his head and charging. A barrel—a water barrel that had been standing at the edge of the courthouse—came rolling out of nowhere, catching him at the knees. He went over the barrel, falling into the dust. From the distance again he heard Mitchell call at him.

"Here, Ford. Up here."

He was blinded, he was stunned; but he was not beaten. He had ceased to feel hurt and he had no fear. He got on his feet, crouched low, watching Mitchell move slowly sidewise. He gritted his teeth and dropped his head and drove up. He reached Mitchell with his fists. He felt the solid, wonderful impact come back along his arms and he felt good because of it, he felt new and fresh and unbeatable. He lashed out, straight at Mitchell's head, seeing that head bob aside; and thereafter one great smash landed on his mouth and a hole seemed to open in his stomach and his breathing stopped and there was no power in his arms and no strength in his legs. He fell to the dust.

SOMEWHERE men began to talk and a boy's voice yelled: "He's gettin' up!" He had not known this until the boy spoke. But he was on his knees in the dust and he looked down and saw that he was in this position. He saw blood dropping steadily from his face to the dust. He lifted his head and wanted to rise but could not. He said:

"Mitchell! My legs won't work! Damn you—I can't get up! If I could get up I'd fight you all the way down this street to The Drovers'!" He turned to cry at the astonished crowd around him: "Balder, there—give me a hand! Don't stand there staring! Get me off the ground! I can lick that man! And I *will!*"

Mitchell was still before him, his hazel eyes round and very watchful. "Your judgment was poor for once, Ford. You're pretty sly and mighty clever. Stick to that. Don't pick a fight with a man who knows nothing but fighting. Walk through Webber's door and eat your supper. That's what you started to do."

"I'm not finished," ground out Ford Green. "Oh, no! I'm not through!"

He talked to a crowd slowly dispersing. The novelty had left this scene and darkness stirred like a tide and lights broke yellow into the dust and Texans began to arrive on Race Street. The crowd drifted away and Mitchell moved off into the darkness. Ford Green pulled himself to his feet and braced them until strength began to return. He watched Mitchell go and he was proud of himself for what he had done; and he knew he would never again possess those faint, small doubts of his own courage. That was gone. He could do anything.

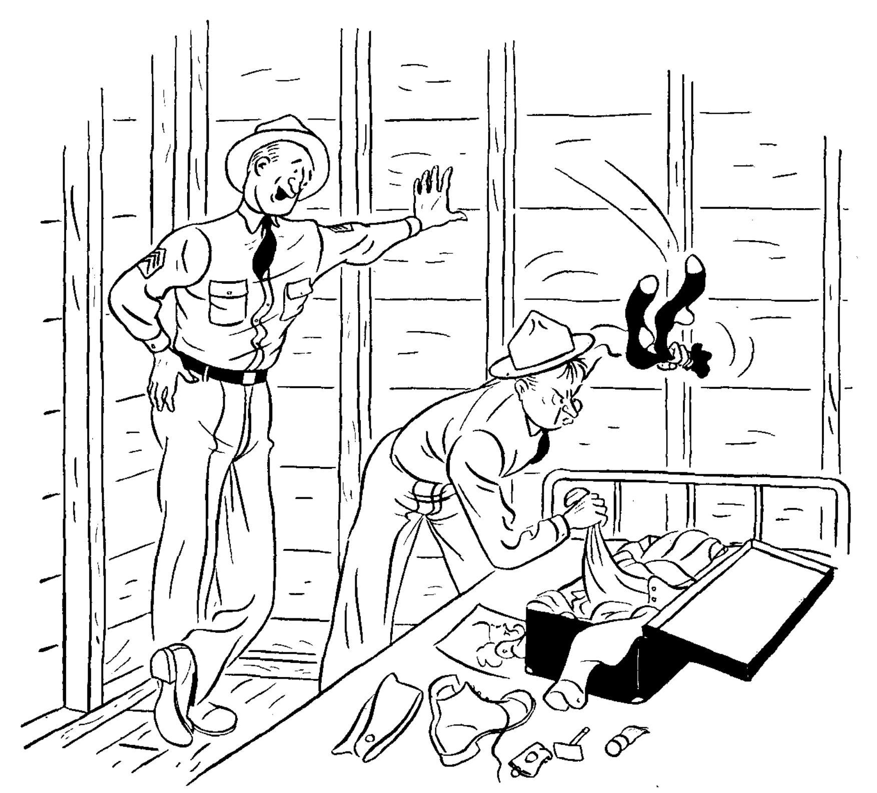
THE southern stage was now in front of Webber's, waiting out the last ten minutes. Ford Green started toward the courthouse and cut through Ute to reach his house on the edge of town, intending to clean up before the stage left. Crossing Bismarck, he saw the shape of a man break out of the darkness lying so heavily against Brinton's. He heard Chappie Brink say:

"You got a lickin'. Never thought I'd ever have that pleasure. You know, Ford, I'm drunk, and when I'm drunk I see a lot of things I could do and maybe ought to do. Here's one of 'em—"

Green watched Chappie Brink's arm lift; and he saw that Chappie had gotten a gun. He stepped forward, saying, "Just a minute, Chappie," and his arm came down in one hard cut that knocked the gun out of Chappie's hand. He pushed Chappie back and he lifted the gun from the dust. He came up against Chappie, watching Chappie's white face rise.

Chappie said: "I guess I'm too old to do what I want to do." That was all he said. Ford Green, remembering the insolence that was in Chappie Brink's eyes, hit him over the head and watched Chappie drop. Then he turned back to Willow and got aboard the stage and in a little while was on his way south.

(To be continued next week)



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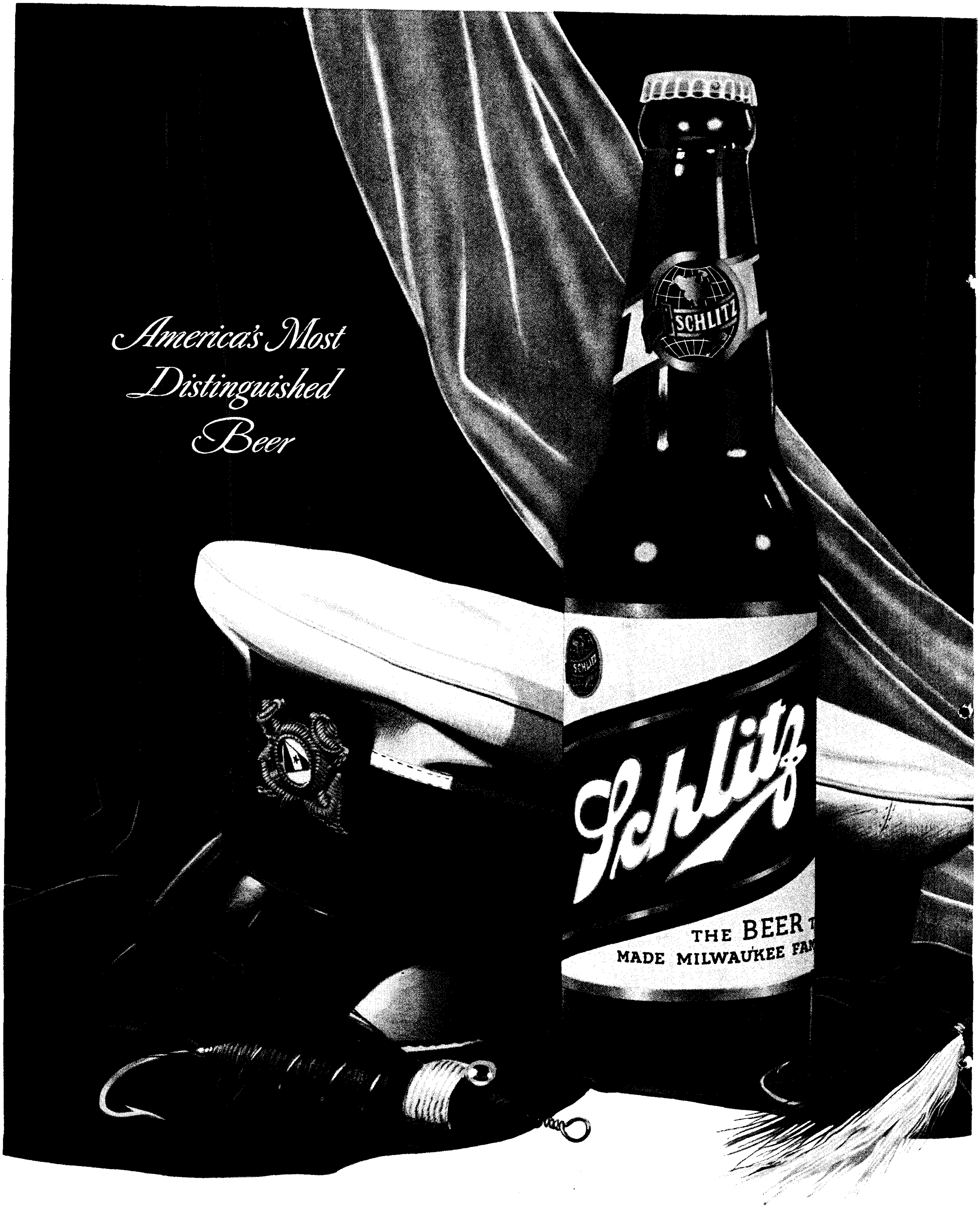
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THE BEER
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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FA

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT BEER?

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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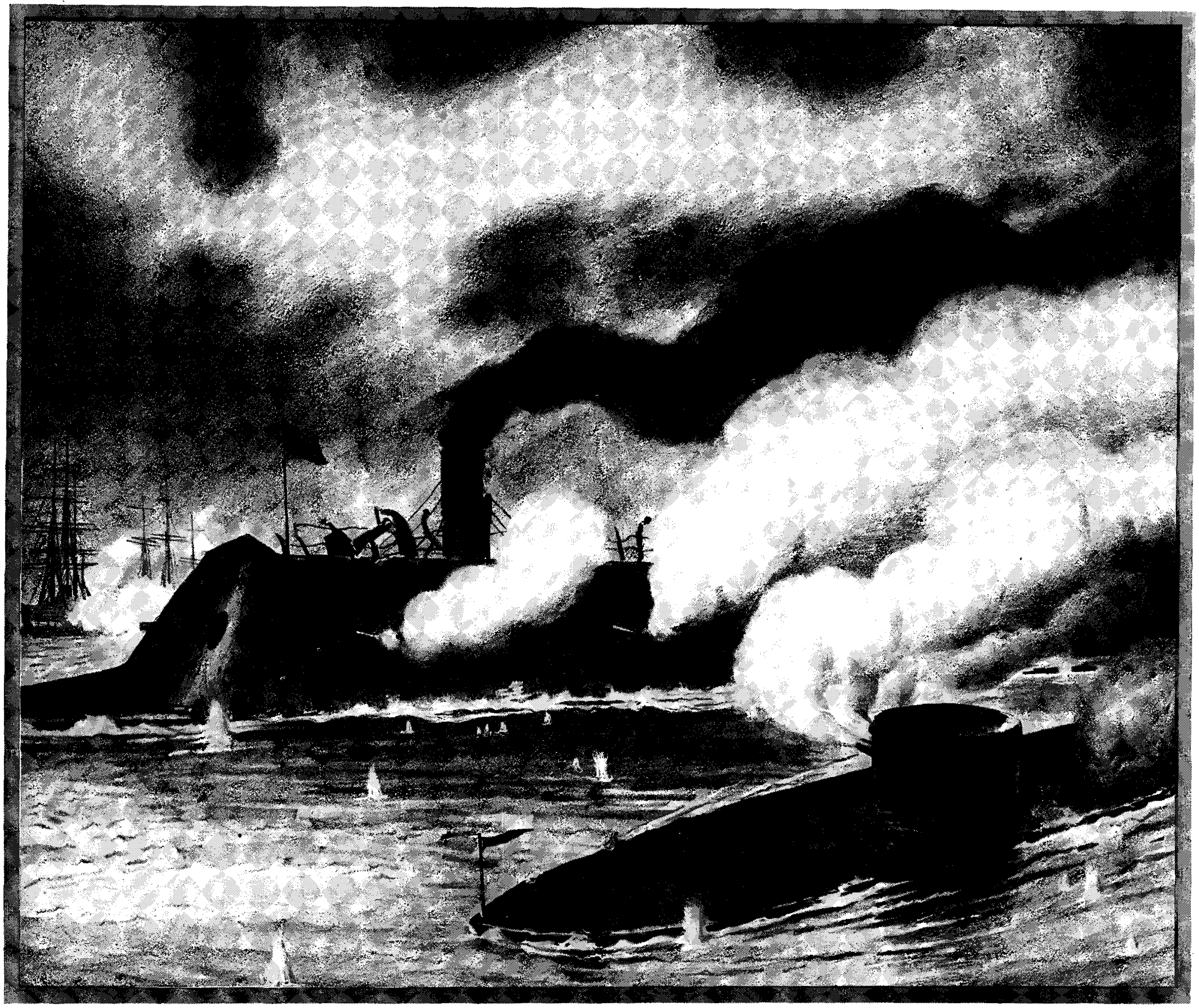

Neither the Monitor nor the Merrimac could claim victory in their battle of March 9, 1862. The real winner was steel . . . and the loser, wood.

The Winner . . . Steel!

ALL modern navies date from this historic day. Steel now covers fighting ships from crow's nest to keel. Wooden warships have disappeared.

When Quaker State was first made, years ago, lubrication practices as outmoded as wooden ships were still in use. The advanced ideas of Quaker State amazed the oil industry even then! Now Quaker State takes another long step forward in the development of more effective lubrication.

Up to this time, the motoring public has generally accepted the fact that motor oils just naturally oxidized and that the creation of sludge, varnish and acids was normal. Motor oils always had and probably always would. It was a minor nuisance . . . not really serious . . . until the more efficient modern automobile came along with its higher speed and temperature. Then something had to be done!

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Go to any dealer who displays the green and white Quaker State sign and . . . *change to Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil.* Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

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STABILIZED **QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL**

THE OIL OF CHARACTER

Hot Shots

Continued from page 20

is something different. Then the club digs into the sand right back of the ball, and the ball is literally blasted out of the trap by a cushion of sand.

How these boys do tricks with the flanged niblick in hacking the ball out of the sand bordering greens! Walter Hagen, Horton Smith, Gene Sarazen, Ralph Guldahl, Johnny Revolta, Dick Metz and our amateur champion, Dick Chapman, all have shown brilliant mastery of that club. Every shot they make with it looks like a circus shot to the ordinary player.

There was one of those shots that I think ought to go into the book as one of the greatest shots ever made at the right time. It was a shot Ralph Guldahl made at Birmingham Hills Country Club, near Detroit, in winning his 1937 National Open title. Sam Snead had finished with a 71 that gave him a total of 283 and, until Guldahl started cutting the finishing nine's par into shreds, it appeared that Sam had won the U. S. National Open the first time he'd started in that championship.

Guldahl came down the fifteenth hole with the heat on full. He was shoving Snead out of the picture. Ralph hooked a high approach shot into the fifteenth green. The crowd was out of control and edged onto the left rim of the green, and in front of the sand trap to that side of the green. Guldahl's shot, curving in beautifully toward the pin, hit a man and bounced at right angles into the sand trap.

Making It Look Easy

The gallery moaned. It seemed to be a break that might cost Guldahl a sure victory. The ball had rolled down the trap until it stopped against a cigar butt. To almost every golfer in the crowd the shot looked impossible.

Cool, calculating Ralph surveyed the situation. He was not very happy about the outlook himself. He took a flanged niblick out of his bag. "Now folks, let's quiet down for a second. Nobody was killed," Guldahl remarked.

He wriggled his feet into a firm stance, took a bang at the sand, even back of the cigar stub. The ball popped out of the trap and onto the green less than three feet from the cup. He carefully holed the putt and the strain was off. He breezed along the next three holes in par to finish with 281, the title and a National Open scoring record that still stands.

To me, that was one of the most remarkable shots I had ever seen—until I talked to Ralph after the championship. Only in this calm post mortem with Guldahl did I appreciate, as he explained it, that the presence of the cigar butt didn't mean a thing because the shot, properly played, called for the sand, not the club, contacting the ball. Cigar or not, the shot came off at the right time and enabled him to win, therefore it's still great in my book.

This trap shot is one that will get many a golfer off the hook when it seems as though he's lost a precious shot around the green. A half-hour's practice with a dozen balls dropped into the sand will give the rank and file of Colonel Bogey's army more of a command of this shot than they now consider within their reach.

If you don't mind, let's get technical and describe it. The first thing is to wriggle the feet around so the stance becomes firm. The ball should be addressed with an open stance; that is, with the left foot farther away from the intended line of flight than the right foot. The ball is played from a position just back of the line of the left heel.

Lay the club well back so its face is toward the sky. Use an upright swing. That, and the open stance, will bring the club in and across the ball and cutting into the sand back of and beneath it. The player must swing through the sand and overcome any tendency toward retarding the follow-through. A little experience in determining how wet or dry, how fine or coarse, the sand is, will teach one how far behind the ball the club should go into the sand and how powerful the swing should be. Above all, remember a full follow-through is absolutely essential.

"Yoo-hoo! George! Here! Here's the towel!"

LARRY REYNOLDS

I played one shot with a flanged niblick that I don't think I'll beat if I play golf a million years. It was at the thirteenth at Canterbury. The ball was very nearly buried in the sand and very close to the turf at the near end of the trap. There was sand between the ball and the green, and all the trouble in the world including a ditch, in the event that I went over the green.

I hammered at that ball with all the muscle I had. I took a chunk of turf back of the ball and whaled the club on down and through the sand. It was my shot of shots. It wound up eight to ten feet from the hole.

And I'm not kidding myself about that one. It was three per cent skill—two per cent power—and ninety-five per cent luck.

How to Ruin Your Opponent

Don't kid yourself, either, about the great shots golf stars make. They all have to have luck.

Bob Harlow, Hagen's former manager, and I were in the locker room at Winged Foot during the 1940 National Amateur, talking about great shots. Bob said the luckiest shot he remembers seeing was one that Hagen made, one that almost brought tears to O. B. Keeler, Bob Jones' Boswell, pal and high priest. The shot didn't do Jones any good either.

Harlow was making the point that a finely executed shot in important match-play competition may not shatter an opponent's morale as much as a missed shot that turns out well. Golfers playing in big-time events are accustomed to skillful play by their adversaries. Nerves and defense temperament aren't blasted when a foe knocks a second shot close to the pin for a birdie. The other fellow knows this can happen and that at the next green it may be his turn. But when a famous player makes an especially bad mistake and comes out on top, then the enemy can't help but feel that fate is against him.

Harlow cited an incident during the Hagen–Jones 72-hole match in Florida in 1926. Early in the contest at the Whitfield Estates course in Sarasota, Hagen took a mashie niblick to play his second shot to an elevated green, well guarded by a trench of sand.

Jones had just played one of his picture-book approaches. The ball sailed over the guarding ditch and dropped to rest not more than four feet from the hole.

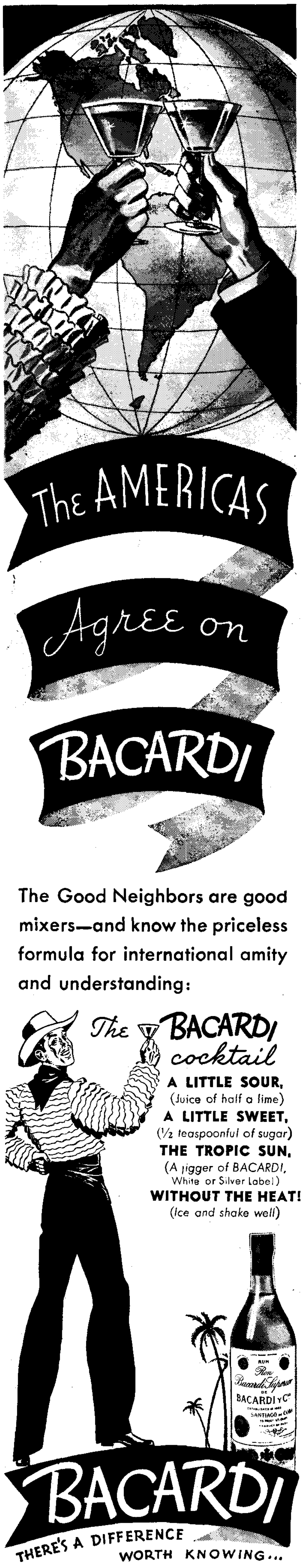
Then it was Hagen's turn. Walter never played a worse shot in his life. He miserably topped the shot. It never got three inches off the ground. It headed for the ditch as a rat darts for its hole when a light is flashed.

The ground was dry and hard. The ball rolled over the fairway, into the ditch, through the ditch, up the embankment of the green and stopped its mad course about seven feet beyond the cup.

Hagen holed his putt. Jones missed. Hagen won that match, 11 and 10. Harlow says he'll long remember the look of anguish on Keeler's classic features when Walter's topped shot offset the perfectly played Jones approach.

From all I've heard, and from what I've seen, I guess that Hagen was the master of them all when it came to making great shots at the right time. Harlow says two of Walter's most skillful critical shots were in the British Open that the Haig won at Hoylake in 1924 and in the Professional Golfers' championship he won in 1925 at Olympia Fields, Chicago.

Walter whacked a niblick shot out of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a bunker at Hoylake's sixteenth to within a foot of the hole. He won that championship by a one-stroke lead over E. R. Whitcombe.

Two down to Leo Diegel at the 35th hole in the semifinal round of the 1925 P.G.A. championship, Walter holed a long sidehill putt for a birdie to take the hole away from Diegel. Hagen won the thirty-sixth and went on to down Diegel at the fortieth hole.

Sam Snead probably has hit as many great shots as almost any other player in three years or so of big-time tournament competition. But these shots haven't stood out because they haven't happened at critical moments and didn't have that necessary element of luck. The hair-tearing part is that, when the luck did come at critical times, it was all bad. Take for example his play of the final hole of the 1939 National Open at the Philadelphia Country Club's Spring Mill course.

Snead's eight on that hole, when a par five would have won him the title, as it later turned out, won't be forgotten by many golfers. However, it was a bad break, rather than bad shots, that cost him dearly. It was a terrible fluke. It was something that wouldn't happen again in a million shots played out of that trap—the ball, on this, his third shot, caught the top edge of the trap, bounced over the bank, but plopped down into a deep furrow in the turf where sod had recently been transplanted. It wasn't Friday the thirteenth, but the eight came and the championship went.

Speaking of lucky shots—shots out of water are about as lucky as any other in golf. I had one of them when I was playing in my first Masters' tournament at Augusta, Georgia, in 1935, when I was still an amateur.

In the final round I was paired with Bobby Jones. We came to that tricky little twelfth hole. It's about 140 yards and in front of it a stream widens to make a watery graveyard for golf balls.

My ball hit the bank just short of the green and rebounded into the water. The ball was barely covered by the stream and as I was eager to finish with a good round, I took off my shoes and stockings and waded in. I whacked it out in a spray of water and luck, but missed the putt.

Don't Go Near the Water

Three years later, playing in the Greater Greensboro, North Carolina, Open, I dumped an approach shot into the water at the par-four second hole. The ball had about a half inch of water over it. Recalling my success at the Masters', I went in to play the ball. After I'd finished beating the water, drenching myself and holing out, I had dripped 12 strokes onto the score card.

That 12 of mine isn't tops for a water hole in a tournament, though. Ray Ainsley, playing in the 1939 National Open at Cherry Hills near Denver, has that honor. He took 19 for the par-four, 397-yard sixteenth. This earnest young professional had the misfortune to knock one into a stream and then churned himself out of the tournament at the half-way mark as the result of his prolonged but futile effort to make a neat recovery from water. That 19 is tops for the score on any hole in the American, British or Canadian National Opens since their beginnings.

If there is as much as three inches of water over a ball it's almost impossible to play the ball out. Even with an inch of water over it, you have to be strong as a bull and about half as smart to attempt the shot. The wise golfer will drop out of the hazard and accept the one-stroke penalty.

When you're in trees, too, discretion's the better part of golf. I've seen grand shots played out of forests by experts who can hook or slice at will. Anyone having more than a five handicap is better off to try to lose only one stroke for an error, even if the ball has to be played backward out of the woods. You have a chance to pick up that stroke somewhere else along the line, but you don't have any chance to get another eye in case a solid, desperate smack bounds back from a tree to the wrong place.

About ten years ago, in a play-off for the Denver Invitational Medal-play Championship, I had a shot out of a forest that I don't want to take over, even though I have learned a lot of golf since that time. It was at the dog-leg seventeenth of the Denver Country Club. In the angle of the dog-leg was a thick clump of trees—tall ones too. I took a spoon and intended to go over the trees. I topped the shot and found myself in one of those places where the wisecrackers say that you are sure to drop strokes but may pick up a Daniel Boone coonskin cap.

It Isn't Always Luck

About ten yards ahead of where my ball was resting, and about eighteen feet high, was an opening in the foliage. The opening was about six feet in diameter. The green was approximately 160 yards away.

I took a five-iron, laid it back to get a quick rise out of the ball and to cut it into the slice that was required to slide it toward the green. I hit that ball so hard I'll bet my grunt was heard on Pikes Peak. The ball soared up, through the hole, circled around toward the green, and dropped ten feet from the pin. I holed the putt for a birdie, and won the tournament on the next hole. The two boys who were in that play-off with me couldn't believe the shot had happened. Neither could I.

But all the phenomenal shots I've seen, played or heard of pale when compared with that double-eagle deuce that Sarazen made on the Augusta National's par-five fifteenth in the Masters' tournament of 1935. That hole is 485 yards long. Gene got a solid lick at his drive—about 255 yards of the hole's distance. A lake guards the front of the green, but Gene couldn't play safe. Craig Wood was leading him by three strokes. Gene swung his number-four spoon at the ball. There was a loud crack as the ball started on its way. It looked as though it were geared to a string, so straight did it fly—landing on the green some 230 yards away. Two little, gentle bounces and a short roll were all that the ball used to find its destination—the bottom of the cup. Thus Wood's lead was wiped away by this one historic blow. Sarazen parred the remaining holes (3-4-4) of the routine distance, then beat Wood in the play-off.

Another shot in the same category was made by Byron Nelson at the fourth hole of the second play-off round in the 1939 National Open at the Philadelphia Country Club. Byron hit a one-iron shot a bit more than 200 yards to score a two on this par-four, 453-yard hole. The shot was made against Craig Wood. It seems that when superlative shots are to be made in golf, Wood is the favorite victim. Byron beat Craig three strokes in that play-off for the title, two of the shots of the margin having been grabbed by Nelson on that fourth hole.

Great shots to tournament players are the tough ones that are mentally planned. If the mental picture becomes an actuality, then the shot is great.

You've hit some of these yourself, haven't you, when you're struggling to take a dime a hole from some friendly enemy? Well, then, let's stop kidding ourselves—when the chips are down any shot that bats down the other fellow's threat is a great shot in golf.

Debt of Mercy

Continued from page 12

girl's tired "Please, monsieur," brought him scrambling to his feet. Then he slipped on the loose plaster and sprawled on all fours, his jaws arrested in the act of chewing.

"If you please, monsieur," she repeated.

"Come on down here," he ordered gruffly. "Don't let yourself be silhouetted up there, you fool!"

He fed her and she told him, between mouthfuls, that her name was Helene Perrault and she was going to Paris. But why Paris? he asked idly. Did she have people there? If so, did she know they were still there? Didn't she know that the Nazis were in Paris? No, she said, she had no people there—or anywhere else now. And as for the Germans, no matter. One always went to Paris when there was nowhere else.

For the life of him he couldn't tell why he didn't give her a handful of francs and leave her there; but he didn't. When presently he trudged away, skirting the edge of the north road, she went with him. Neither had any particular feeling about the other: they were merely two human beings in the midst of inhuman desolation.

THEY were the last to reach the rendezvous, and without Lautrose's detailed instructions Marx could never have found it. There was a swift green river which ran through walls of rock; a tiny path ran down the rock face to the floor of a gully which was just clear of the water. Heavy undergrowth screened both the head of the path and the dilapidated hunting lodge which stood in the gully almost at the water's edge.

Already the others had transformed the place. There were blankets, food, a charcoal brazier, grenades, automatic rifles, an assortment of tools.

Didier, because of his original captaincy, was in command, and he was frankly furious with Marx over the girl. Marx took it well enough. He admitted that he could offer no good excuse for bringing her. He just hadn't known what else to do with her.

But she was here, that was the point. She stood quietly on one side while Didier castigated the unhappy Marx.

"This isn't a music hall, Didier," Lautrose interrupted then. "Look at the matter logically. In the first place she is here. That much is a fact. And now that she is here, can we afford to have her anywhere else?"

"We can't afford to trust her anywhere else!" Didier snapped.

"So; exactly. Then why make a speech about it?" Lautrose said coldly, and added, "Maybe she can cook."

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly. "Oh, yes, of course I can cook—much better than you would believe, even on that thing." She pointed to the brazier. "There is nothing of trusting in that, is there, Monsieur Didier?"

"I hope not," Didier muttered. "But you will please remember that this was your suggestion, Lautrose."

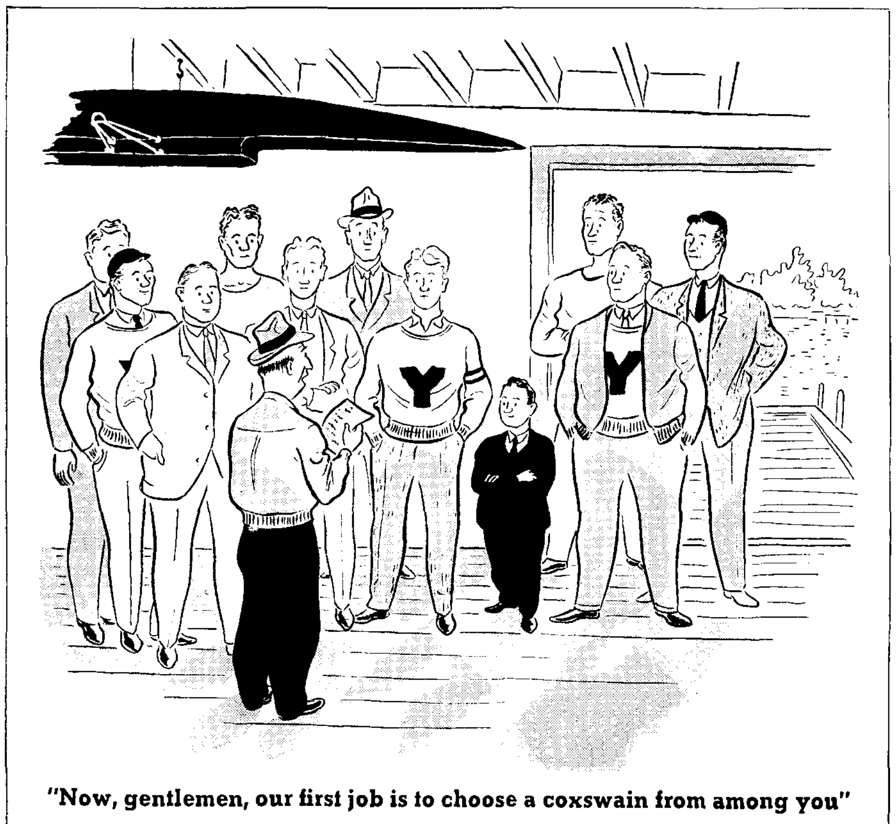
"If the occasion arises," Lautrose said carelessly.

THE four of them lay in the undergrowth at the crest of the ridge which rose almost from the water's edge. Below them, perhaps five hundred yards away, the railroad tracks between the foot of the hill and the shallow Aire gleamed in the afternoon sun. Somewhere in the far distance they heard the faint whistle of the locomotive.

For days they had watched the bridge, five miles upstream, but had finally given that up. There were always sentries at the bridge and there were but four of *them* for the job; they had had to give that up. Now the roadbed below was mined and fifty yards of track loosened dangerously.

"I think this is it," Didier said calmly. His voice sounded remote to his own ears and when he glanced at Jackson he saw sweat standing in huge drops on the latter's face. Then all their eyes were glued on the track again and Didier's fingers were stiff on his binoculars.

The glasses weren't really necessary but with them Didier recognized the meaning of the red flags on the locomotive before the others did. "My God!" he muttered, vague awe in his voice. "What luck our first time out—it is



"Now, gentlemen, our first job is to choose a coxswain from among you"

DAVID HUFFINE

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carrying either ammunition or explosives."

The scene unrolled before them like a motion picture seen from a great distance. Before anyone could bother to answer Didier the earth seemed to rise under them and down there next the water the debris rose so high and so suddenly that their eyes could scarcely follow it. Then the mountain of sound rolled up to them like all the thunder in the world and there was no longer either train or roadbed—only a huge gap in the riverbank and a heap of twisted debris around which the river water gurgled quietly. The sudden stillness was almost frightening.

"So. That is that," Didier said, and the words sounded almost like a sigh. "Let's move—and in a hurry."

THAT was the first of their successes, and there were others, though each succeeding coup was more dangerous and required more preparation and caution. They had no such excess baggage as a motto, but if they had it might have been: "One can die but once."

Presently, too, there were more of them. There was Pierre Girard, who plied his trade as itinerant junk collector under the very noses of the military police in Langres, and his son Robert who served now with the others at the rendezvous in the forest. There was Mornay, proprietor of the Golden Cock in Langres, favorite gathering place for the German occupation officers. Lautrose was responsible for these new ones. It had been only a matter of the time required to get in touch with them, and their aid, especially that of Mornay and the elder Girard in Langres, had been invaluable. Even young Robert had, in a way, distinguished *himself* in the matter of the Evereux airdrome.

That had been their most distant and difficult operation. The Germans had labored diligently to build and disguise that field. The hangars, even at a short distance, looked like low brown hills. A spur supply track for petrol and other things was concealed in a near-by wood, and the fuel tanks were, of course, underground. Now there were no tanks at all and the aviation gas in them had helped destroy them. There were now no hangars or bombers either, but young Girard had been badly burned and they were obliged to carry him. For the first time they had felt pursuit almost breathing on the backs of their necks.

When Girard was well enough to listen, Didier, instead of praising him, read him a blistering lecture on his carelessness in allowing himself to be injured and thus put them all in danger.

Each of them had a thousand thoughts, a thousand memories of their own, but they seldom discussed them. Their energies were concentrated on the business of destruction and death and perforce these things became part of their very existence, a beginning and end in themselves.

Only for the girl and Didier was there something more. When at first they were missing in the evening, the others didn't notice. When the regular absence of the two was noticed the others merely shrugged and let it go at that. It was not their affair.

"IT IS Mornay's idea," Lautrose said, "but I agree that it is a good one—if the girl will co-operate. We know how close they are coming to us now. These Germans are many things but they are not often fools. This one of the military police, Captain Hartwig—Mornay sweats even when he speaks of him."

"Then Mornay is a fool!" Didier snapped.

"Perhaps," Lautrose agreed, "but he is right in this, Didier. We *must* be surer of ourselves. If he is willing to take the girl into his place and pass her as his niece we can do no less than go along with him. She could be very useful—if she will." He paused and looked at the others as though for confirmation. "You, Marx, what do you say?"

"It sounds all right," Marx said woodenly. "I don't know—we must use every means, as you say."

"No!" Didier said. "No—I can't see it at all." He knew that Lautrose was right and that his own position was untenable, but he had to say something. Helene—

Lautrose almost ignored him. "What about you, Jackson?"

The American glanced briefly at Didier, his face expressionless, then said, "Yes, I agree. But there's no use sending her if she's lukewarm or afraid. Why not get her in here and ask her?"

She listened while Lautrose explained again. She was to go to the Golden Cock as Mornay's niece; she would act as waitress and barmaid, make herself generally agreeable, and live in a room Mornay would provide on the second floor of the tavern. She listened, her eyes moving occasionally from one emotionless face to another. Lautrose finished and said: "Well?"

"I can play the piano and sing a little too," she said slowly. "Would that help, perhaps?"

Didier tried to hide the vague wonder in his face as he looked at her now for the first time. "That," he said, "would be fine." For a long moment they looked into each other's eyes, and that was for themselves. "You understand what might happen to you there?" Didier said then.

"Yes," she said, with no hint of fear.

"And you also know what the others here have a right to expect of you?"

"Yes," she said, "I know. I'm not afraid, Raoul." It was the first time the others had heard her use his name like that, and it was somehow almost embarrassing.

"Very well then," Didier said steadily, "it is settled. You hear that, you others? We will go tonight."

AT THE Golden Cock Captain Hartwig sat at a table with his back against the wall, his position one of habitual choice, and opposite him a grizzled oldster was silent over his wine. Hartwig had absent-mindedly given him permission to sit here.

Hartwig lighted a fresh cigarette and frowned into his beer. He was not too greatly worried, yet this sabotage, too frequent to be anything but planned, had gone quite beyond mere annoyance. He could not afford failure, not even in the smallest degree, and now Von Klopp was more than ordinarily aroused. Von Klopp was especially angered over the matter of the Evereux airdrome, but even so it would be too much of a reflection on himself to report it to Paris as he had threatened. Still—

He broke off his reverie to watch the group of hilarious youths at the battered piano in the corner. The girl was flushed and laughing, and Hartwig realized that she had been singing.

Hartwig watched her return to the bar and make some smiling remark to Mornay. Who . . . ? Oh, yes, he remembered now: Mornay's niece. It was probably quite all right.

"Mornay's niece sings well," Hartwig said, making conversation with the oldster in bad French.

The townsman frowned, puzzled. "Mornay's niece, m'sieu?"

"Why, of course," Hartwig said, and nodded toward the bar.

"But how would that be? That Claude Mornay, he is never married. He is without brothers and sisters. I have known his father before him. So how is a niece?"

"You are sure?" Hartwig's lack of interest was elaborate.

"But of course. Still, he always has an eye for the women, m'sieu, and it is probable—"

"I must be mistaken, m'sieu. Thank you," the captain murmured.

So! Hartwig rose abruptly. . . .

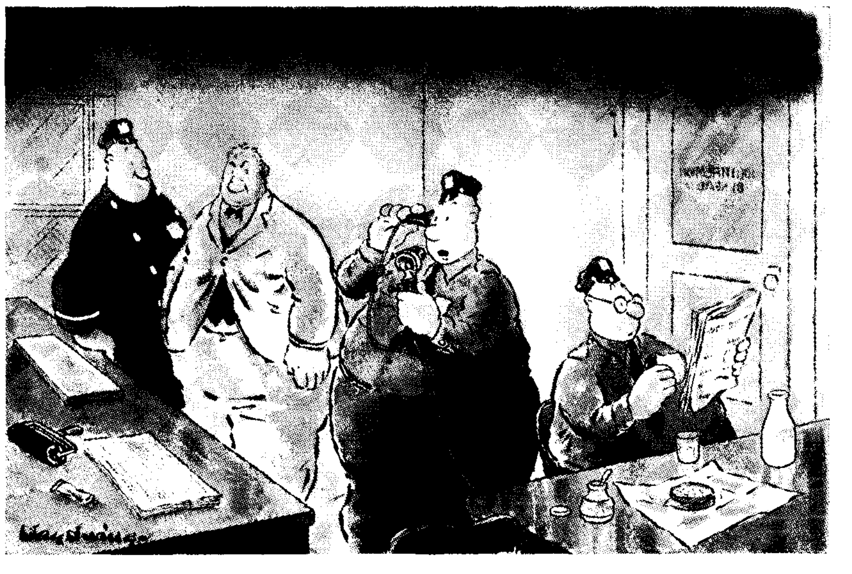
TO MARX it seemed utterly fantastic that he should be sitting here in the truck. But he *was* here, and there a few feet before him was the flat, stolid back of the driver. A sentry lounged in the shade near by. Not that he needed guards—the cigar burns on the soles of his feet and the cuffs on his wrist effectively disposed of that need.

It was only during this last hour, while the truck lumbered from Langres to this secluded spot on the road nearest the rendezvous, that he had been able to think at all coherently. Even now some things were obscure and it was difficult to remember anything chronologically.

First the girl had gone to Mornay's. For two nights none of them had gone near the place, and on the third and fourth night Didier had gone alone. They had waited one more night and then Marx had gone to the Golden Cock.

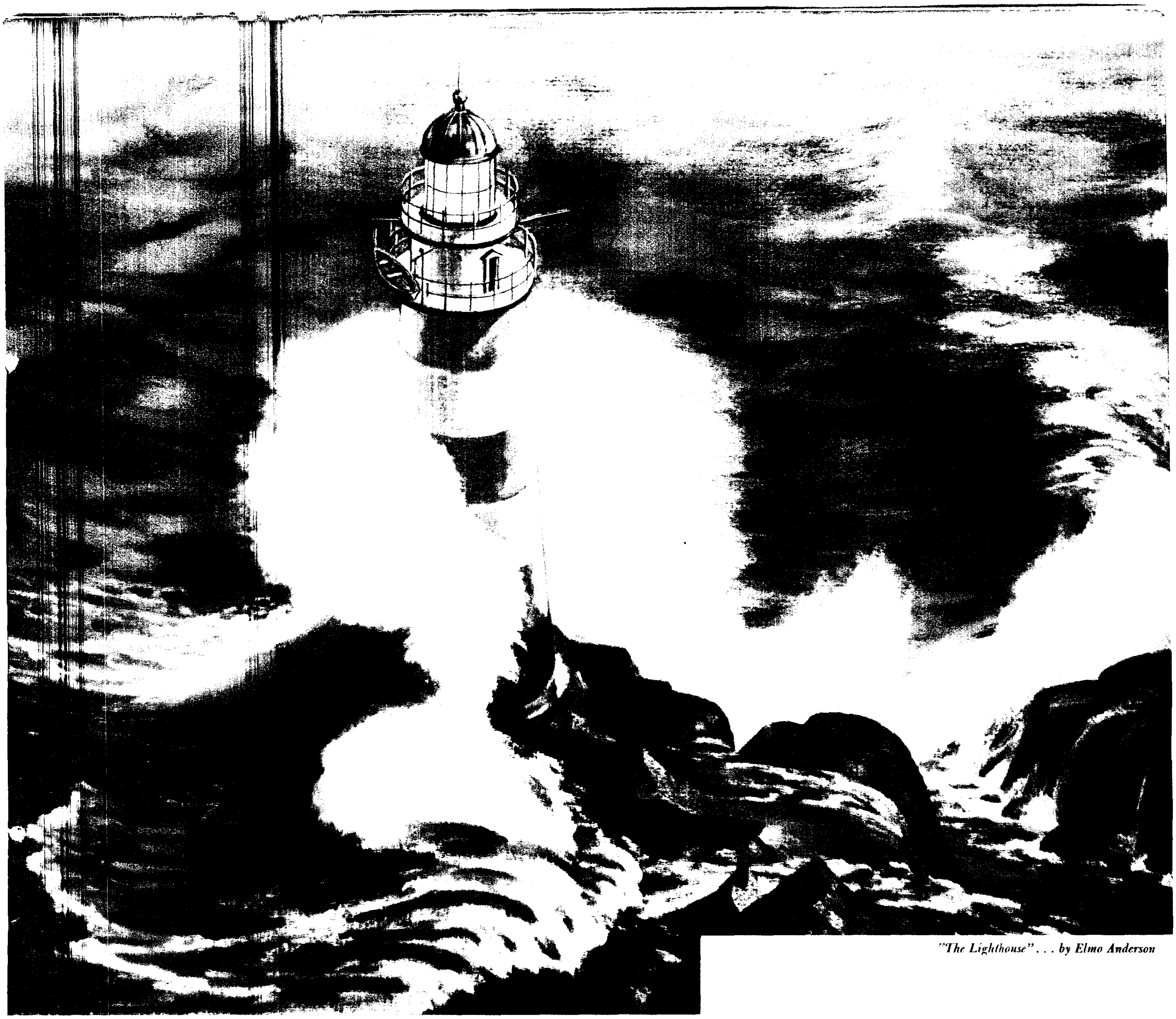
Of course he had purposely waited until the place closed for the night. Then he made his way to the kitchen door, gave the usual knock, and walked straight into the arms of the men Hartwig had waiting. It was just after that when things got out of focus.

There had been a bare room, nothing but bare walls and the horribly brilliant lights overhead. How long he had waited there he did not know, but it



"Look, Sarge, we're all out o' ink. Is it okay if we use mustard?"

JAY IRVING



"The Lighthouse" . . . by Elmo Anderson

Things a man can trust

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must have been hours. Then Hartwig and his lieutenant, Hausman, had come. Thus the burns on his feet.

Of course their methods had not been very original. They had demanded, cajoled, ordered, threatened, promised, used sweet but poisonous reason. Still he refused to say anything. After that came the heavy belt buckle, then the burns. They told him they had Mornay and the girl and that both of them had talked. *He* might as well. They would learn what else they needed in any case. Marx refused to believe it. And anyway he *had never heard of anyone* named Mornay or Helene. He had come to the kitchen of the Golden Cock simply because he was hungry. They finally left him prostrate on the floor. That was when it became so hard to think and remember.

HOW long they were gone he did not know, but while they were away he tried to piece things together in his mind. Someone *had* talked. This Hartwig was not God; he must have had information from someone.

Then they came back—and brought Helene with them. Marx refused to look at her because he was afraid to. But when she saw him she gasped involuntarily.

"Ah," Hartwig said, "so you know this—this *creature,* mademoiselle?"

"No," she said, "no, of course not. Why should I?"

"An interesting question. That is exactly what we are waiting for you to explain. You can surely understand our interest."

So it had all begun over again, this time with Helene as witness to his agony. Marx prayed a little but it was just to keep from thinking of other things. His worst fear was that he would say something wrong in spite of his will. A few times Helene moaned a little but she did not cry out.

They stopped at last. There was no point in finishing him without the information they needed.

"Leave him, Hausman," Hartwig snapped. "Perhaps there is still another way. As for you," he said to Marx, "I tell *you* something for the last time. I do not lie when I tell you Mornay has told us all we need—except one thing. He does not know where to find these friends of yours—or so he says—and that is what we need from you. Now, Hausman, suppose we see if perhaps the girl has changed *her* mind!"

Marx stood that too—for a while. The bloodstain widened across the back of her blouse but she did not scream, only whimpered a little now and then. It might be easier, Marx thought, if she did scream. . . .

Somewhere in the green silence of the forest there was a shot, then several almost together. So they had chosen to fight! But presently Hartwig and his detail would return and he would know who was left. . . .

THROUGH the mist of pain he could hear Hartwig's words: "Mornay has told us all we need to know except one thing." Well, perhaps he had. How could you know? And what was it Didier had said back there in Marseilles? "Yes, sooner or later, of course." Was there a pattern of certainty in these matters, a fatality that could not be beaten? Of course this chivalry business was archaic; she had to take her chances with the rest of them. Still, if it hadn't been for him she probably—

"Wait, Hartwig, wait!" Marx panted.

"No, Marx! No, you fool!" It was the first time she had screamed, the first time she had used his name.

"So this one's name is Marx, eh?" Hartwig said. "How odd—and how appropriate a name for a liar and a spreader of filth! Well, you Marx, what is it?"

"No, Marx!" Helene screamed again. "Mornay has said nothing. This one lies, I tell you! Everything they say is lies, lies, lies!"

Hausman silenced her with a heavy hand across her mouth.

"Too bad—she is a bit unstrung," Hartwig said amiably. "You were about to say, Marx—?"

"I'll tell you—on one condition." He had gone too far now and it seemed utterly impossible to turn back, now *that he had started. Sooner or later*—

Hartwig's eyes narrowed. "*You* make a condition, you swine! But—well, what is it?"

"This: she has had almost nothing to do with what may have occurred. She came in the beginning against her will. Can't she be left out of it?"

"Possibly to some extent," Hartwig said cautiously. So at last the swine was coming around! Well, it would be cheap enough. "But not altogether. It would be beyond me to promise that."

"But you will promise what you can?"

"Yes," Hartwig said, "I give you my word."

Then on the very threshold Marx hesitated. "I give you my word." Ah, where had they not heard that before? My Word! Munich, Poland, Belgium, Holland—My Word! And what had it ever been worth except more blood and torture and lies.

"Well," Hartwig snapped impatiently, "I have given you my word as an officer. What more do you want, swine?"

What more, Marx thought, what more? But he said, "Very well. It is to the north and east, about twenty kilometers . . ."

THEY were coming back now—Didier, Jackson, Lautrose, Girard. Didier's left arm dangled uselessly in his bloodstained sleeve and Jackson's face and head were badly battered. The men in field gray carried two of their own. The four were handcuffed, but not together, and when Lautrose, in climbing into the truck, fell sprawling on his knees, he glared hate at Marx and spat squarely into his face. Jackson broke into a torrent of bitter cursing. When Hartwig ordered silence a private struck the American across the mouth with a rifle butt.

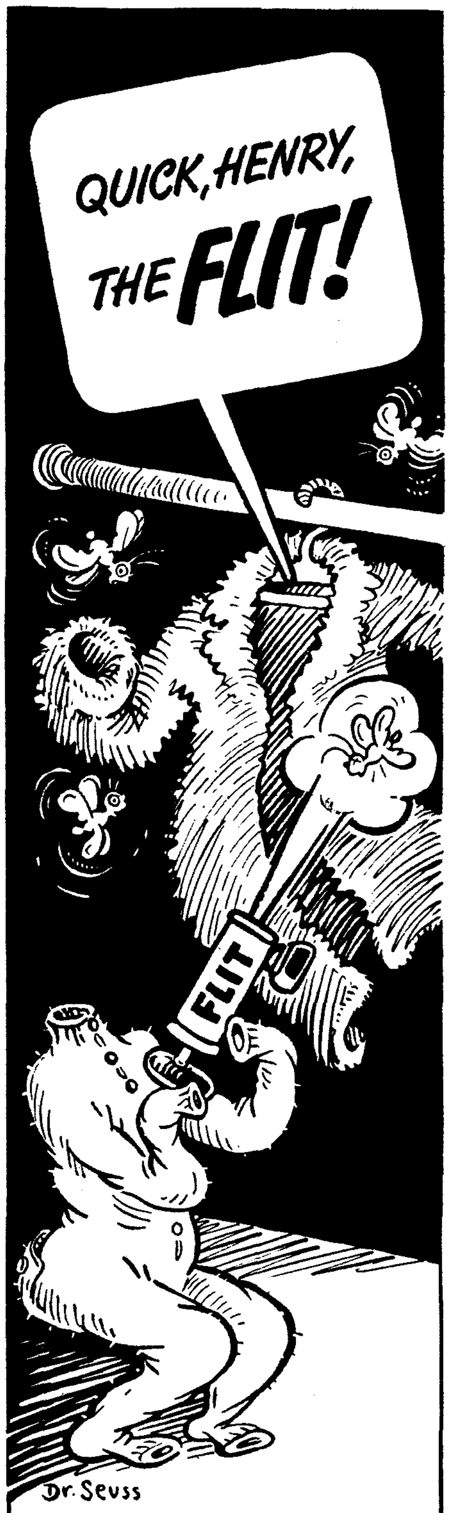
"Listen to me," Marx began, "you don't understand how this is." The truck was moving into the outskirts of Langres now. "I can explain so you will know—" His voice rose to a scream but he didn't know it. The others, the four, stared stonily ahead of them. They couldn't hear him; they would never hear him. But they would see that he had not done this for himself as they thought. . . .

The trial was held in the chamber of the municipal council of Langres, and for Lautrose there was irony enough in that, for he knew the room well. Odd that a man should be tried in his home for defending that home.

The court was merely three judges—officers from the military police—the prosecutor, a clerk, the usual sentries. The prisoners made no defense; what would have been the use? They knew and the court knew that they were to be found guilty.

They sat together on a long bench, facing the impersonal judges, and at one end Marx was drawn a little away from the others. Now and then he glanced at the row of faces, hoping for some sign, any sign, of their feeling toward him. And occasionally he looked hopefully at Hartwig—at Hartwig, who could make the others understand.

The judges whispered together and then one of them rose. "The court has reached a decision. If one of the pris-



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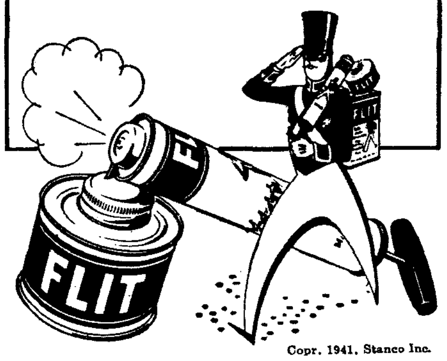

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oners wishes to make a statement before sentence is passed, he may do so, but his statement will not become part of the trial record."

Didier stood up. He looked first at Marx, then toward the impassive judges, and it seemed there was no anger in him now.

"This court has found us guilty of certain acts and we can find no fault with that as such. We do deny that we have acted except for the good of our country as we saw it and as it lay within our power to do. May God grant that you, gentlemen, at whatever judgment you come to in the end, can say as much!"

The room was deathly silent except for Helene's quiet sobs.

"Is there any other statement before we pass sentence?"

Hartwig rose stiffly. "If it please the court."

The principal judge raised a curious eyebrow. "Captain Hartwig?"

"It was not thought necessary to mention it in the evidence, but there were certain peculiar circumstances connected with the gathering of that evidence. In the interest of time it was necessary to promise a certain degree of tolerance to Helene Perrault in return for aid given the police. I recommend this to the attention of the court."

"Are you stating that the prisoner Perrault rendered this service to the state, Captain Hartwig?"

"No," Hartwig said. "The prisoner Marx actually rendered the service, but the tolerance was promised to the Perrault woman."

AGAIN the judges whispered briefly among themselves. Then:

"The court recognizes the debt of the state in this matter, Captain Hartwig. However, the court must point out to you that mercy in such cases is not something to be handed about lightly and at discretion. The court recognizes the debt but will pay it where it is due. Therefore the decision of this court is that the prisoners Didier, Lautrose, Mornay, Jackson, Girard—and Perrault shall suffer death and execution by shooting. The prisoner Marx shall be imprisoned . . . !"

Yes, that was the dawn behind the poplars now. In the corridor there was the sound of boots on the stone floor, the metallic noise of a door being opened and thrown back.

Now they were being ordered out. At his own door Marx stood silently, his arms limp at his sides. He had to see them just this once more. He wanted to tell them—and yet what was there to tell?

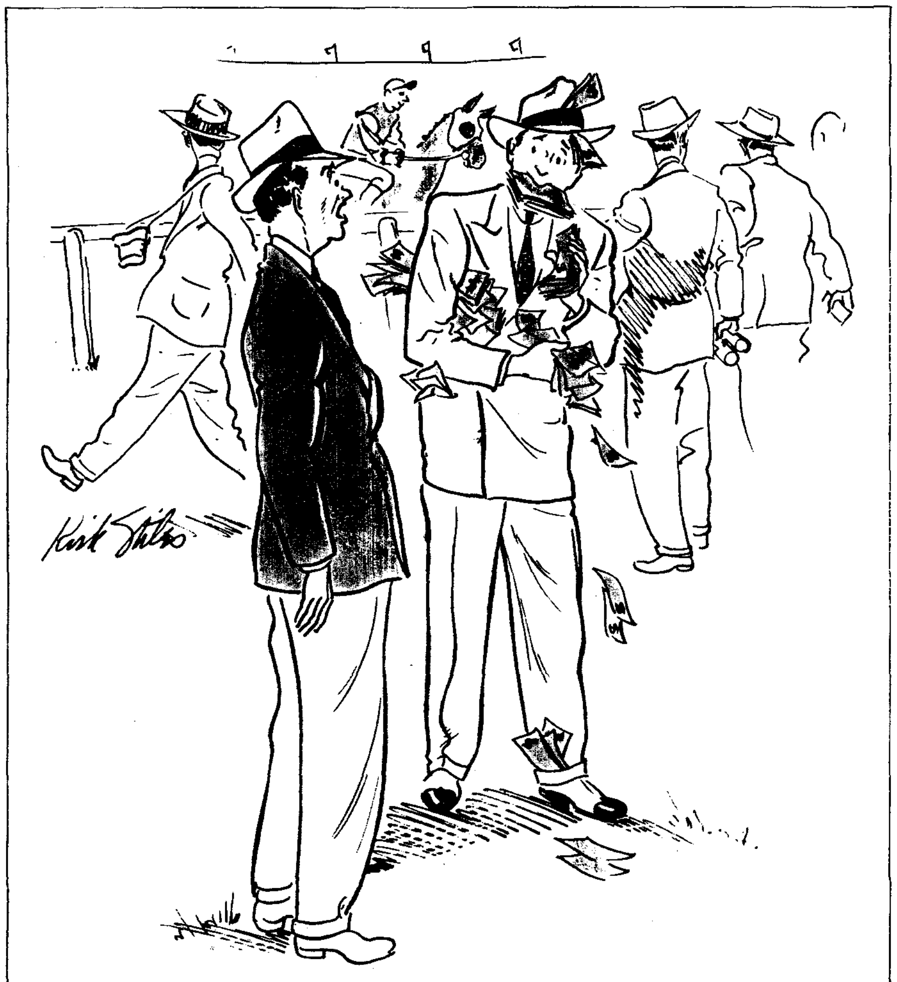
They were lining up: Didier and Helene; Lautrose and the boy Girard, Jackson and Mornay. Jackson, what must he be thinking this morning? The others were at least dying in their own country!

The column moved now. It stopped for a moment at the door in the corridor and Jackson stood there in front of Marx, not two feet away. Marx opened his mouth to speak but no words came. The American's hands were manacled and a cigarette drooped from one corner of his mouth. He turned to Marx then, though the others still refused to look at him, a dry humor quirking the corners of his mouth. "Here, kid," he said. He raised both hands, took the cigarette from his mouth and thrust it between Marx's dry lips. "Maybe you need this more than I do."

"Quiet there!" a soldier barked.

"A better break next time," Jackson murmured. "So long."

Now Marx stood at the window again. The cigarette burned down to his lips and dropped unheeded to the floor. Already the column—he could see nothing but their legs—had passed the window and disappeared from his field of vision, somewhere at the edge of the yard. The sky was pink-and-blue behind the poplars and on a waving branch a bird sang like mad. There were barked commands, the sharp, repeated *snick* of rifle bolts, and then the thunderous crash of the volley. The thin veils of smoke floated past the waving poplars and vanished into nothing.



"Before or after?"

KIRK STILES

"That Bill, I weenk at heem!"

1 Last night the manager of the Congo Club where we are dancers say: "Weelyam and Marguerite (I am *she*) the customers like you ver' terrific. I have decide to put your picture outside thee Club. I am even put your name on the menu! Maybe I *someday* give you leetle raise!

2 This make me to be ver' happy. But Bill he is sad, like the seeck booll. Weelyam, I say, why you not happy—everybody she is crazy for our new dance. "Ah, muchacha," Bill sigh, "We must throw away the new dance! When I whirl you in the air my heels, they slip so much, I am afraid for your life."

3 Ah amigo, I laugh, give to me your shoes. I have them feexed with wonderful O'Sullivan Rubber Heels. The shoemaker, he say O'Sullivan is the ONLY rubber heel to buy because always O'Sullivan have thee fresh, springy, rubber that do not slip or easy wear out.

4 Leesten, I tell you leetle secret. If thee man try to sell me some ordinary heel for feefty cents, I say queek "No, no señor!" (Because for feefty cents I get the best heel O'Sullivan make—she is called the Aristocrat and is extra-special-good!) But for you, Amigo, I buy the Standard O'Sullivan Heel that cost much less! So I save you plenty money—like I was maybe your wife . . .

5 Then I weenk at heem SO! and give him SO! the look. Bill smile and say, "To my mother once I say, 'When I find the girl who dance good and who also is smart to save the money, I make her queek my wife'." Then he give me the weenk—SO!—And my heart she turn outside down!

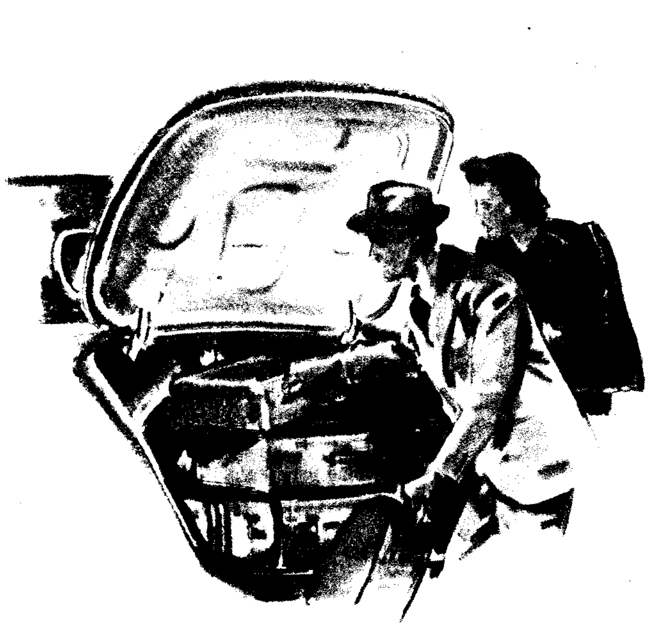
Insist on the Best

O'Sullivan's

RUBBER HEELS

Tough and Springy

Also men's and boys' full and half soles; ladies' long-wearing, thin, composition LIFTS (non-floor marking).



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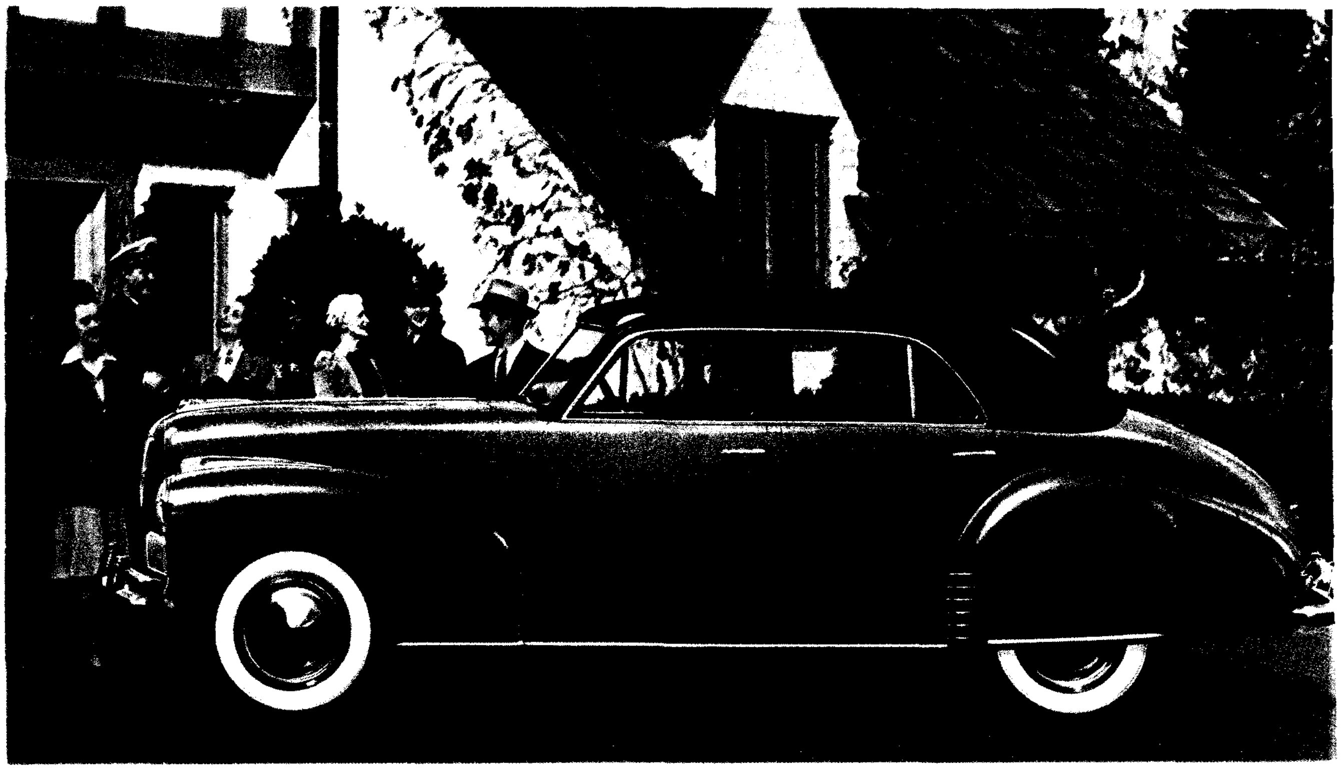

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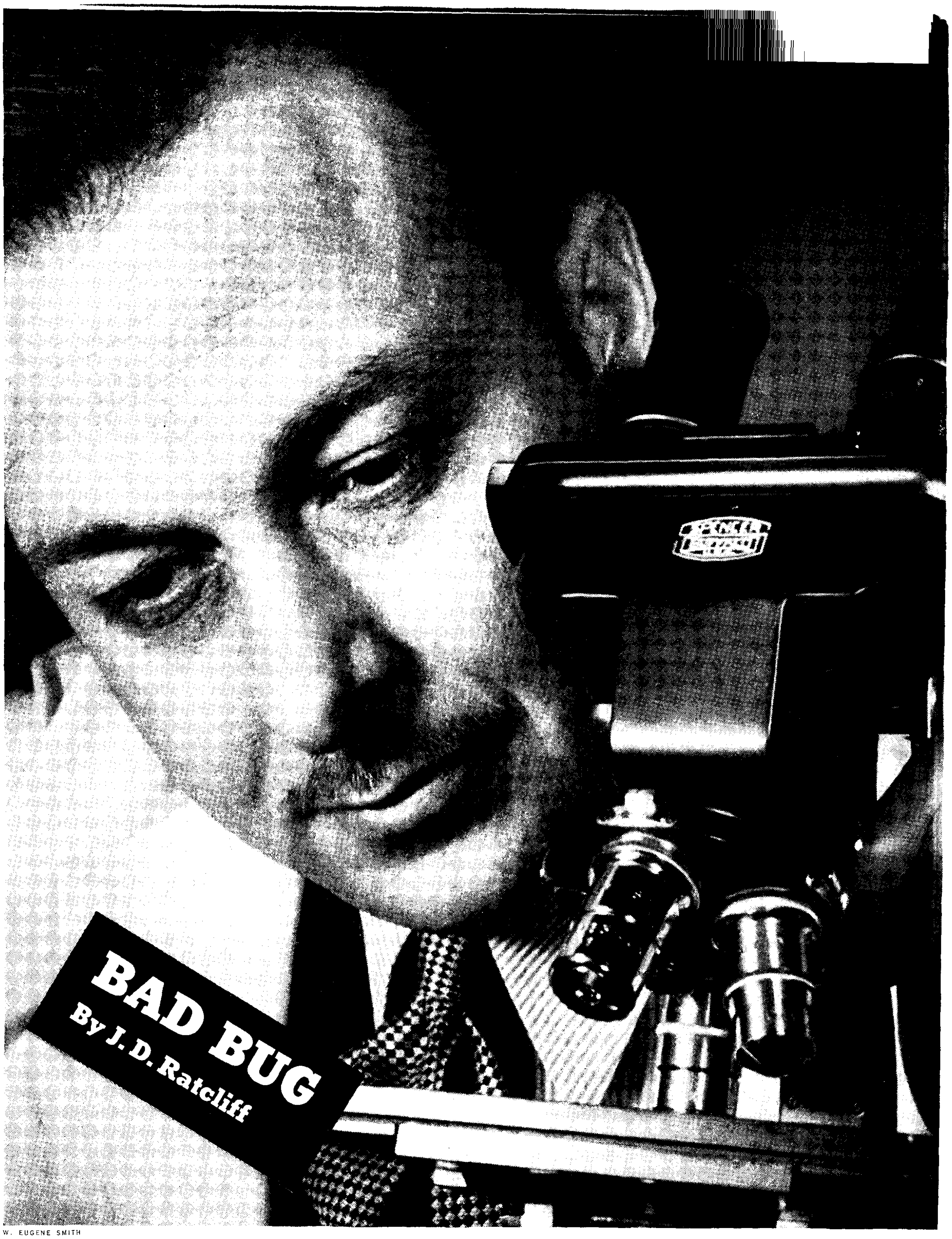
The story of a research man who lost his temper. The result is a new serum for one of America's worst killers—Rocky Mountain spotted fever

BAD BUG

By J. D. Ratcliff



W. EUGENE SMITH

Dr. Norman Topping is the only researcher who has ever survived an accidental infection with Rocky Mountain spotted fever. After his recovery he developed the serum that promises to control the dreaded tick-borne disease

THE story of Rocky Mountain spotted fever isn't an ordinary tale of medical research. It's a fabulous saga. Chapter No. 1 in the conquest of this disease was written in Bitterroot Valley. The writing began in 1902 when two workers—Wilson and Chowning—suggested that this disease *might* be spread by wood ticks. This hunch was proved in 1906 when a brilliant young researcher from the University of Chicago arrived in the Valley to spend his vacation. Howard Taylor Ricketts decided that if ticks were responsible he would prove it.

He hunted the creatures in the Valley and found them. He ground them up and shot them into guinea pigs and monkeys; and soon those animals were sick and dying of the disease. Ricketts, thirty-five at the time, went on to do other pieces of splendid work. He found how mother ticks passed the disease through their eggs to their young.

All of this had been done by the time Dr. R. R. Spencer, a drawly-voiced, easygoing Virginian, went to the Valley in 1922. He had been assigned by the U. S. Public Health Service to work with the disease; and to try to find a vaccine that would protect men from this black death.

Spencer knew of this violence with which he had been assigned to work—as dangerous as any known laboratory material. He knew that it had killed a promising worker at the University of Berlin; a researcher in Montana; a man of his own service; and an assistant of Hideyo Noguchi, that brilliant researcher of the Rockefeller Institute. (This was before it became Noguchi's turn to die of yellow fever on the African Gold Coast.)

One fact stood out as a warning to the fainthearted: After an accidental infection with the violent strain of spotted-fever virus, *no lab man had ever recovered.* Spencer knew this when he arrived in the Bitterroot to join forces with Dr. R. R. Parker. Parker worked for the state of Montana. Together they set up headquarters in a deserted, tumble-down schoolhouse at Hamilton.

As if to banish any lingering doubts as to the potency of this death carried by ticks, Spencer and Parker ground a few of the creatures in a mortar. They dropped a bit of this material on the skin of a dozen guinea pigs. Half of them got the disease through their unbroken skin! From another group of guinea pigs they shaved patches of fur. On these shaved patches they dropped this soup of death. *All* these guinea pigs got the disease.

Legends of the Valley poured into the schoolhouse. And the usual batch of local theories, never to be ignored, as to the source of the fever, thought to be caused by drinking water that had coursed through sawdust piles.

Spencer then picked up where Ricketts had left off. The job of finding the vaccine took nearly five years—and cost three lives. The vaccine was wonderful, indeed, in areas where infected ticks abounded: in the Bitterroot, in Idaho, Colorado and elsewhere.

The commodious new lab at Hamilton, built to replace the ancient schoolhouse, now makes enough vaccine each year to treat 150,000 people. Workers there—particularly Dr. Herald R. Cox—recently discovered a newer, better, simpler method of growing the virus required in vaccine making. It is produced in fertile eggs, instead of in ticks.

Circuit-riding doctors, following set itineraries, give free shots to all who want them; and additional vaccine is used by private physicians and CCC camp doctors.

In places where mild strains of the disease predominate, the vaccine gives perfect protection; and it reduces mortality from the violent strains by about 90 per cent. Yet this vaccine isn't the complete answer.

It wouldn't, for example, be worth your while or mine to get vaccinated before going on a camping trip. The chances of our getting the disease are altogether too slim for such a precaution. What was needed was a serum—something to save the lives of people after they had contracted spotted fever. And this gets us around to a personable young man from Flat River, Mo.—Dr. Norman Topping.

Topping, thirty-three, son of a company physician at the lead mines in southeastern Missouri, studied medicine at the University of Southern California. After getting his M.D. and serving his internship, he got a job with the National Institute of Health, the research division of the U. S. Public Health Service. This was 1937. He was assigned to work with spotted fever. In working with any disease one can learn a lot by reading about the work of others; but he can learn a lot more by doing that work himself. So Topping started over ground that had been covered a dozen times before.

In fields around his home at Bethesda, Md., a few miles out of Washington, he ran a line of traps—hoping, perhaps, he could find this disease in native rabbits, squirrels or field mice. He waded through fields covered with brush, dragging along a white outing-flannel flag. Ticks by the hundreds hopped on the flag.

Back in the lab Topping dumped his ticks in the cocktail mixer invented by

Mr. Fred Waring, the orchestra leader. Waring was thinking in terms of frozen daiquirís, gin fizzes and port flips when he invented his machine; but it turned out to be a godsend to medical-research men. In a few minutes it minces lab material—ticks, for example—into a thick, even soup.

Topping shot this *purée* of death into guinea pigs. When they became feverish he attached new ticks to their shaved bellies; caging them in place with a bit of wire gauze, shaped like a derby. For a few days these ticks would feast on blood of the sick animal. Then they could pass the disease to other guinea pigs.

All this, of course, wasn't without danger. But Topping had taken elaborate precautions. The glass cubicles where he kept his teams of ticks and guinea pigs were guarded like gangsters at a peace conference. They had to be, with that stuff loose on the inside, which was as lethal as a headman's ax. In the first place there was a barrier of gauze stuck around the inside rim of each cubicle. Theoretically, a tick smitten by wanderlust couldn't get by this. A fine-mesh screen covered the top of each cage. As an added precaution each cage sat in a shallow pan of cresol. This poisonous moat should stop any ticks that escaped the other barriers. Then, as a final precaution, there was William: a brown-spotted guinea pig with a face that suggested a minus I.Q. Allowed to run free on the floor, he was bait for any ticks that might escape. As a means of self-defense, Topping had taken a tiny shot of Spencer's vaccine. But he couldn't take a dose large enough to insure complete protection because he was unduly sensitive to it.

So things went: grinding ticks, shooting them into guinea pigs; trying to save their lives with the new sulfa drugs—which didn't work. It was all plodding, routine stuff; then . . .

Topping was walking down the corridor of the Institute. It was two days after the Christmas of 1938. A violent frontal headache began pounding the inside of his skull. Then a chill struck that nearly shook his bones apart. He went across the hall from his lab to tell Dyer—Dr. R. E. Dyer, that is—head of all research with infectious diseases. "Hmm," said Dyer, "interesting. Better get home. I'll send someone to drive you. Any idea what you've got?" This was an old story to the veteran Dyer. He had seen many sicken, then get well, and others sicken and die.

He had been in bed, miserably prostrated for three days, when he looked at his wrist one morning. There were a few innocent-looking blotches of pink! It was spotted fever. An ambulance took him to Walter Reed Hospital.

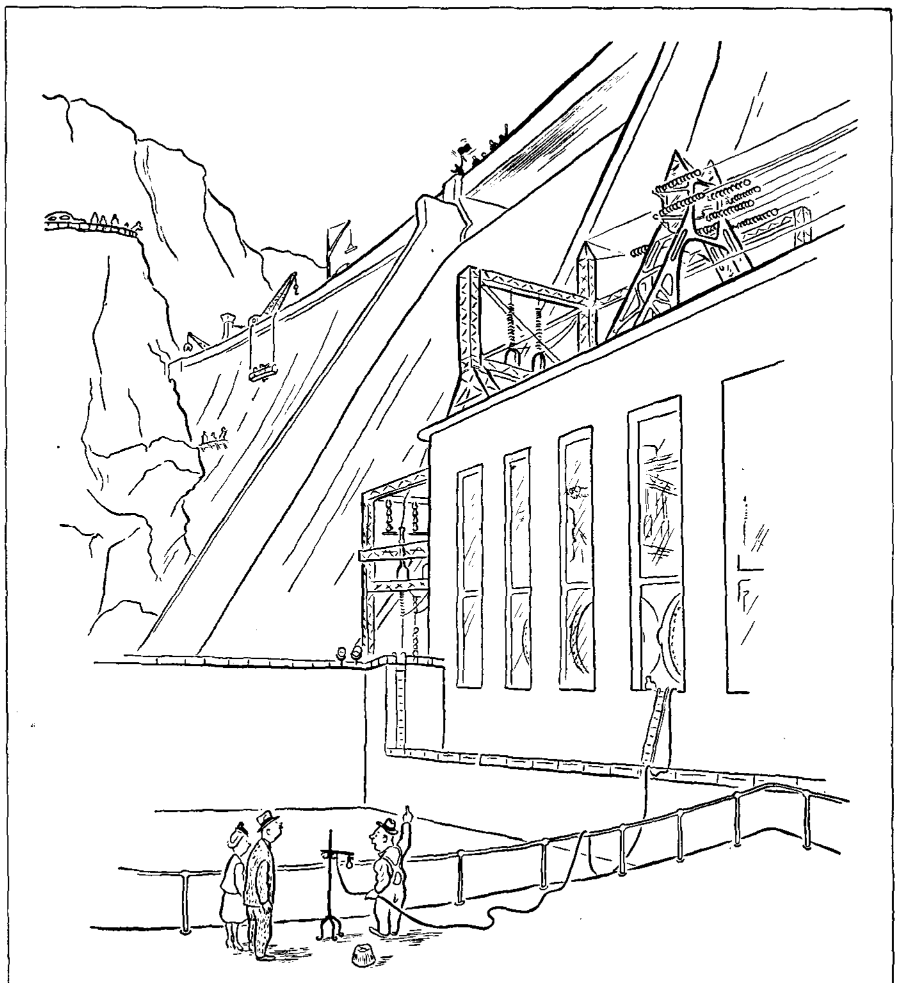
Good Doctors Make Poor Patients

The siege was long and hard. It would be nice to present the reader with a picture of Topping as the perfect embodiment of scientific detachment; of a man observing firsthand the potency of microbes. It would be nice, but it can't be done. Topping was the kind of patient that gives nurses nightmares. People—friends, mind you—came from his own lab to draw blood. They would get this strain of virus started in guinea pigs. The usually affable Topping raged at them. He thought he was going to die and saw no reason for being noble about it.

Dyer shook his head. No, he said, Topping wouldn't die. He had watched others as their heart action faltered; but Topping had plenty of heart left. He would get well.

Dyer was right. He did recover—after a long hospital siege, and weeks spent in the warm Florida sun. Not until March did he get back to the lab; and he was good and mad when he did. Someone *had* to make a serum which would keep people from this wrath; someone had to succeed where the great Noguchi had failed. Topping had a very good idea about who that someone was going to be. He called the animal house and ordered four rabbits.

First, he gave them small shots of



"We're going to try it out now and see if it will generate any power or not"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

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Q. But hasn't the price of Martini & Rossi gone up?

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Q. Is this the same quality Martini & Rossi we've always used?

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Q. Say—how come Martini & Rossi, an imported Vermouth, is readily available?

A. Martini & Rossi Vermouth has been made in many places throughout the world for many years. No matter where this fine Vermouth comes from, you can be sure it's made strictly according to the famous Martini & Rossi formula.

Q. Is there a Martini & Rossi Sweet Vermouth and a Martini & Rossi Dry Vermouth, too?

A. Right. In addition to the *Sweet* or *Regular* Vermouth, there is a delicious *Extra-Dry* Martini & Rossi Vermouth made especially for Martinis.

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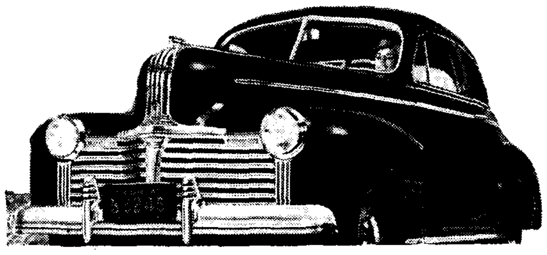

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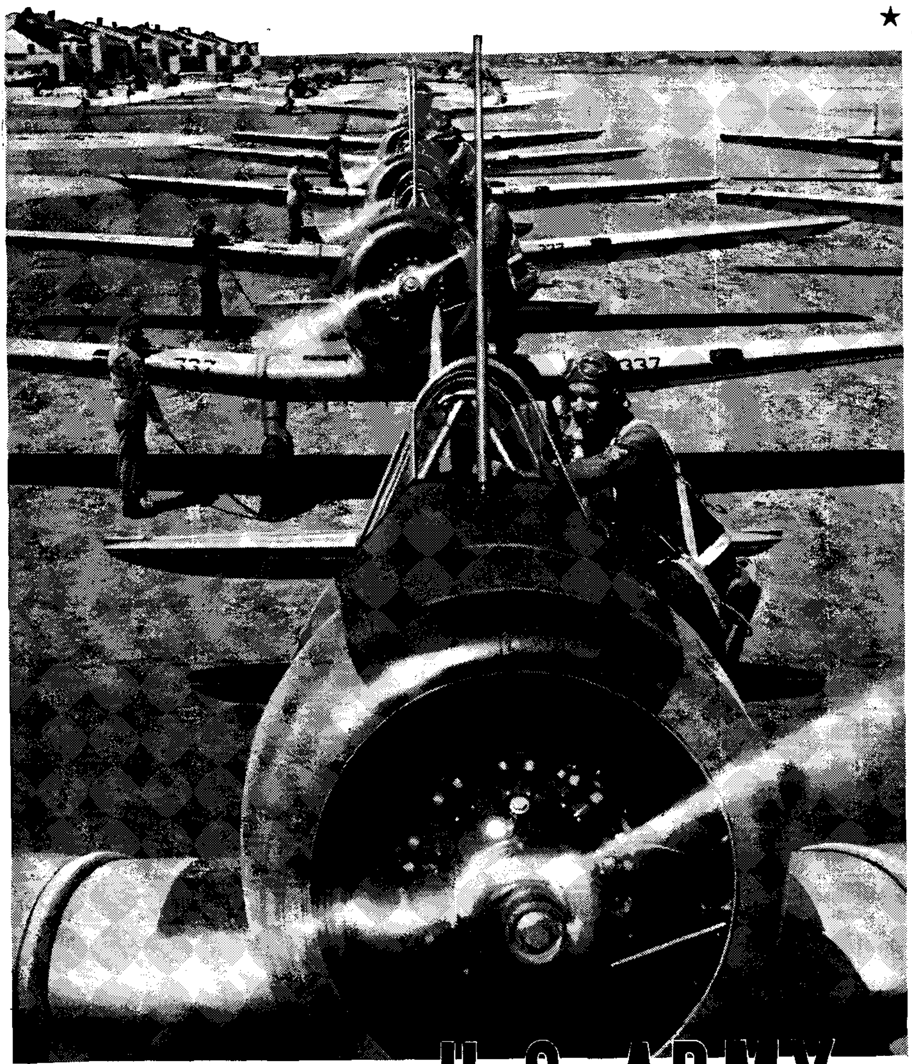

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Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.
Or write to:
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Spencer's vaccine. Then he began shooting them with highly lethal virus, made from ground-up ticks. The vaccine would keep them from dying; and the live virus would make their blood build immunity to the disease—or, at least, this is what he hoped. The thing had been tried before by other workers, but none of them had given rabbits the great hammer blows of virus that Topping proposed to try.

Week after week he ground up ticks, diluted the soup and whirled it in a centrifuge to remove any stray legs and wishbones. He squirted larger and larger doses of this almost sure death into rabbits. Some got as much as five whole ticks—enough virus, under ideal circumstances, to give the disease to 75,000 guinea pigs! The fact that they could tolerate so much violence indicated that their blood was swarming with protective factors—antibodies.

Topping began withdrawing this fighting blood—50 cubic centimeters (about two wine glasses) every other week. He allowed the blood to clot and settle, then drew off the straw-colored serum. If the blood held usable protection it would be found in this serum. Finally, he was ready for the test of its efficiency. He called the animal room again. "Send up 24 guinea pigs," he said.

A Promising Start

Into each of the pigs he shot live virus. Within three days they were feverish. The spotted death was beginning. When this happened Topping divided the animals into two groups of twelve each. One group would be the controls. The other would get the serum.

Each morning as he came into the lab there would be dead guinea pigs among the controls. The others—the ones that got serum—seemed to be sick. But only a few died! This looked good. Topping had taken no great pains to concentrate the serum; to make it as potent as possible. But even in its crude state it *looked* effective. Eleven of the twelve controls eventually died; but there were only three deaths in the serum group!

Next, he got a step closer to man by trying monkeys. Eight rhesus monkeys got live virus. All four of the controls died; and all of the four that got serum lived! Never before had monkeys lived after being shot with the Bitterroot strain of virus! This was good. And significant. It was man's turn next.

Topping had been able to accumulate only painfully small amounts of serum. Getting the stuff was tedious, laborious work. In the first place it wasn't safe to draw more than 50 cc. of blood from a rabbit at one time. By the time this blood serum was sufficiently concentrated for use in man the 50 cc. shrank to 2½ cc. Such a minute amount would be valueless in treating an adult. At least 40 cc. would be needed—and that represented 16 withdrawals of the precious rabbit blood.

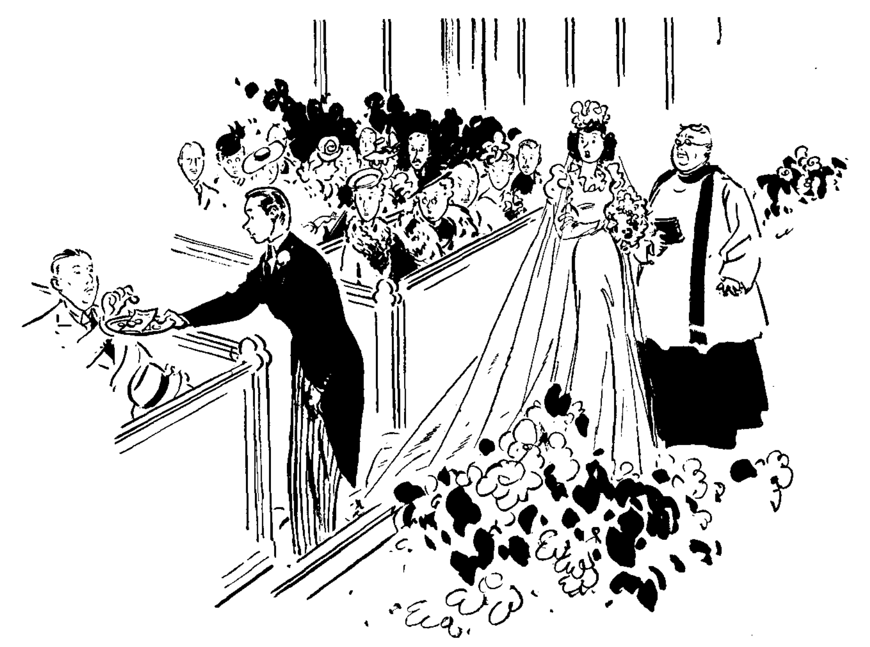
By last summer Topping had enough serum for two patients only. Medically, two such cases would have absolutely no significance. There was always the chance they would recover without any attention whatsoever. But for his own satisfaction Topping wanted to get the two most miserably ill people he could find.

He saw many cases in and around Washington and discarded those he thought had a 50-50 chance. Finally, he found one that suited him: a 5-year-old boy across the Potomac in Alexandria, Va. The child's mother remembered that she had picked a tick from his head two weeks before he had gotten sick. The child was in the twelfth day of his illness when Topping saw him; comatose, and covered with a horrid purplish rash. The youngster's doctor conceded that the youngster was as good as dead.

Topping shot a preliminary dose into the child's arm: one cc. to test for sensitivity to rabbit serum. The reaction was favorable. Then the series began and continued until the child received a total of 20 cc. The events that followed weren't dramatic. The child didn't sit up in bed, smile wanly and ask for Mamma as sick children do in the movies. Fever kept at a high level for several days but it was evident that the tide had changed. He was getting better.

Case No. 2 was a thirty-two-year-old woman. A pieced-together case history showed that she had picked ticks off her dog, but so far as was known she hadn't been bitten (but neither were Spencer's guinea pigs that got the disease through the skin!). She seemed to have virtually no chance of recovery. But her story was much the same as that of the boy; she got 40 cc. of serum and got well. Again, there was no drama—unless we consider it dramatic that the woman lived at all.

Larger and more significant tests will come this summer. Topping has accumulated enough serum to run a rigidly controlled series of cases: one group getting it, and the other receiving only routine treatment. Thus, the serum will get its chance in hospital wards. If it proves out, a final brilliant chapter will have been written about this killer disease, one of the two ever discovered by Americans.



"I had no idea he was *that* hard up!" JAMES TREMBATH

The Greek Way

Continued from page 18

Dodecanese group, Arfaras has seen his home gobbled by an imperialistic Italy. He harbored no illusions that Mussolini's eastward drive would halt at the Albanian frontier. So Arfaras had a plan. The first need, he said, was money. How to raise it? From sponges. By what method? Let the men decide! That was the Greek way, the democratic way. And that night, the entire colony —men, women and children—packed Philoptopos Hall to the doors. Until far past midnight, speaker after speaker harangued the audience in rhythmic Hellenic. Several wore the white wool tights and flaring skirts of the *evzones,* whose bayonets drove the Italians out of Koritza. But most of them were the men of the fleet, and when John Diamandis, president of the Sponge Exchange, called for contributions, more than three thousand dollars tumbled into the baskets.

Everybody Helps the Fatherland

But this was only the beginning. The colony also voted at that first mass meeting to set aside the choicest sponges, the cream of the harvest, for Greek war relief. Figured roughly, every tenth sponge brought to the Tarpon Springs quays today is set aside for special sale at the bi-weekly auctions. The strings of "relief sponges" are selling for $150 to $200 apiece above the prevailing market price. By the end of March, considerably more than $11,000 had been raised from the sale of these sponges alone and, with a rising market, the Tarpon Springs committee hopes to double this sum before midsummer.

Into the coffers of the Greek War Relief Association's headquarters in New York City there has poured, in addition to sponge money, an increasing stream of funds from the sale of exquisite embroidery, fashioned by the patient women of Tarpon Springs. And the Greeks of Florida have brought many a tourist dollar into the treasury during the past winter season.

With war-relief money rolling into the committee's coffers from the sponge auctions, the young men of the colony clamored for a chance to get to the front. Early last December, Major George Hatzistavris, a Greek army officer and a political exile of the Metaxas regime, came to Tarpon Springs with an eye to recruiting a company of volunteers. The major found plenty of splendid material but two formidable obstacles. One was the American Selective Service machine that was certain to absorb many of the colony's native-born and naturalized eligibles. The other was our own Neutrality Act. Nevertheless, Major Hatzistavris managed to form the nucleus of a company of Tarpon Springs *evzones* and the Greek lads spent a lot of time drilling and listening to the veteran's lectures on the fine art of pinning a Fascist's ears back. The major, granted amnesty, has since returned to Greece and was somewhere at the front when last heard from.

The story of Tarpon Springs' sponge industry began in 1889 when John K. Cheyney, a young Philadelphia Quaker, tired of banking and came to Florida's west coast in quest of a new and more picturesque business venture. Cheyney brought a few "hookers" to Tarpon Springs and operated a small fleet for a year or two. ("Hookers" spear their sponges from shallow water beds.) But production lagged and Cheyney was on the verge of giving up in despair when he met a Greek youngster, John Corcoris, who had emigrated to the United States from the island of Peloponnesus, near the Corinthian Isthmus, where his forebears had been diving for sponges for more than a century. Corcoris rigged a fishing schooner with an air pump and two deep-sea diving outfits, brought six Greeks from the old country to operate the equipment and, within a few weeks, laid in Cheyney's warehouse six thousand dollars' worth of the finest sponges ever taken from Florida waters.

News of the Florida experiment spread quickly throughout the Aegean and the islands off the coast of Asia Minor. Greek newspapers in New York and Athens were filled with stories of the Tarpon Springs bonanza and, before the end of 1905, more than five hundred Greeks had established the colony. A year later, the Greek population of Tarpon Springs had trebled.

From the islands of Hydra and Halky, Calymnos and Symi, came the finest sponge fishermen in the world—squat giants, whose swarthy faces were etched deep with the lines of the sea. Powerful men they were, with the shoulders and limbs of wrestlers and huge hands, accustomed to tearing the silky Mediterranean sponge from rocky reefs.

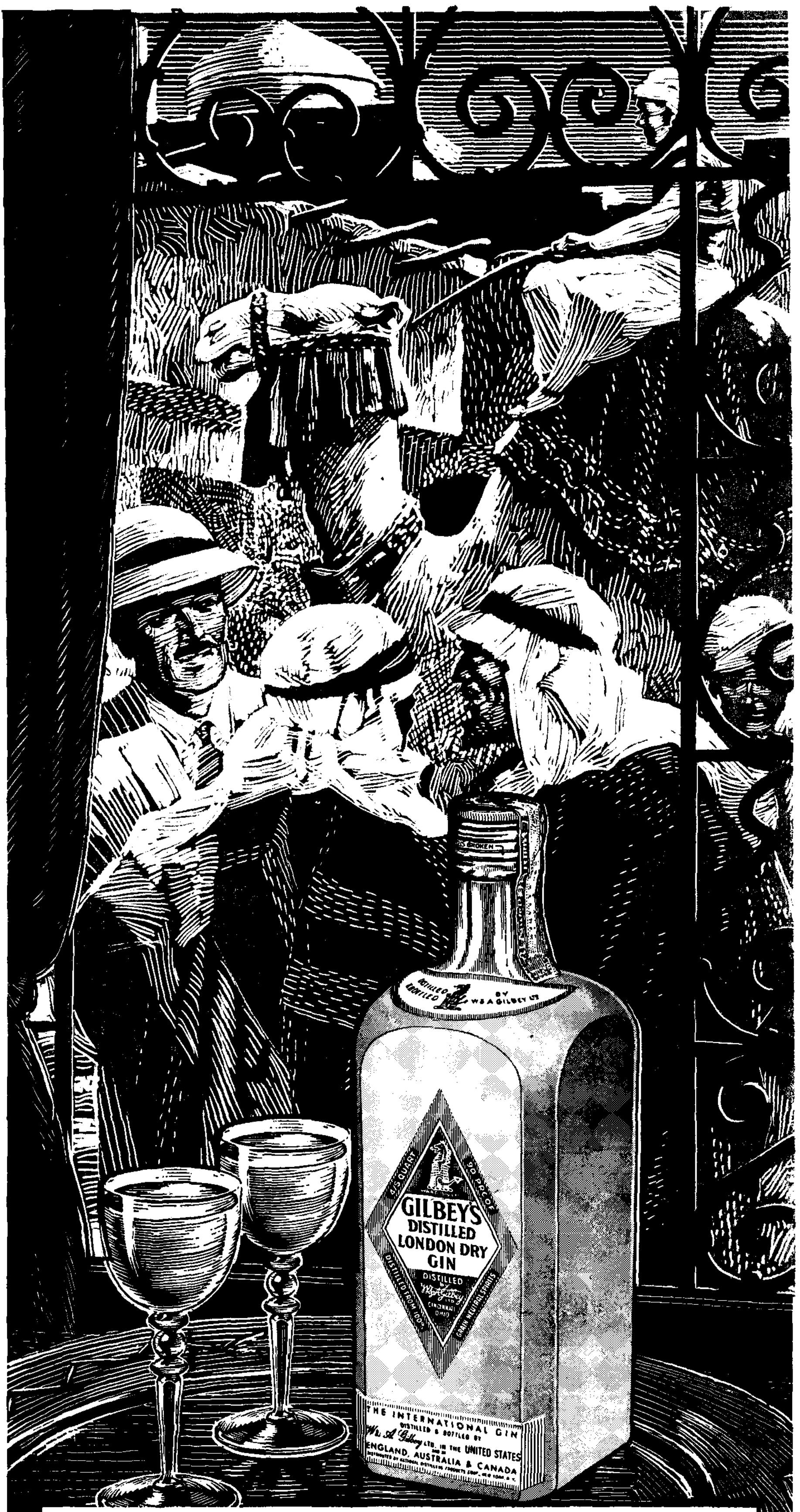
And they came without their women! Mrs. John Corcoris was the only Greek woman in Tarpon Springs, but the newcomers, convinced that the Florida sponge beds measured up to Greek press agents' claims, sent home for their wives and sweethearts. Sometimes singly but mostly in groups, the olive-complexioned women of the Dodecanese Islands and seaports along the Aegean and Mediterranean coasts flocked to join their men in Florida.

With the mass immigration of wives and sweethearts came the Greek Orthodox Church and the mystic rites and customs of the ancient faith. The men of the colony built the Church of St. Nicholas where Father Karaphillis holds masses on Sundays and feast days before a Byzantine altar, glittering in gold arabesques and reflecting the glow of tall tapers and hand-wrought lamps.

A Share for Every Man

Profits of each boat in the Tarpon Springs fleet are divided among the captain, crew and owner on the basis of shares, and there are two schedules, one for the deep-water craft and the other for the shallow-water vessels. After expenses are deducted, profits of the deep-water boats are split into twenty-nine equal parts. Each of four divers get four shares; the engineer and life-line tender get two shares apiece; three shares are divided equally between the cook and deckhand and the remaining six shares go to the captain and owner. The net return of the shallow-water vessel is divided into nineteen and one-half shares, two divers getting four shares apiece, the life-line tender and engineer drawing two shares each and the combination cook and deckhand gets one and one-half shares. This leaves six shares for the captain and owner, who divide pursuant to contract, although many captains own their ships.

Figuring the smallest deep-sea boat makes four trips a year and grosses $5,000 worth of sponges each voyage, you get a total of $20,000 and many of the big boats double this sum. But the division of profits comes after all bills are paid. It costs around $2,000 for groceries; diving equipment replacements and repair, ropes and gear take another $1,000 and incidentals may run as high as $500. This leaves $16,500 to



The Sun never sets on
GILBEY'S
The International
GIN

It gives you a deep sense of satisfaction when you order a drink *"made with Gilbey's Gin"* to realize that at the very same minute other men who know fine liquors are sitting at far-away windows with that same familiar Gilbey's bottle beside them. For nearly a century now, the sun has never set on Gilbey's Gin . . . because millions of men have found, *as you will, too,* that Gilbey's makes a great drink *greater!*

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. — 90 Proof — Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

be whacked up among the crew and owner.

The diving equipment consists of a specially designed suit of durable canvas and rubber; a bronze helmet imported from Greece; heavy lead weights that are worn, collar fashion, on the diver's shoulders, and a pair of thirty-pound shoes. The wristbands of the suit are elastic, fitting so tightly that the diver can work with his hands bare, although the watertight wristlet often cuts off the blood circulation. You'll find the diver sitting at the prow, his heavy-booted feet dangling overside, watching the water and sniffing the breeze. We were told that these divers can smell a sponge bed a mile away or can spot a lush growth by the shade of the water.

At any rate, our diver—old Nick Zerdos, who has spent forty-four of his sixty-three years hunting sponges all around the Mediterranean and off the Florida coast—shouted a command, the motors were stopped and the helmet was screwed in place. Overboard went Nick, armed only with a short, curved knife that is used to cut the sponges from the reefs but which would come in mighty handy if he happened across a hungry shark. For a second or two, Nick floated until his hose tender and life-line man were ready. Then he released his helmet valve with a quick twist of the head and down went Zerdos, a geyser of bubbles marking his descent to the ocean floor.

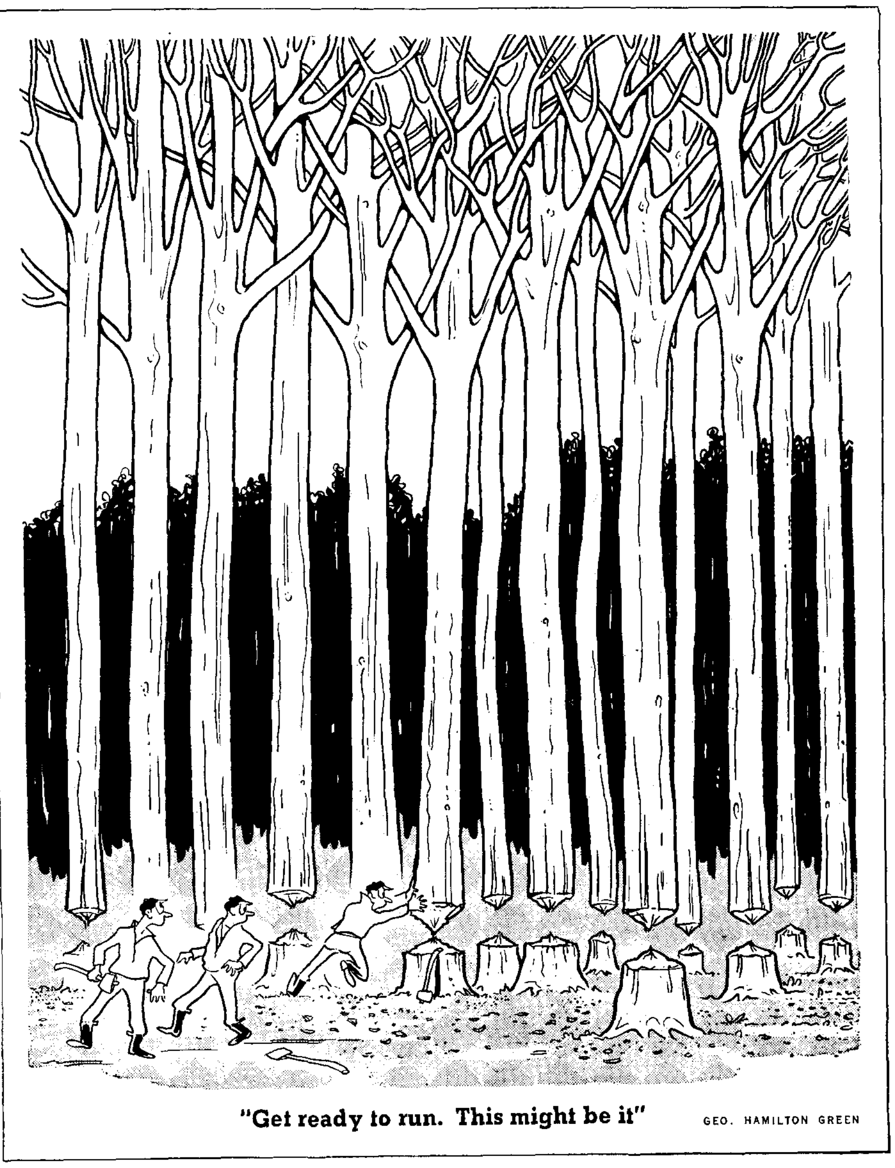
As the diver explored a submarine half acre, you could trace his movements by a bubble trail. At last, two jerks on the life line told the tender Nick wanted to come up and they hauled him to the surface like some strange sea monster. Slowly, awkwardly because of the weight of his outfit, he climbed the ladder to the deck and tossed at our feet a mesh bag containing some black greasy balls that cost you anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar after the Greeks get them ready for market. It was a good catch and the crew fell upon the raw sponge with knives and trimming shears, cutting away the outer growth to reveal the familiar yellow-brown fibers.

Before the diver had located another bed, the fresh-caught sponge had been cleaned, washed and strung like beads on ten-foot lengths of wire. These "strings" are sold according to size, grade and texture. That one dive had netted the crew about twenty dollars. So the lads probably lighted an extra taper that night before the fo'c'sle icon, with its twin images of Saints Christopher and Nicholas framed in jeweled brass.

Between dives, we chatted with the crew and listened to tall tales of battles fought with sharks, and of divers hauled unconscious to the deck, their muscles jerking and blood streaming from nose, ears and mouth. We were told of the young diver sent below to recover from what appeared to be a slight nausea. They found him dead in front of the ship's altar, his outstretched fingers touching the icon.

The German blitzkrieg into Yugoslavia and northern Greece failed to shake the confidence of Tarpon Springs' Greeks in ultimate victory for the fatherland. On the contrary, the fall of Salonika and the swift German advance across the low country merely fired the sponge fishermen to redoubled efforts. For the first time in years, the wharves were deserted during Easter week, which usually finds the fleet in port.

"Greece needs the money from our sponges," said John Diamandis, state chairman of the Greek Relief drive. "Every sponge may mean clips of machine-gun bullets for the defense of the homeland against the new invader. We cannot stop now when our friends and relatives are giving their lives in the cause of democracy."



"Get ready to run. This might be it" GEO. HAMILTON GREEN

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"Design for Happiness" Homes

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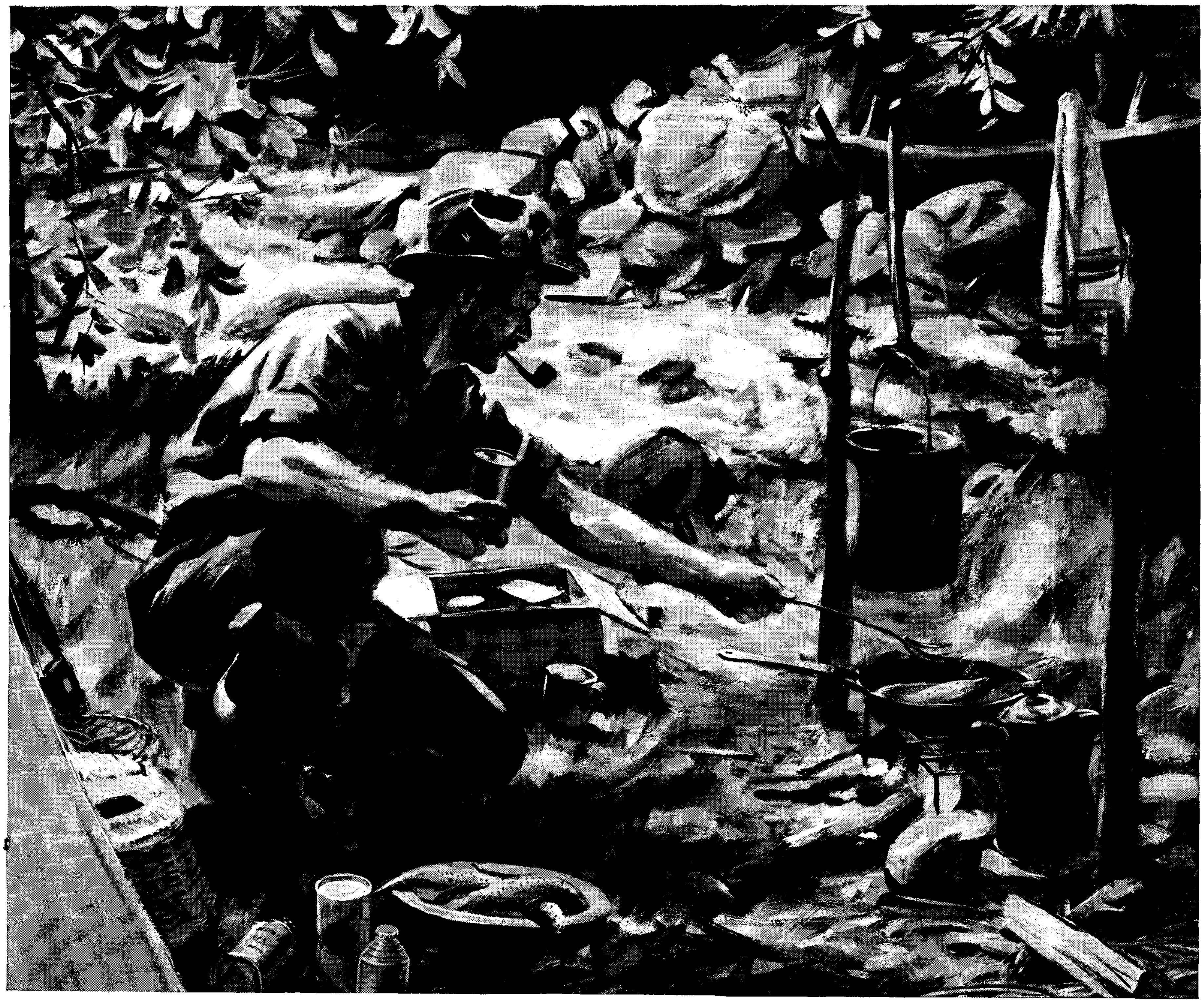

Prescription for a long and happy life: ...a brook...a browning trout...and beer

Perhaps a gleaming fish, a campfire by a stream, and a glass of mellow beer or ale won't actually add a single minute to your span of life. But they *can* and *do* contribute rich moments of happiness and needed relaxation.

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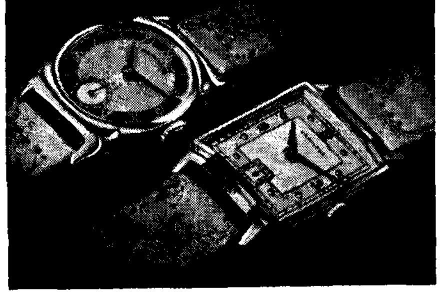


Love Comes too Soon

Continued from page 14

Stacey say. "Hey, what's so interesting?"

She started. "Oh—nothing. Who's that in the launch?"

The boat was drawing alongside the dock now. He squinted down.

"That's the new fellow Joe took on. Chris Cobb. He comes from some place on the Cape. He worked on Doctor Barton's Mary Ann all last summer. He's only been here three days but haven't the femmes noticed him!"

The boy, Chris, was coming up the ramp. His white ducks hung at his hips, because he had no waist at all to support them, and he walked with a slight roll. The hair, beneath the cap, was almost the color of his skin so that, except for metallic glints in it, it was almost impossible to define the hairline. He looked up and gave Stacey a mock salute.

"Hullo, Commodore."

"Hiya."

His glance swung to Dinah and he was looking right into her eyes. And she into his. They were the color of the sky just before the first star shows, darkly, darkly blue. That deep blue gaze went straight into her and stopped her heart and took her breath away. After a hundred years—after the fleetest second—he looked away and went on up the ramp and Dinah swallowed hard.

Stacey hadn't noticed. That look had lasted forever and as though he didn't know it, he said, "Di, I was asking you—are you doing anything tonight?"

But suddenly a date with Stacey meant nothing at all.

She fumbled at the bait-box line. "Stacey—thanks so much, but I—I'm busy."

Stacey said nonchalantly, "Too bad. Well, some other time then."

He sauntered off as though the invitation had been no more than a whim and the chances that he would extend another were doubtful.

DINAH walked slowly up the long gravel drive to the clubhouse. She had asked her parents to let her out here on their way to the movies, and to their amused surprise at her sudden expressed desire to sit and look at the water she had given only a smile. You got used to your parents being amused at you, and there was just a chance . . .

As she walked, she felt an increasing kindling of excitement that was almost unbearable. She mounted the steps to the clubhouse and crossed through to the porch, where a few people sat in rocking chairs looking out over the harbor. One of the women spoke to her: "What are you doing here, Dinah?" The question might have been pleasantly intended, but whatever Mrs. Watriss said came out touched with suspicion. Dinah hated her. Nosy old thing. She had a face like an unpleasant terrier.

"Plenty of nothing," she answered, and then wished she hadn't. Mrs. Watriss would be sure to speak to her mother and her mother would speak to *her*. She squinted down at the docks. A figure was moving among the dinghies. She knew who it was. She went down across the lawn.

"Hello."

"Oh, hullo." He straightened. They stood for a moment in the violet dusk, not speaking. There wasn't exactly anything to say.

Chris reached up and pushed his cap.

"I told Doc Barton I'd fix up his boat for the night. Want to come out in the launch with me?"

"I'd love to."

It was as simple as that. They both knew what had happened to them in that brief encounter this afternoon. This was *it*. Around *this* had her dreams been built. . . .

Running out to the doctor's big auxiliary schooner, Chris opened up the motor all she would open. Dinah stood up in the bow beside him. The wind rushing at her felt like strong hands pulling back her hair.

They looked at each other again in the deepening twilight.

"How do you like it at the club?" she asked, after a moment.

"Okay. I liked it better working on the Mary Ann, though. I'd rather be on the water any day than just around it. I wanted to go in the Navy this year, but the old man busted his leg last spring—slipped on a wet deck, and we got to pay off the doctor's bill yet. You don't make a lot of dough in the Navy."

"Will you join when you've paid off the doctor?"

"Yep, I suppose."

SHE saw him in a blue uniform with gold buttons and gold braid and a white cap. She saw him pacing the narrow deck of a destroyer, his mouth set and his eyes grim.

"The call of the sea runs in your blood, doesn't it?" she said softly.

"What?"

"Don't you have seafaring ancestors? You come from the Cape."

"Oh. Well, my grandfather was second mate on a coast steamer."

"What about your father?"

"He fishes. Off Gloucester. That's where I live. He wants me to help him, but I'd rather go in the Navy."

After they had reached the Mary Ann and Dinah had followed him around as he covered sails, saw that the anchor chain was hanging right, lit the riding lights and saw that all loose objects were below decks, she said, "Do we have to go right back?"

"No. I guess not."

"Let's stay and watch the moon come up, then. It's just over the edge now."

They went up to the forward deck and lay prone, their chins resting on crossed arms. The moon came slowly, a round silver apple, dimming the stars as it came.

"It looks so near, doesn't it?" Dinah said. "I feel as though if I really stretched I could touch it."

"I'll bet I could pull her down if I had a boathook."

"What would you do with it if you got it, Chris?"

"Give her to you."

He slipped a hand under her arm and his warm fingers closed over hers. Dinah was so happy she thought she must be dying because you couldn't be this happy and live.

THAT was the beginning, that night they watched the moon rise. After that they spent together every moment they could snatch. They never said anything about how it had come about. Each took it for granted. It had to be that way. All the younger set at the club knew they were "that way" about each other. Dinah didn't mind them knowing, wasn't bothered by their teasing. The taunts of her own generation were one thing; and these were tinged with admiration. Chris had been so totally uninterested in any of the other girls, it was something of a triumph. But she couldn't let her parents find out about Chris. Mother and Dad thought that love, like the franchise, came to you only at a certain age.

And she knew this was love. She no longer felt things—the freshness of a morning, the splendor of a night, through her own senses, but through Chris'. When he said, "It's a swell night," she gloried in it. When he said, "Gee, I'm tired," her whole body sagged with weariness. To think that last year she had thought she was in love with Stacey! Why, that had been another girl!

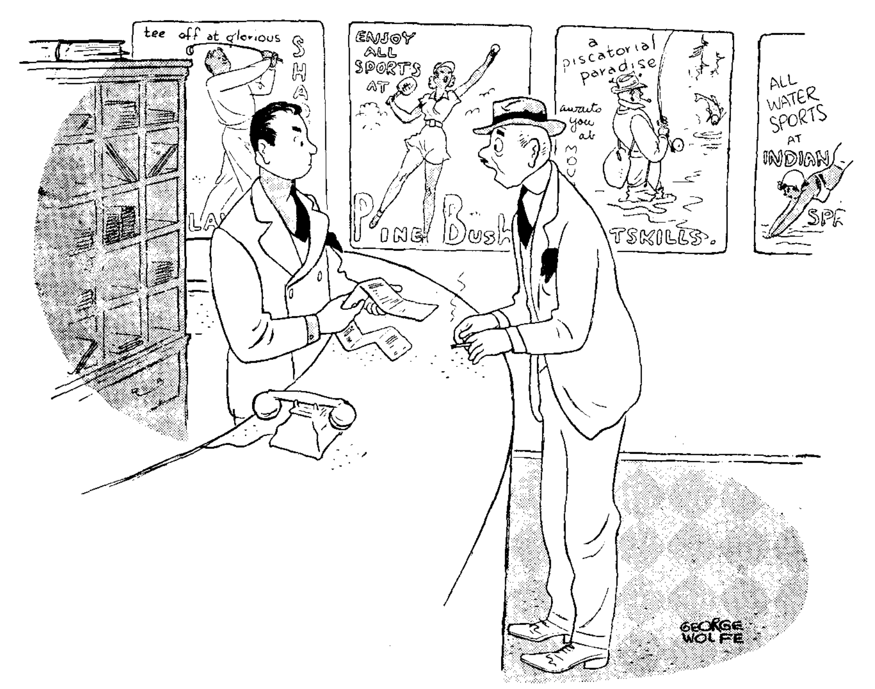
Of course she still saw Stacey as much as she had at the beginning of the summer, and because she couldn't be with Chris when he was working. She swam and sailed with Stacey, but she never really felt she was with him. She lost herself in thinking of Chris and Stacey let her lose herself. Only once did he ever speak of Chris to her.

"Di, are you really gone on that guy?"

"Yes, I am," Dinah said honestly.

Stacey was working on the foredeck of his Star. He bent his head and his thin brown hands were busy.

"I'm not just saying this, Di, because



"I'd like tickets for some place where I don't have to *do* anything"

GEORGE WOLFE

"I'll never bite the hand that feeds *me!*"

promised the lion

"You lions are all alike," warned the briar, "you'll bite someday. Wait and see."

"Never," replied the lion firmly, "because there's not a bite in a bowlful of this Half and Half tobacco. That's the best part of all. Half and Half helps me give the master a world of flavor and aroma. Yet it's such a kindly smoke, I couldn't bite if I *wanted* to."

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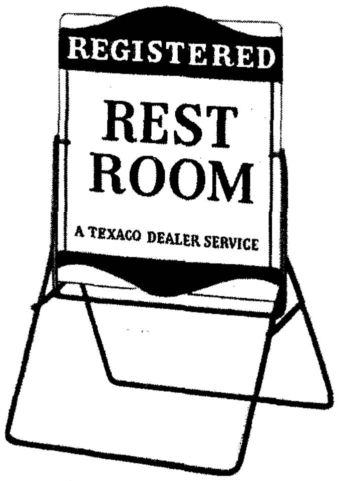

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TEXACO DEALERS

TEXACO REG. T.M.

I'd like to take you around myself. But I think you're crazy."

"What do you mean?" she asked lazily. She was lying stretched out on the deck, sopping up sun. Her mind was on Chris. Tonight they were going swimming at the public beach. Chris said he oughtn't to swim from the club and anyway it was more fun at Crane Island.

"I mean you'd better cut it out. Chris is a good guy all right—that's not it. But you're going to get hurt."

Annoyance got through to her. "Oh, Stacey, how do *you* know?"

"I know because it happened to me. There was a girl up at school—in the town, I mean. Her father ran the smoke shop there. She had red hair. I went for her, hook, line, sinker, rod and reel. I tried to see her all the time—and then the family found out. And her dad. Oh, well—" he made a hopeless gesture—"they broke us up."

"Did you really love her?" Dinah asked.

"Sure I did."

"Then," she said calmly, "I think *you* were the crazy one. If you really loved her—really, Stacey, nobody could have made you break it up. When you're in love—you're just in love. That's all there is to it."

"Yeah," Stacey said.

"Anyway that has nothing to do with Chris and me."

"Okay," he said. "Sorry I brought it up. . . . Throw your weight stern, will you? . . . I'm going to make sail."

As she rolled over and sat up, Dinah thought, "Poor Stacey. But he *couldn't* have been in love."

Nothing could make her give up Chris . . .

THEY were sailing in her Wee Scot on one of Chris' days off when he said suddenly, "I want to kiss you now, Di," and leaned over the tiller.

She shut her eyes and the red-gold of the sun on her lids seemed to be from the flame inside her. Chris touched her mouth and his lips were cool and salty. He kissed her three or four times and then rested his cheek on hers.

"Oh, Di," he said. "Gosh, I love you. I never knew there was a girl like you or anything could be like this. I love you so."

"Chris, I love you."

"You're really my girl, now?"

"Yes."

When they went back to the club at five-thirty they were so full of this new miracle they were loath to part.

"Come out and eat with me before I have to go back on duty," Chris begged. "Your family will let you, won't they?"

But when she called her mother she didn't say she was eating with Chris. She said she wanted to grab a bite and go out again; the wind was too good to miss.

Even more now she couldn't risk letting her love be open to ridicule.

They ate in the Pal-O-Mar, a dingy little diner in the village. The shade on the lamp in their booth was covered with penciled names and initials in interlocking hearts and Chris added theirs—C. C.—D. B. They clasped hands and looked at each other as though this were some irrevocable pledge.

The pretty little waitress who came with their hamburgers noticed the additional decoration and pursed her lipsticked mouth. "Gee, Chris, and I thought you were the big silent type who didn't go in for that," she teased.

Chris reddened. Dinah looked at the other girl, who couldn't have been much older than herself, and saw there was more than teasing in her eyes. She was hurt. Why, this girl was crazy about Chris; really crazy, the way she was, herself.

"Do you come here a lot?" she asked Chris when the girl had gone.

"Every night almost. They've got the best thirty-five-cent dinner in town."

"No wonder," Dinah thought, "seeing him every day . . . I don't blame her."

She was filled with pity. How terrible to love Chris and not ever to have him touch your hand—or kiss you.

The kiss had added new meaning to their times together. There were never very many, but the waiting and the anticipation before each one only made it more wonderful when it came.

There was only once that wasn't wonderful . . . That was the day—a day like the first time—when they lay stretched out in the cockpit, their heads on their arms. Chris raised on an elbow and said, "I'm not going to wait any longer for this one," and bent his head.

At the same time the roar of a motor that had been dim in their ears became loud and the club launch cut by close to them. Dinah looked up past Chris' ear straight into the sharp-nosed face of Mrs. Watriss.

"Chris!" she whispered, and he sat up and both of them stared back at the woman in the boat who regarded them with a shocked, set expression, then turned her back on them.

"I don't like her," Chris said.

"She's horrid," Dinah said. She didn't know why, but she felt suddenly cold and afraid.

SINCE the first of June the weather had been continuously warm and fair. Now, as so often happened at the end of July, it began to rain. At first Dinah resented it fiercely. It meant an end of their fun, for Chris and her. There was no place they could go now.

But in the second week the rain itself provided a solution and a situation that was even better than before. It leaked into Chris' room over the lockers where the other attendants lived and he was moved temporarily to the boathouse while repairs were being made. There they could spend long hours without fear of being spied on or bothered, pretending that this was their home.

The room was a big bare atticlike place, entered by a trap door. The sloping beams of the roof formed the ceiling and the room contained little furniture; a wood stove that Chris kept going against the dampness—a balky affair that required priming with kerosene—an army cot, a broken-down chest of drawers, one or two deck chairs and a pile of old yachting magazines. But Dinah sneaked from her home an old shawl that had once been on the piano and a number of pillows to transform the cot to a couch; an old vase, which she kept filled with flowers. She brought a box of thumbtacks and she and Chris cut pictures from the magazines and tacked them to the walls.

"It looks real dressed up," Chris said, pleased.

"Yes. But oh, Chris, some day we'll really have a house, won't we? A white one with big bay windows and flower boxes and green shutters."

Chris could say nothing to that except, "Oh, gosh!" and hug her to him.

One day she brought him something she had had her eye on for a week but had been unable to get out of the house because of its size. That was the portable phonograph her parents had used for beach picnics several years ago. It had been replaced by a new one and remained in the attic with the ancient gramophone and a supply of records dating back to the days of the first World War. On the morning Mrs. Blake went off to the city to a luncheon and matinee, Dinah lugged it out and carried it, and a stack of records, to the boathouse.

Chris was delighted. "Di, you're the most wonderful girl!"

THEY put the phonograph on the couch and curled beside it and played all the records through. The music sounded thin and squeaky, but to Dinah it was more beautiful than that which came from the huge new radio-phonograph in the club lobby. They played the records again and again. Especially Over There. Chris loved it.

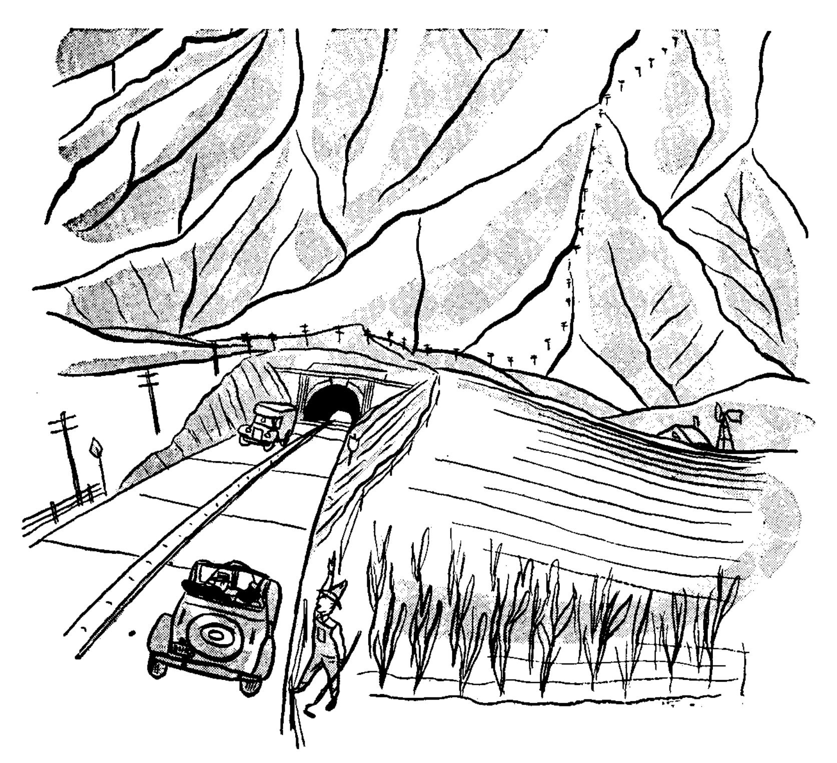
"It makes you feel like bawling, doesn't it? I dunno. Maybe I'll join the Army."

"Oh, no, Chris. The Navy. It *is* in your blood, really. Want to hear it again?"

"Sure. Wait—that darn' stove's gone out. I'd better go down for the kerosene."

"No, let's listen first. I'll put your sweater over my shoulders."

It was because they were listening to the song they didn't hear the footsteps in the boathouse below or the voice of Mrs. Watriss calling Chris to get something for her from her boat, nor her steps on the ladder; because they were looking off, far beyond the walls of the



"It's fifteen miles as the crow flies, but the way you're going it's a mile and a half!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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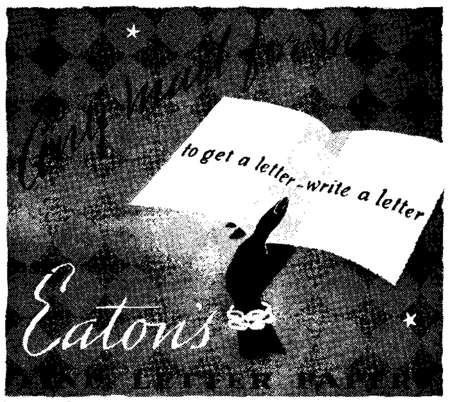

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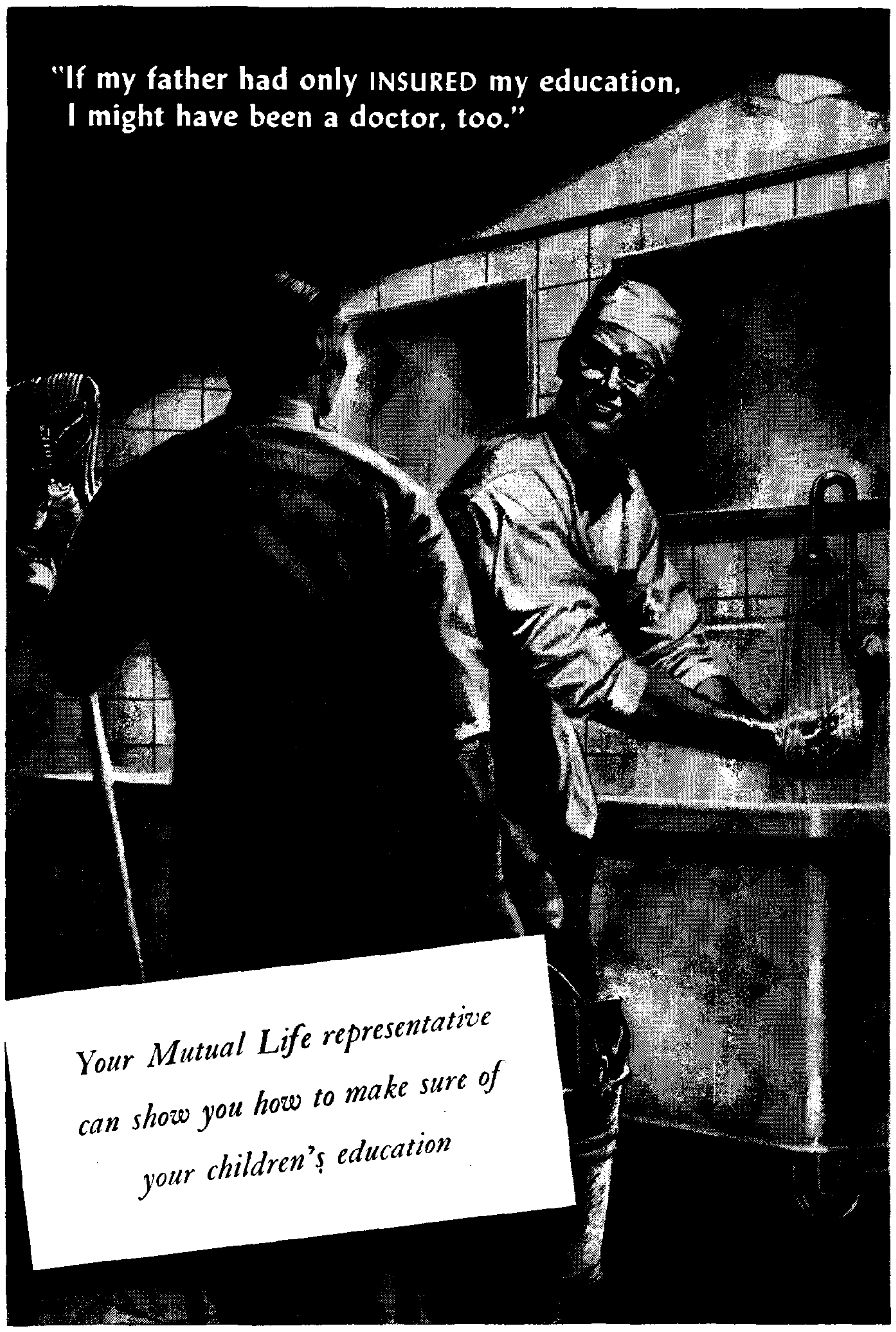
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room, they didn't see the trap door raised.

"Dinah! Well, Dinah, really!"

Dinah whipped about and scarlet flooded her face. Dull red began creeping slowly up Chris' throat. The needle had stuck and the voice of the singer repeated, "Over—over—over—over—"

"I suspected this sort of thing when I saw you the other day," the woman said through her pointed nose. "*I* knew all right and I spoke to your mother but *she* wouldn't believe me. Oh, no. In a boy's bedroom! I didn't think you were that kind of a girl, Dinah. You come right down. And, young man, I'll have you attended to later."

Dinah rose slowly and went toward the trap door, took it as Mrs. Watriss let go, and descended after her. She was trembling with fury and the moment that had been so lovely was ugly.

"Come back," Chris said in a strangled voice.

"I will."

She crossed the lawn after Mrs. Watriss, wanting to run away and hide, but wanting more to know what the woman would do. She met Stacey, on the way, coming from the dock. His sweater was slung over his sunburned shoulders, the sleeves tied about his neck, and he was whistling. Dinah stared at him. That anyone could be happy—

"Hello, Di."

"Hello," she said dully.

He looked at her closely. "Anything wrong? What's the matter? You look—"

His words were lost in the sudden racketing, crashing explosion that came from behind them and split the air around them. For a frozen moment they looked, stricken, at each other, and then they whirled in time to see flame leaping from the window of Chris' room, and as they looked, Chris appeared with fire all about him, the burning stove in his arms. Blazing, the stove crashed to the ground—and Chris disappeared.

Dinah began to run toward the boathouse, sobs welling up in her throat. "Chris—Chris—Chris . . ."

THEY wouldn't let her see him at the hospital. He was in a ward and only members of the family could see him, they said, until he was better. If he got better. He was badly burned. Doctor Barton said his kidneys might be affected. If Chris died—

"If Chris dies, I'll die too," Dinah thought. "I can't live if he's dead."

If Chris died, Mrs. Watriss should die, too. It was her fault. *All* her fault. They said at the club the cause of the explosion was evident. Chris had primed the fire in the stove with gasoline instead of kerosene. The can had been found. But no one could understand how he had made the mistake. Dinah knew. She knew he'd felt as she had; he'd had to do something. He'd done the first thing that came to mind, started the fire in the stove, but he'd been as blinded by rage as she had and picked up the wrong can.

He would have escaped with only minor burns if he hadn't tried to save the boathouse by throwing the stove from the window. He *had* saved it. The only damage was to his room where the wall had been burned away, but if he had not thrown out the stove the whole building might have burned. Yet the club was going to let him go. He saved the boathouse but they were going to dismiss him because Dinah had been in his room.

If he got well—she'd never see him again. Her family would never let her see him. Her mother had had a long talk with her. A talk that made her face on fire to recall.

"You don't know!" Dinah had cried. "You can't! It wasn't what you think. I love him, Mother."

"Oh, darling, that isn't love. You couldn't love a boy like that, Dinah. He isn't our kind of people."

She doesn't understand, Dinah thought . . . I don't believe she ever knew what love really is. . . .

But they couldn't keep her from going to the hospital and sitting there—just sitting there—so she'd know as soon as—as anything happened. They couldn't keep her from using her allowance to send him flowers.

"It's my fault," she protested. "It's really my fault. No matter *what* you think, I've got to do *something*."

Oddly enough her father had said gently, "I see, Dinah. Go ahead, then."

Once while she was in the waiting room a bearded man in a dusty blue suit came in and sat beside her on the wicker couch. No, a real beard it wasn't, but a brown stubble over a mahogany-colored face in whose lines dirt had settled. The stubble was streaked at the chin as though tobacco juice had dribbled over it. Dinah got up and moved. She couldn't bear to sit by people like that. Just as she rose a nurse came in.

"Mr. Cobb, you can see your son now. Sorry to keep you waiting but the doctor was changing the dressings."

Mr. Cobb! Chris' father! Somehow she had always imagined him looking like someone out of Captains Courageous—a full white beard and oilskins. Not this man with the stubbly beard and the dirty suit.

SHE did get in to see Chris when at last they knew he would recover. It wasn't a satisfactory visit. His lips were still too swollen for him to say more than "Hello" and "Thanks for the flowers" and she couldn't hold his hand because the nurse had forgotten to put the screen up and the man in the next bed stared.

The next time she went the girl from the diner was there. Chris could speak now but the three of them were uncomfortable together and presently the girl left. The screen was up and Dinah held Chris' hand and said, "Chris, I'd have died if you had. I love you so." He said, "I love you, too, Di." But it wasn't as it used to be.

That night her father forbade her to see him again. "He's getting well now. It's best to stop, Dinah."

She knew there was no appeal. She would never see Chris again. They had taken him from her. Mrs. Watriss. Her father. Her mother. Everyone.

"But I'll always love him," she thought. "And some day—when I can do as I please—when I'm my own boss—This can't be *all* there is. Not when we were so much in love."

The first week in September, when the hint of frost-death had begun to creep into the early mornings, Chris came to the house. Dinah was in her room when her father called up to her, "Dinah, Chris is here to see you." She came down wonderingly. Had he changed his mind? Only when she saw Chris standing uncomfortably in the hall wearing a shiny serge suit that was too small for him, turning a cap in his hands, did she know why her father had let her see him. Chris had come to say goodby.

They went out to the porch and sat on the steps.

"Well, this is so long," Chris said. "I'm going back up to the old man tomorrow. I'll help him this year. Doctor Barton offered me a job but the old man says he needs me. He told me so when he came down."

"Chris, aren't you going to join the Navy?"

"I'm not well enough yet. Maybe next year."

Dinah reached out a hand and touched his arm. "Chris, is it really all over?"

He didn't take the hand. "I guess so."

"Chris, aren't you even going to kiss me?"

"I—better not, Di."

"Don't—don't you love me any more?"

He said miserably, "Yes, I do, Di. A lot—an awful lot. So much it's all in my throat. But—I don't know. Nothing's the same now. It can't be the same because other people—and things—have gotten mixed up in it. The way we were—it was so swell— but nobody sees how it was. I tried to tell my old man. He saw you once at the hospital. A nurse told him who you were. He said, 'Think she'd like the doing of my socks, Chris?' I never thought of that. Socks wasn't in it. It was just us. But I guess I'd have to have the old man around if I got married. I never thought of things like that."

"Oh, Chris," Dinah said. "It would always be just us, no matter who was around."

But she remembered his father with a little withdrawal inside her.

Chris ran the heel of his hand over his hair.

"Maybe— Oh, Di, I love you so—but you're different from me. The old man said, 'She's not your kind.' It's like—well, you're supposed to go to college, aren't you? And I wouldn't ever go. Remember the kind of house, with green shutters, you used to talk about? I kind of always saw you some place like that. But, Di, I couldn't kid myself . . . I wouldn't ever be able to make money for a house like that."

"Money!" Dinah said scornfully.

"It counts some. I wish it didn't have to. There shouldn't be anything but like we were, Di. Only they'd never let us be like that again. Not after that old woman."

"I hate her," Dinah said. "I hate Mrs. Watriss and your father and my family. I hate everyone."

"It isn't any use your hating, Di. It's the way things are."

"They *shouldn't* be. Oh, Chris, don't go. Suppose you fall in love with someone else sometime? I couldn't bear it, Chris!"

HE STOOD up, turning his hat. "It wouldn't ever be the same as you. I've been seeing Lena—she's the girl from the diner. She's not like you and I'd never think so. Only she'd be right for a guy like me to marry."

"Marry? But you couldn't marry anyway, Chris. You're too young."

"My old man got married when he was sixteen. I don't say I am. Only, Di, I guess it never could have been you, so we'd better call it quits. You'd have stopped loving me after a while and I'd rather it was like this."

Dinah didn't cry. Not even after he had gone. She sat on, remembering how the phonograph had repeated, "Over. Over. Over." Her father came out and awkwardly patted her shoulder. "Now, listen, chicken, don't you feel bad. You'll find out you weren't in love with him. Real love's yet to come. You'll wake up some day and find you've got it."

Dinah didn't answer, but when he had gone in again, she thought, " 'Wake up some day and find you've got it!' " It was like what her mother had said. It was like the way that stories and movies told you it happened.

But it *had* happened that way, and now everyone said, "No, that isn't love." And Chris had said, "It can't be the same because other people have gotten mixed up in it." He was gone. Maybe he would marry that girl. It was all over.

"There's no such thing as love," Dinah thought fiercely. "Not the kind they make you think."

There couldn't be ever just two people loving each other. She knew now there would always be other people in it, and the things they said and did. There was your family, and his father, who had a stubbly tobacco-stained beard. There was money. Whether it mattered or not, you couldn't have a white house with green shutters without money. There was so much else besides love.

Never could there be only love. That was only a dream.

SHE turned her cheek against the autumn-touched breeze, as though laying it against Chris' cheek. She thought of his kisses, as cool and fresh as the night air.

"Anyway," she thought, "I had the dream."

The tears were beginning to come now. "I'll never stop crying for Chris—I'll never want any other kind of love now I've had this . . ."

The telephone rang sharply. She heard her mother answer.

"Dinah—for you."

Listlessly she rose and went in to take the call.

"Hello, Di. Stacey. How's things and stuff? Di, you know the last Junior Dance is this week end. Have you got a date for Saturday?"

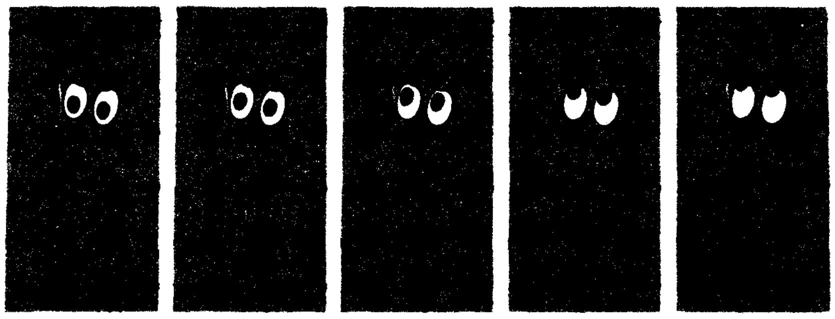
He was only being kind. He knew it was over with Chris. But she accepted anyway. She might as well. It was better than sitting around the house, thinking.

She went up to her room and turned on the light and idly looked in her closet. "Gosh, now why'd I say that? I haven't a *thing* to wear."

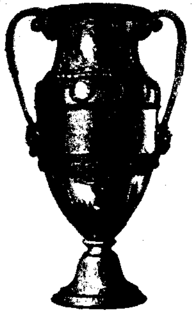
But, maybe, since it was with Stacey, her mother would buy her a new dress. Could she work a black net? And then she remembered Chris again. For a second, thinking about a black net, she had forgotten him. She leaned her head against the door and began to cry again, but she wasn't crying now for Chris. She was crying because she knew she *was* going to stop crying for him. Because she would forget him. She would even forget the dream and what love should be—and never could.

"I don't want to forget," she whispered miserably.

If only she had someone to tell it all to. But nobody understood what had happened to her. No, she remembered something. Stacey telling about a girl up near prep school, a girl he'd had to break up with. She'd thought he couldn't have loved. Now she knew it had been like Chris and herself. There *was* a person who would understand.



EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



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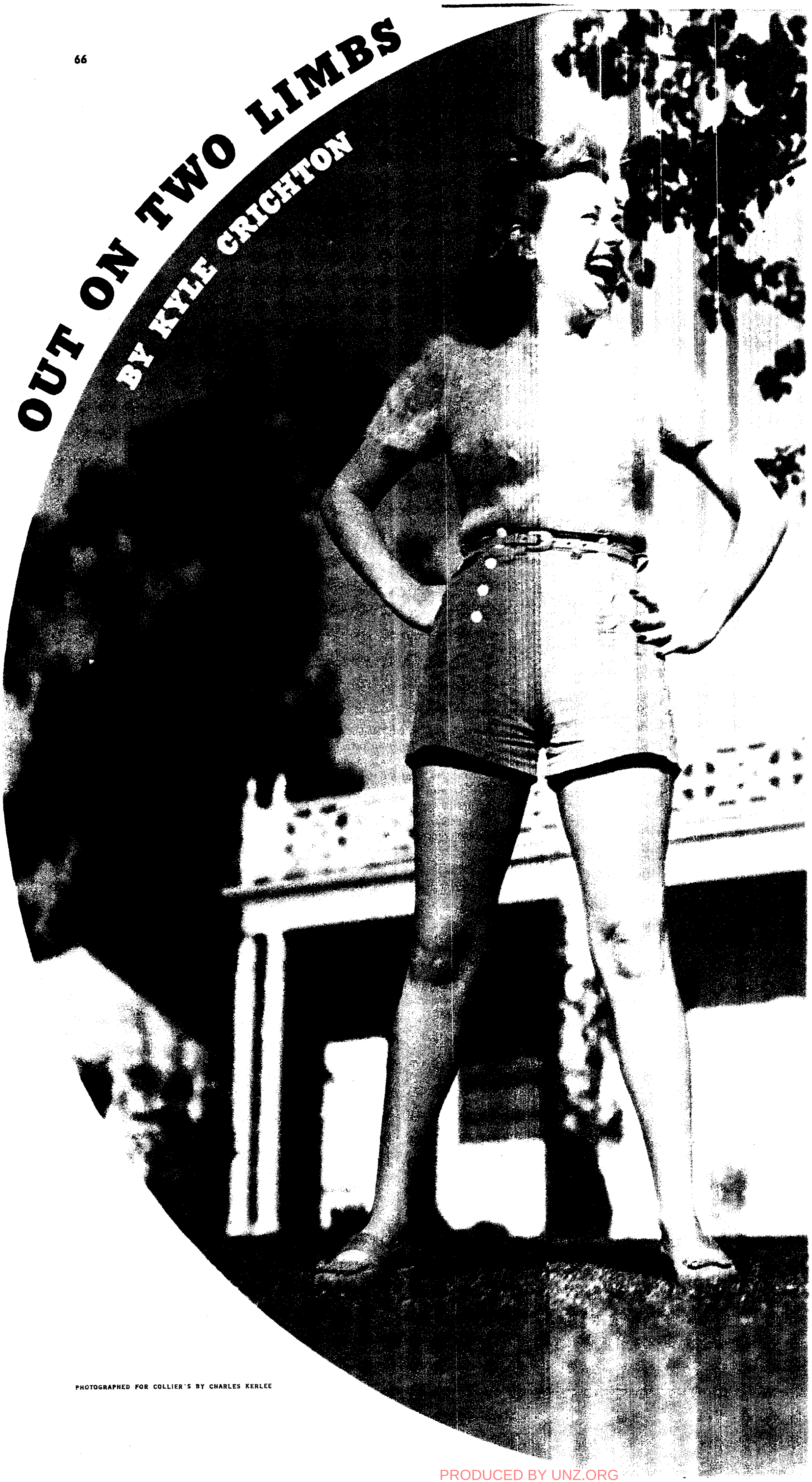
OUT ON TWO LIMBS

BY KYLE CRICHTON



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

There's a great deal more to Betty Grable than those celebrated legs. So meet the rest of this attractive young lady

BETTY GRABLE insists she never really had a chance at Paramount because they confined her strictly to college pictures, where she showed her legs and acted cute. When Twentieth Century-Fox hired her, the press department publicly avowed that the universe was going to see a new Grable. So she appeared in Down Argentine Way, where she showed her legs and acted cute. Then they threw her into Tin Pan Alley, where she showed even more of her legs. In this one, however, she was less coy.

The distinction between the public career of a screen player and her personal life is never very clear. Either Miss Grable is a girl fitted only to show her shape or there is more to her. The possibility of getting that ironed out is complicated by the circumstance that she was once married to Jackie Coogan and shared in the publicity connected with Jackie's suit against his mother for an accounting of funds allegedly held for him.

In many ways the chief victim of that unfortunate episode was Betty Grable. Some quarters held firmly to the belief that she had married the young man for his money, whereas, in truth, she nearly starved to death while living with him. There was the further hint that she was hanging on to him till after the lawsuit because then she could collect before departing. The facts are that she got no alimony and only stuck with Jackie through the case for the sake of his morale. Their marriage had blown up long before that.

The Great Grable Mystery

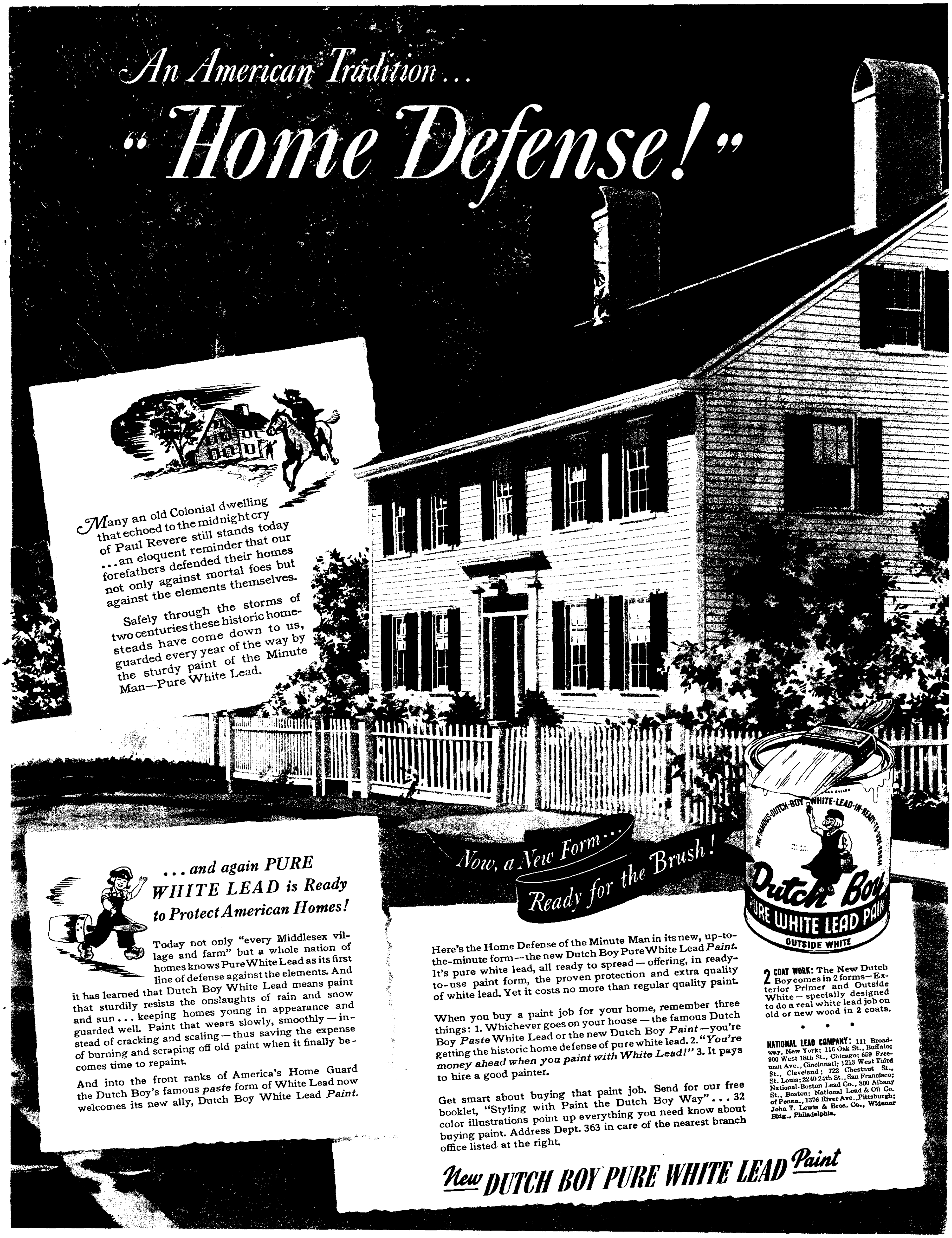
However, the general picture of Miss Grable is one of a 1941 flapper who is pretty hot stuff. When one visits her at her home with this view in mind, he gets a shock. Either Grable is a great actress and is putting on a show or she is a soft-speaking, intelligent and home-loving individual. At home, in short, she is a very nice and quiet girl who looks like somebody who might be in the same high-school sorority with your own niece.

That makes it difficult to account for her public appearances. When she arrived in New York last year for a week of vacation after she had finished Tin Pan Alley, she was accompanied by the handsome Mr. Vic Mature, her own hound dog and a smile that cast a spell of romance all over the depressing tunnels of the Grand Central Station. Surrounded by press agents, reporters, autograph seekers and bored commuters, she could have posed for a statue of glamor, tinged with a trace of allure.

"Just back to visit my old friends in DuBarry Was a Lady," she caroled to the reporters, and was properly noncommittal about Mr. Mature, who, it seems, had popped up quite unexpectedly in Chicago.

Mr. Mature kept modestly in the background, demurred politely when asked his intentions concerning Miss Grable and soon disappeared into the mists.

Having progressed this far in the odyssey of Grable, the thing still remains a mystery. Is she a typical Hollywood flaming elf or is she the demure maiden of her own drawing room? While the jury is out on this matter, we may as well go into the Grable life story with such short excursions as are necessary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The Scotch with Character

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into the Grable-Coogan romance, a vignette with a charm of its own.

Just who put the notion of a career into the young lady's head is not clear but as soon as she could waddle she was actively engaged on it. The family lived in St. Louis, where father was a prosperous stockbroker, but Betty was appearing on radio programs with Ed Lowry, Frank Fay and Jack Haley by the time she was seven. It was only a question of time till one of the family's vacations should bring them to Hollywood, and when it did Betty and Mamma knew that was the place for them. At the age of twelve she was a chorine at the Fox Studio and an old hand at the game.

"I'd dance my brains out from eight to six every day and have to be dragged away," she says.

Dancing was the thing she was aiming at and such instructors as Albertina Rasch and Ernest Belcher had whacks at her. She had cheated a little in getting the Fox contract, saying she was two years older in order to avoid the child-labor regulations but that didn't absolve her from education. Mamma took her over to the La Monte Junior High, where she lasted only a month, being sent home by a saddened principal.

"You had better take this little old woman away from here," he suggested. "She looks down on these other children as if she were a million years old."

The Double Bounce

So she went to the Hollywood Professional School and continued to get her $60 a week at Fox and knew it was only a question of time till she made the world forget about Garbo. After a year of that measly salary, she went over and exercised her wiles on Sam Goldwyn, turning up eventually in the chorus of Eddie Cantor's Whoopee along with such other beauties as Virginia Bruce, Paulette Goddard and Toby Wing.

When that was over she got the grand heave-ho from Sam and appeared next in the Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay stage production of Tattle Tales, where she was certain some movie mogul would see her and come forward with the bulky document known as a contract. Nobody came forward so she took a job singing with Ted Fio Rito's band, then the West Coast sensation. Wheeler and Woolsey picked her out of that and she had a strictly limburger part in Hold 'Em Jail. As her reward for that, she got the bounce again and turned up with Jay Whidden and his orchestra, singing and dancing at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco.

RKO signed her and put her into the Gay Divorcee, where she did that "K-nock K-nees" number with Edward Everett Horton. She stayed two years at the studio and got nowhere in a rush, being used principally for "leg" art. There were few chances to dance and her acting was entirely on the undistinguished side, so she earned her money in most part by posing for still pictures.

Paramount picked up her contract after that and immediately started her on a career of horror by lending her to Fox for Pigskin Parade, a picture that was shown all over the world and convinced nations in all climes that Americans were wacky to a degree not hitherto suspected. Because it was a college picture and a success, Paramount assumed that Grable was ripe for the universities and nothing else. When the audiences got fed up on the gay campus boys and the bouncing coeds, they also got fed up on Grable. Paramount was not to be left behind in this contest; it also got fed up—and dropped the Grable document.

It was while she was with Paramount that she married Jackie Coogan. They were very much in love and things would have been fine if they could have got enough to eat. Jackie didn't have a dime to his name and Betty was keeping her mother on the Paramount pay check. They lived on what she had left after that.

"We used to live for days on sandwiches," says Betty.

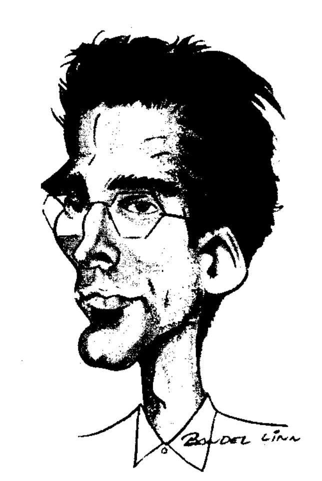
They lived in a little bungalow that had a few sticks of furniture and was so poorly furnished in general that they spent their first night sleeping on the floor because they had no bed. Things reached a pass about a year later when Betty came down one morning to find men moving the furniture out. Jackie explained that all quite simply.

"Just raising a little money," he said.

Betty went home to her mother at this juncture but the matter was later patched up and they went gaily on their married way. She was working and Jackie was not working and that made complications because young Mr. Coogan is the kindliest human being alive and a great one for picking up friends. Betty would find them all over the living room when she came down to work in the morning.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 40



Bandel Linn was born twenty-nine years ago in Crawfordsville, Ind.; now lives in Sarasota, Fla., with a wife and young daughter who can draw (he says) better than he can. In the interim he attended Wabash College and in 1930, with Cartoonist Frank Beaven, hitchhiked his way to New York where he got a toehold in the cartoon business before returning to his home town. Golf, fishing, poker and amateur radio keep him busy when he isn't drawing cartoons like that shown opposite.

Betty and Jackie went on a personal-appearance tour paying them a thousand dollars a week, but that helped them only temporarily because Jackie had a policy of spending whatever he got, no matter what that sum might happen to be.

"If we made eight hundred, he spent eight hundred," says Betty, still speaking of her ex-husband affectionately. "I still don't know where it went. But I can remember the time he brought me very proudly a new ermine coat he'd just bought for me. I asked him how much it cost and he said it was a bargain at a thousand. It was all I could do to keep from crying. It was pure skunk—just like that rug there."

Well, it couldn't go on and it didn't, and after the famous lawsuit Betty called the thing off and went on her way alone. After Paramount dropped her, she started another personal-appearance tour and this time the success and money were all hers—and they were on the fabulous side. It seemed that although the movies weren't interested in her, the public was and the loot ran up into the thousands.

This caused new interest in cinematic circles and Darryl Zanuck rushed around and "inked her to a contract," as they say in the more abstruse film circles. She agreed to the contract but insisted that she should first keep a promise to Buddy De Sylva to appear in DuBarry Was A Lady. She knew that nothing piqued a Hollywood producer more than a New York success and was willing to take the chance of doing well in a Broadway show.

Mr. Zanuck Catches On

When she started out with the show she was overshadowed by Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr, but after the first week instead of merely moving about the stage and allowing her gambs to be noticed, she was given a dance number. A week before the New York opening she was given a total of five dance numbers and was entirely exhausted on the day of the opening. Just when she had decided that she couldn't possibly go on with it, she observed Mr. Bert Lahr preparing himself for his performance.

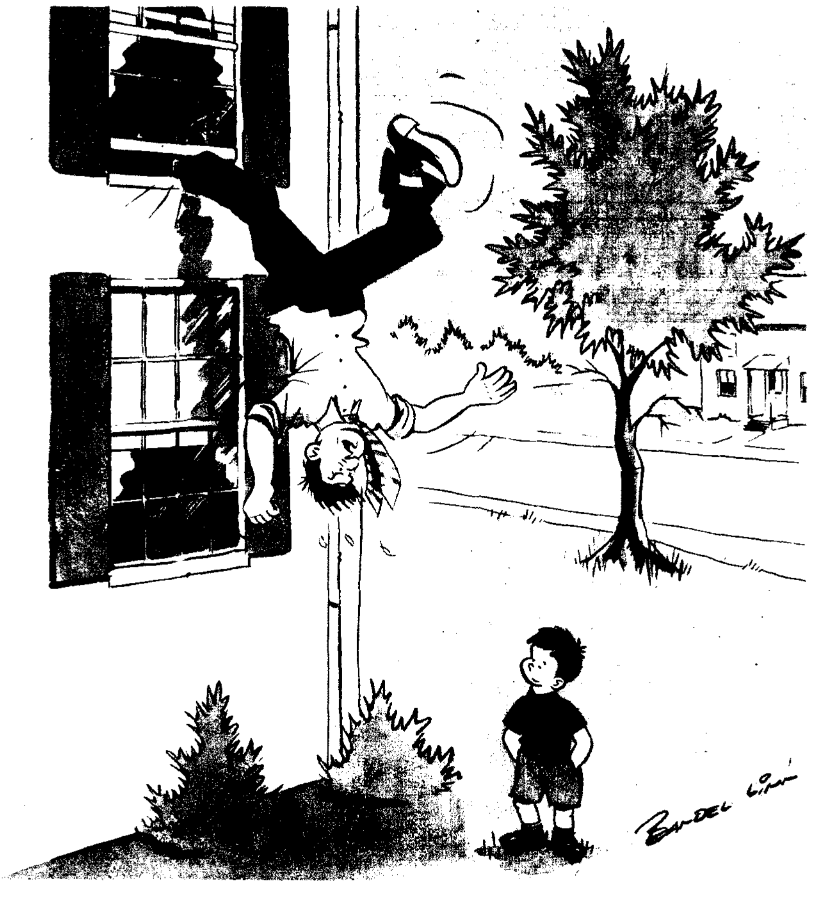
"He twisted two buttons off his coat while he stood there in the wings. I decided I couldn't be any more tired than Bert was scared."

She played eight months in DuBarry, received orchids and mountain ferns from various enamored gentlemen, toured the night clubs and got her name in all the columns, posed for more pictures showing her legs, was interviewed, invited to fancy week ends and acquired quite a reputation for herself. This beautiful idyll was shattered by a frantic message from Mr. Zanuck saying that Alice Fay was down with the pip or other ailment and the leading role in Down Argentine Way was waiting for none other than Miss Grable. Would she hie herself forward with alacrity?

She returned as something of a celebrity and was promptly queried about her habits, her views on the international situation, her notions of love and life. It turned out that she hates pajamas and always sleeps in a nightgown; she likes roast beef, fried chicken and malted milks; she seasons everything with pepper; she loses weight when she is loafing and gains it when she works; she likes to nibble on a clove of garlic if she hasn't any social engagements that night; she always reads herself to sleep, no matter what time she gets home; she sleeps under a pile of blankets in all seasons, even when the thermometer climbs to record heights in southern California; she prefers a perfume called Bellogia; she is an ardent baseball fan, plays a good game of table tennis, is such a good amateur skater that there has been some talk of allowing her to show her talent in a picture, and has never got enough of dancing, at which she is still extraordinarily good.

With these momentous tidings all recorded for history, there was nothing left for her but acting. Her role in Down Argentine Way did little for Betty's reputation and almost nothing for good will with our Southern cousins, who from last reports were considering barring the picture from Argentina on the ground of gross misrepresentation. The crowning insult seems to have been the scene where a cavalcade of gauchos ride through the streets of Buenos Aires. This is as fantastic and nonsensical, say the Argentines, as the possibility of an Indian uprising in Central Park, New York.

In any event, Miss Grable is back in pictures and is preparing herself now for The Great American Broadcast, next on the list at Twentieth Century-Fox. She is still good friends—and only good friends—with the aforementioned Mr. Mature and has no intention of marriage, being a sensible Dutch lady. She also saw her ex-husband Mr. Coogan frequently before he joined the Army—but just as a good friend.



"Well, don't stand there lookin' at me! Get the movie camera!"

BANDEL LINN

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Camera Dick

Continued from page 13

another system. It takes longer and is a bit more trouble but it invariably tells the truth.

In this second method the disputed document is irradiated with ultraviolet to such a degree that any ink lines which may have been erased from it will reappear in fluorescent, visible light strong enough, all by itself, to act upon a photographic film. In this method a filter which excludes all the reflected ultraviolet is placed over the lens of the camera.

And now, as an actual demonstration of how the camera detects a forgery, consider the experience of the young secretary Mr. William X. Smith, as we will call him. Everybody thought Billy X. was a very nice boy. His aged employer, an eccentric millionaire, was known to be very fond of him, and so no one in the bank was at all astonished when he came in and deposited to his own credit a check for $15,000. This, he mournfully explained, his dying boss had just given him. Within a few days the old man really did die. Shortly after, the grief-stricken young secretary checked a paltry two thousand out of his new bank account and went away on a trip.

A couple of months passed and the settling-up of the old gentleman's estate was well under way before that $15,000 check was again thought of. But even then no suspicion was attached to it. At any rate, it looked so good that the bank upon which it was drawn had passed it without question. Nevertheless, as a matter of routine precaution, the unemotional trust company which was acting as administrator turned it over to Mr. Edwin H. Fearon, whose large fourteen-room house is filled from cellar to attic with weird photographic equipment, and asked him to take a look at it.

Fearon did so, but not exactly as you and I would have done. We would have examined it through a powerful magnifying glass probably, and as the safety paper would have shown no sign of abrasion or discoloration, and as the typewriting in the body of the check would have appeared clear and perfect, we would have declared, as the tellers in the bank did, that it was a good, honest check that had never been tampered with.

And yet when Mr. Fearon looked at it with ultraviolet he saw and took a convincing picture of a check for only ten dollars. It had been written out in longhand and then raised with a typewriter to $15,000.

Write Your Own Figure

Mr. Fearon took four pictures of that check. First, under ordinary light he took a picture of it exactly as it looked when the bank paid it. Then with ultraviolet he took three more which show clearly what Billy X. had done to it. Using an acid which completely destroyed the color of the ink without changing the texture, the safety coloring or the safety printing of the alleged safety paper, the secretary washed out all the writing on the check except the signature. After that, now that his boss was dying, all he had to do to produce a check immune to detection by any ordinary method was to stick it in the typewriter and fill it in for the sum of $15,000.

But although his acid washed the color away it did not wash the iron substance of the ink out of the paper. Consequently, as iron has a higher fluorescence than paper, Mr. Fearon's last three photographs, taken under ultraviolet, not only show the check as it was originally written out in longhand for only $10 but also the black stains, entirely invisible to the human eye, which the acid created spreading the iron through the fibers of the paper.

The ultraviolet camera having thus trapped the clever Mr. Smith, what then happened to him? Absolutely nothing! The bank that had accepted the check didn't want any publicity given to the incident and so the young man was never prosecuted.

Most banks, especially the large ones that do not want their customers to lose confidence in them, are like that. For example, one of the largest banks in this country, finding that there was something suspicious about some of their traveler's checks, sent a sheaf of them to Mr. Fearon. They had already been cashed by a man of whom the bank had no record whatever, and Mr. Fearon was asked to solve what was to the bank an impenetrable mystery.

Artful Autographs

To the ultraviolet eye of Mr. Fearon's camera it was no mystery at all. Here again, with the safety paper utterly failing to provide safety, all the crook did was to wash out the signature of the original payee and substitute his own. Then he would present it at any bank, countersign it in the presence of the teller and walk out with the cash.

Another person is now behind the bars because of Edwin H. Fearon and a little black box. His name is Edelstein, and he was once a prosperous jewel robber. In Seattle, Edelstein did a profitable job and hastily left the city. But the love urge got him and two months later he returned to Seattle to visit his girl friend. He was seized by the police and charged with the jewel robbery. Mr. Edelstein, whose whole personality exuded respectability, was highly indignant, claiming he had registered at a prominent hotel in Lincoln, Nebraska, on the very day of the robbery. The police at once sent for the page of that date from the hotel register and, sure enough, there was the Edelstein name. Then they sent for Mr. Fearon, who arrived carrying his little black box which contains an outfit for the transmission of ultraviolet. He focused it on the hotel register and took a photograph of Mr. Edelstein's signature. That photograph told the whole story. Some time *after* committing the robbery in Seattle, Edelstein went to Lincoln, managed in some way to get possession of the page of the register for the date of the crime, erased from it with acid the name of a bona fide guest and in its place wrote his own.

Numerous other crooks who have run afoul of Mr. Fearon's fearsome photography have come to the conclusion that crime, colliding with a camera, does not pay. Sometimes they do it very hastily.

Only a short time ago, for instance, a perfectly honest lawyer called up from a courtroom where a trial involving title to a very valuable piece of real estate was in progress. He asked Fearon if he could, as a mere matter of form, certify the validity of the signature of a dead man. "Bring it out," replied Mr. Fearon, "and also bring along with you a standard signature that everyone admits is genuine."

Within half an hour the lawyer and his client arrived, bringing with them two documents the signatures of which were, in the opinion of the attorney, absolutely genuine.

"They both looked genuine," said Mr. Fearon, "and yet the instant I saw them, and placed them side by side, I smelled fraud. No one else had, not even the attorneys on the opposite side, but I did, and so I suggested to my visitors that they go away and come back in an hour. They did so, and when they returned all I could do was to hand the lawyer back his two documents and tell him that I was sorry but that I couldn't do anything for him. 'What!' he said in astonishment. 'Do you mean that you can't swear to the validity of that signature?' 'All I can do,' I answered, 'is tell you, for your own sake, that I hope the prosecuting attorney doesn't get wind of this thing.' "

"That was all," went on Mr. Fearon. "The client, of course, didn't say a word. Neither did the attorney and yet they both knew that I knew and could prove that the signature on the document had been forged. The next morning the lawyer withdrew from the case and the case itself was dropped out of court."

"How did you know it?" I asked.

For reply Mr. Fearon handed me a photograph of the two signatures just as they appeared on the two documents. One was bogus and one honest; I knew that much but I couldn't tell which was which. They looked exactly alike and I said so.

"They are exactly alike," chuckled Mr. Fearon, "and that's exactly what's the matter. And now look at the second photograph."

Trapped by a Microscope

This photograph—both were in ordinary black-and-white photography—was just like the first except that the two signatures, one above the other, now looked as if they had been written on paper cross-lined into many tiny squares. "Study that picture," said Mr. Fearon, "which I made by shooting through a scale of squares etched on a thin sheet of glass, and you will find that there isn't a difference of even a hundredth of an inch in any particular in those two signatures. They are the same length to a hair's width, the letters are the same height, they are spaced at exactly the same distance, their slants are absolutely identical. Now it is impossible for anyone to sign his name twice without having some slight variation show somewhere. Naturally it follows that this perfection of similarity is conclusive proof that the contested signature was *traced* from the one that is admittedly genuine."

The next specimens to emerge from the Fearon files was a will. It had been found, after the death of an old woman, wrapped in oiled silk and strapped to her leg. Obviously she had not wanted anyone to know she had written a will, but one of her sons had managed to get hold of it long enough to write into it, above her signature, a few lines disinheriting the rest of the family and giving him the entire estate. Curiously, the son didn't deny having made the interlineations. "Certainly," he testified, "I wrote those lines at the time Mother made the will, and after they were in there she signed it." Photographs taken microscopically, however, with some of Mr. Fearon's equipment, proved that the young man was a liar. When presented to the jury, greatly enlarged, the photographs showed clearly that the lines in question had been written in long after the paper had been folded.

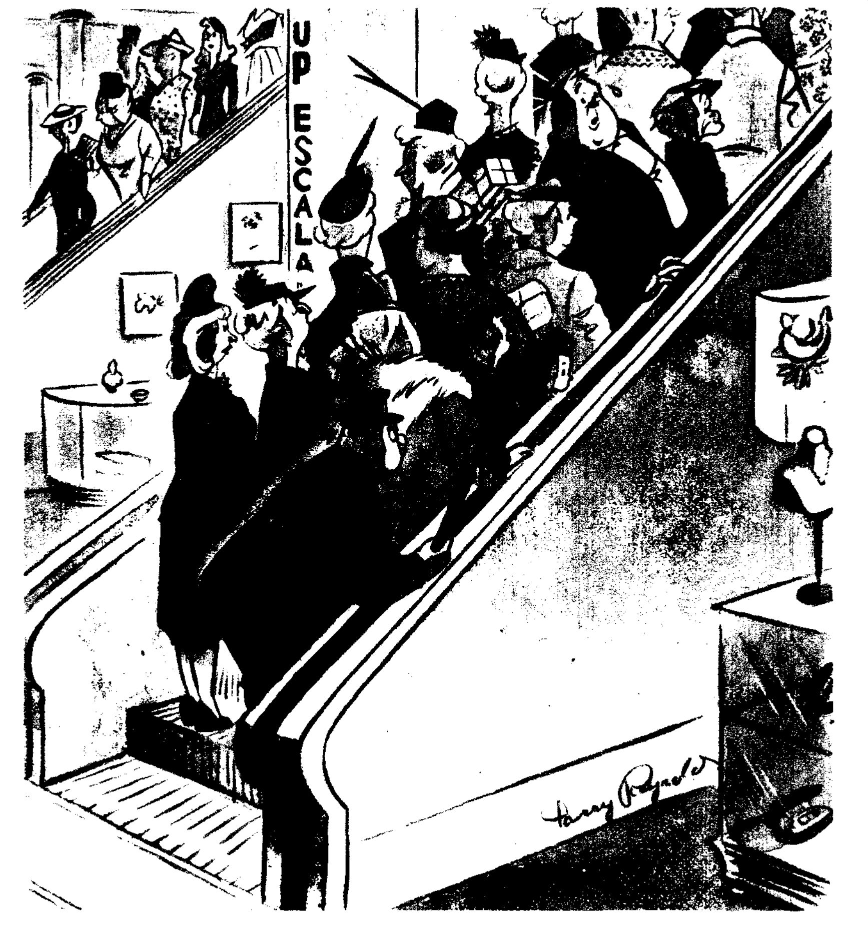
Mr. Fearon has a keen sense of dramatic values and thoroughly enjoys his work. Naturally, when he is constantly having experiences such as the following:

I picked up on his desk a photographic enlargement of the single word, "killed" and asked him about it.

"That one word," he said, "is convincing proof to me that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. In that instance it was fatal. Over in a farming county in Ohio an old man and his wife were found dead. In the old man's hand was a pistol, while on the dresser, as the only specimen of his handwriting in existence, was a suicide note in which he stated that as they were both old and tired he had first killed his wife and then killed himself. The couple was neither rich nor prominent and so no importance would have been attached to their death had it not been that at about the same time a friend of theirs was arrested. This man was charged with having set fire to fourteen barns in the neighborhood within the few preceding weeks. That coincidence caused the sheriff to send for me, show me the suicide note and ask my opinion. I could form none because there was no writing available with which I could compare it. However, I urged the sheriff to suggest to the prisoner that he write the judge demanding that the indictment against him be killed because of lack of evidence.

The prisoner did so, and his writing of that word "killed" as you see it in that photograph, tallied accurately with the same word as it appeared twice in the suicide note. When all three were thrown on a screen in the courtroom, he broke down and confessed that he had murdered his old friends because they knew a little too much about his activities as a pyromaniac."

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



Lights, Camera—Conviction

So much for Mr. Fearon's cases and now for his equipment. Mr. Fearon either made much of it himself or had it made according to his own designs. In his array of light filters Mr. Fearon has every color that the camera makers produce in glass. But that isn't enough for him. Apparently what he needs is an infinite range in tints of all colors, and so he has had made for himself one single filter which answers all requirements. It's very simple, being merely a hollow glass disk which he fills with water tinted to any color the emergency demands. Another instrument Mr. Fearon devised, and which he believes enables him to take better ultraviolet pictures than anybody else in the business, regulates the intensity of the ultraviolet rays. He has two of these, a large one in his office and a portable one in the black box with which he sent Mr. Edelstein to the penitentiary. Down in the cellar, as well as in the attic of the Fearon home, are darkrooms for developing and printing in which enlargements, for courtroom use, up to three by five feet can be made.

I saw some of these enlargements in which single, typed letters had been blown up to a height of several inches. Typewriters having faulty type, which is easily identified, have sent many criminals to jail, but that's mere kindergarten stuff to Mr. Fearon. He showed me a large book containing complete keyboard specimens taken from every model of every make of typewriter used in this country in the last thirty years. He also has a very intricate scale of squares and angles so delicately etched on a sheet of glass that, under magnification, it will show variations of a five hundredth of an inch. "By using this scale," he then said, "through which I photograph a typewritten document, and then by comparing the picture with the specimens in that book, I can almost invariably tell not only the make of the typewriter used but very frequently the model and the year it was made. Couple that with the fact that plain white papers show very different characteristics under ultraviolet, and it automatically follows that anyone forging a typewritten document lays himself wide open to detection by photography."

I agree wholeheartedly with that statement. I even augment it. Having spent a day with Mr. Fearon I hereby publicly renounce all aim, hope, desire and ambition ever to become a forger. I advise everyone to do likewise because now that cameras are equipped with ultraviolet eyes from which no secrets are hidden it is a business that will not pay.

SAVES SUNKEN SUB BUT FLUNKS FINGERNAIL TEST!

SO I'M A HERO! But all I could think of was getting that diving helmet off so I could scratch my head. When I did, my fingernails showed a scalpful of loose, scaly dandruff. And me with a heavy date ashore!

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How Germans Take It

Continued from page 15

writings had been on the liberal side, and Anna-Lisa lost a job because she made a fuss about having her *Winterhilf* collection deducted from her salary. She wanted that extra money for a new pair of dancing shoes. Frau Tinckler's *Mutterkreuz* was the only tangible thing they ever got from the Nazis.

All of the Tinckler family entered the war in a blue funk. At the beginning Frau Tinckler had belligerent moments when her medaled bosom heaved impressively at the prospect of humbling the proud British. Then she remembered that Werner would have to fight, and Werner was the family's hope. The day he went off to his regiment her moments of belligerency ended. She talked less after that and ate less and grew pale and irritable, and quarrels with Erika and Anna-Lisa became frequent.

All this seems a long time ago. I met the Tincklers in October of 1939, soon after I reached Berlin at the beginning of the war. They seemed pleased to meet an American even if he was an agent of what Dr. Goebbels was calling the "warmongering American press." It gave them a sense of contact with the outside world which they all liked, except young Herman who was suspicious. And when they got to know me they liked even better the occasional pound of butter or piece of cheese which I could spare from the weekly package I, as a foreign correspondent, was permitted to import from Denmark.

Werner liked to practice his high-school English with me and discussed affairs of the world with considerable intelligence and rationality. When the family gathered around the piano after dinner, his favorite tunes were Tipperary and Smiles. He played the Horst Wessel song once at my request because I had never heard it, but never on his own initiative.

The First Bad Winter

The worst parts of the war for the Tincklers were the beginning, and the outset terrified them. The victory over Poland relieved them of a prewar fear of Polish bombers over Berlin but didn't persuade them that the great French army could be conquered by the new German army, particularly since the French lay behind the Maginot Line. They were terrified of the British blockade and almost the first question they asked me was whether America would come into the war.

The first winter seemed to confirm their fears. Werner was called up just before Christmas. It got bitterly cold. The pile of pressed coal-dust bricks stacked neatly alongside the kitchen stove dwindled and no more could be had. They stopped using the living room and kept a fire going all day only in the kitchen. By Christmas green vegetables, even cabbage, had completely disappeared and potatoes had begun to run short.

They managed to stretch out the meat ration by buying soft sausages instead of real meat—the kind of sausage that you scrape out of the skin with a knife and spread on a slice of bread. They were registered at their local store for fish and poultry, but the family number for these extras didn't come up once all winter. The only time they tasted chicken was when Werner came home on leave and I took him with Erika and Anna-Lisa to one of the expensive restaurants where people with plenty of money could get things which are almost unknown to the ordinary German.

That first leave of Werner's was the one bright spot of the winter. He was healthy and looked much straighter and stronger than when he went away. And he was still in a training camp so Frau Tinckler didn't have to worry so much. But that was offset in late January when I unexpectedly got leave to come home to America for a short vacation. They were sure it meant America was coming into the war.

When I got back to Berlin in April the Tincklers were about the same. My return relieved them of the immediate fear of America coming in, and the snow had finally melted away and they were getting cabbage and potatoes again. Erika said, "We Germans will never go through another winter like this last one." During those days I saw Hitler's picture turned face down on the piano more than once until an angry, red-faced mother put it upright again, but without saying anything. She muttered too when Erika asked me, "What is the difference between Germany and Russia?" and supplied the answer, "It's colder in Russia."

The lowest moment of the Tinckler family morale came the day Germany invaded Denmark and Norway. They had invited me to lunch that day. I went first to the special press conference where Von Ribbentrop in person announced that a diabolic British plot to seize those countries had been frustrated by swifter German action. He, of course, omitted the fact that German troop ships had been embarked before the British expeditionary force left port.

I found a sad group at the Thunstrasse apartment. Even the fabulous pound of butter tucked under my arm as a special treat passed unnoticed. The three older children had all been among those who were received and fed by Norwegians after the Armistice in 1918. The Tincklers were bitterly ashamed, and, what is even more, frightened. They had America more than ever in their minds, and Anna-Lisa said, "I guess we've done everything now we can to lose the war."

I didn't see the Tincklers for some time. After I had heard the guns of Verdun fire their last shots on the night of the armistice and followed the German trail to Paris and examined the forts of the Maginot Line, smashed from the rear but unscarred on their eastern faces, and gone back to Berlin, the phone rang one day and Erika's excited voice told me they had had a letter from Werner. He was in France, was unharmed and would be home on leave the next day. Could I, she asked, give them some extra meat cards and bring some butter and chocolate for a welcome-home party? And perhaps, she suggested hopefully, I might be able to find a little coffee. I promised everything but the coffee, that being more than even a foreign correspondent could "organize" in Berlin at that time.

The Good Soldier Werner

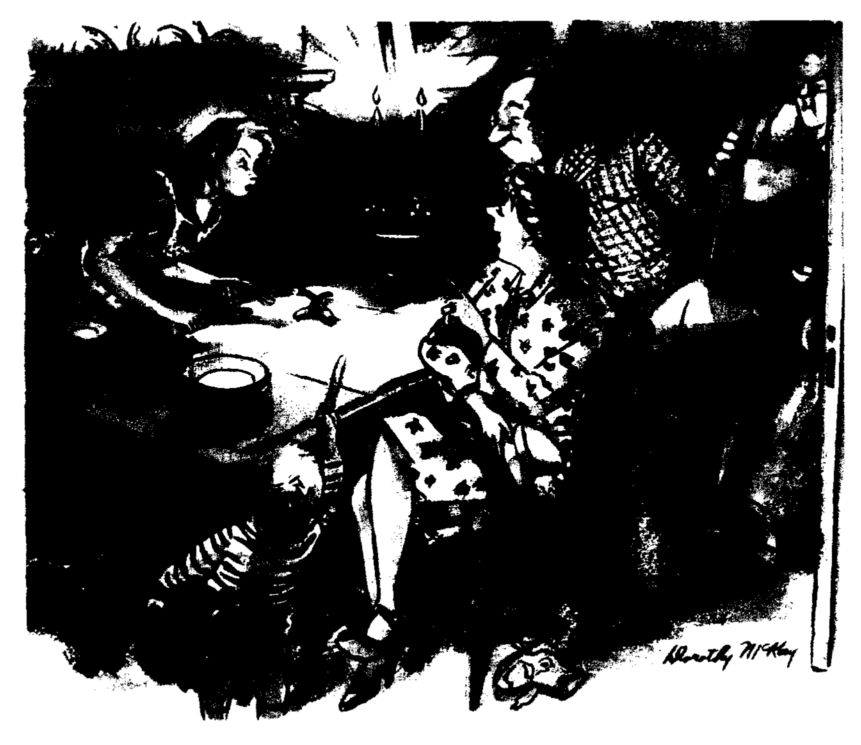
The homecoming party was a happy one for the Tincklers. They found they didn't need my coffee. Werner had brought a whole pound back from France. More than that, he had perfume and silk stockings and silk nightgowns for the sisters, and tea and chocolate and soap. And he told glowing tales of how easy it had all been and how much fun he had had with his comrades.

Frau Tinckler listened to it all with pride and joy, particularly when he began describing how the French people acted toward him. He had gone right down to the armistice demarcation line and was billeted in a small town. He said he found a French family who gave him a wonderful dinner every day.

Werner didn't stay home for his full leave. He seemed anxious to get back to his unit and the good French cooking and all the things he could buy in France with his German marks which were worth 20 francs each there. Berlin bored him.

The war began to seem brighter to the Tincklers. Every week, regularly, a package arrived from Werner. There were tea and chocolate and coffee and beautifully scented cakes of soap and dozens of pairs of silk stockings, and all kinds of silk underwear for the sisters and even a big, hard sausage—the kind you could slice and that tasted like real sausage, not like lard.

There were other good things that summer in Berlin too. The Tincklers hadn't been able to afford a Persian melon from Holland since before the in-



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flation. But they came in great barges on the canals last summer, along with big black grapes from Belgium and beautiful asparagus and green beans and peas and peaches from Dutch hothouses—all at prices the Tincklers could pay. And they got fish several times during July and August that came down from Norway, and sometimes they got as many as two eggs a week for each one and the fat ration was all butter and no margarine. And in August they were able to buy bacon from Denmark—their first bacon since the war began.

Anna-Lisa had found a better job at the propaganda ministry and Erika was getting more money because all the men in her office had gone away and she had more important work to do. They couldn't find much to spend their money for besides food and, actually, had a family surplus on hand.

Besides—everyone said the war would be over before winter.

They began putting up big ceremonial parade stands in the Pariser Platz, ornamented with huge gilded Nazi emblems.

Even the black-out at night didn't seem so trying after a year of practice. People had begun to forget that streets had ever been lighted. They learned how to keep from bumping into one another by listening to footsteps. The wooden-soled shoes that many women were wearing by this time made it easier. Frau Tinckler didn't complain any more over the two- and three-hour waits in line at the grocers. She got all her gossiping in that way and it helped pass the time.

Altogether, the Tincklers began to see how Hitler planned the war. They wanted more new clothes than their "point cards" permitted them to get, but by keeping the old ones mended they managed to maintain an appearance of respectability. And from Werner's reports, war wasn't so unpleasant even at the front.

War Becomes a Reality

But the picture was marred slightly for the Tincklers on the night of August 26th. The unbelievable and the impossible happened. The sirens went off that night in earnest, and a few English bombs dropped on a Berlin that then had no air-raid shelters except the ordinary basements of buildings and underground railroad stations too near the surface for comfort. The very occasional sandbags with grass shoots sprouting from them took on significance for the first time.

But it must have been a fluke, the Tincklers argued. The English couldn't possibly get through all the antiaircraft defenses of Berlin which Berliners had been told were impregnable. When nothing happened on the next two nights, Erika could take it calmly enough, asking me facetiously if I had heard that General Goering was dead. He had said earlier in the war that "if any English bombers ever reached Berlin it would be over his dead body."

But the English came again on the 29th and again on the 30th and the 31st and on September 1st. On September 3d they came even closer to the Tincklers. A bomb came through the front of an apartment house only four numbers down the street and went straight through the main floor into the air-raid shelter and killed everyone in it. And bombers came on the next three nights and kept hitting all around the Thunstrasse area because there were some big electrical works there and before the month was out they had knocked two of these plants completely out of business, smashing a dozen apartment houses in the area in the process.

The Tincklers had to change their daily schedule. They all arranged to get home early and eat dinner at six instead of the usual Berlin eight. They went to bed at eight and got as much sleep as they could before the usual air raid, and then they had to go into the cellar because in Berlin your property and life insurance is only valid if you are in a shelter when the bomb strikes. And life in the shelter was rather unpleasant. The air-raid warden was something of a local tyrant, forbidding conversation on the theory that it would consume too much oxygen. Despite the prohibition, there were rows over petty things, and a big row when the Nazi block leader protested at having the pure air polluted by the presence of one aged Jewish couple who had hugged a rear wall unobtrusively. A compromise was finally reached by allowing the Jewish couple to occupy the most dangerous spot in the cellar, just under the window grating, but the affair left its mark.

Where Will It All End?

Even then the war still did not seem so bad to the Tincklers because everyone knew that England was going to be conquered before November 1st. That was the last and final deadline and it was only a question whether it would come sooner or not. The rumor that an invasion attempt had been thrown back on September 15th with the loss of 60,000 German lives gave them one day of concern, but they accepted the press statement that it was only another piece of lying British propaganda and they had less faith in English news when the BBC claimed that the Potsdamer railroad station in Berlin had been destroyed. They hadn't heard any planes over Berlin that particular night, but they went to look at the station the next day just to be sure. It stood quite untouched.

I left the Tincklers and Berlin in that fairly confident mood in mid-October for Switzerland and Vichy. I didn't see them again until after New Year's when Hitler promised them final victory in 1941. That promise seemed to make up for the fact that England still wasn't conquered. Further, the winter was much less severe than the previous one.

In late January came another joyful phone call. Werner was in Berlin unexpectedly. I arranged the usual dinner at a good restaurant for the occasion and hurried off to meet the whole family to see how its warrior member was taking it. There was a surprise. For the first time Werner suggested that he had had about enough. The house where he had been fed was no longer open to German soldiers. The coffee and chocolate and silk stockings had all long since been bought out by his comrades. The French were beginning to be resentful.

Werner was not going back to France. He was on his way through Berlin to the east, perhaps Poland or Hungary. He wasn't sure which, but he felt that there were still many more battles to be fought in spite of all those already won. Where was the end of the road and what were all these remarks in the papers about President Roosevelt and why do the Dutch and Norwegians hate Germany so much now?

I didn't answer his questions as frankly as in the past. I had a cable in my pocket from my editor telling me to come home. Several of my ablest colleagues had already left. I couldn't quite bring myself that day to add to their worries by letting them know that I was leaving.

When I left Berlin two weeks later I packed up some of my old clothes and posted them to the Tincklers and wrote a note saying I was going home for a vacation and would be seeing them again in two or three months. But I didn't have the heart to say my farewells in person, and there had been no more packages from Denmark, even for foreign correspondents, since early December, so I couldn't give them any butter or cheese.

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REGENT CIGARETTES
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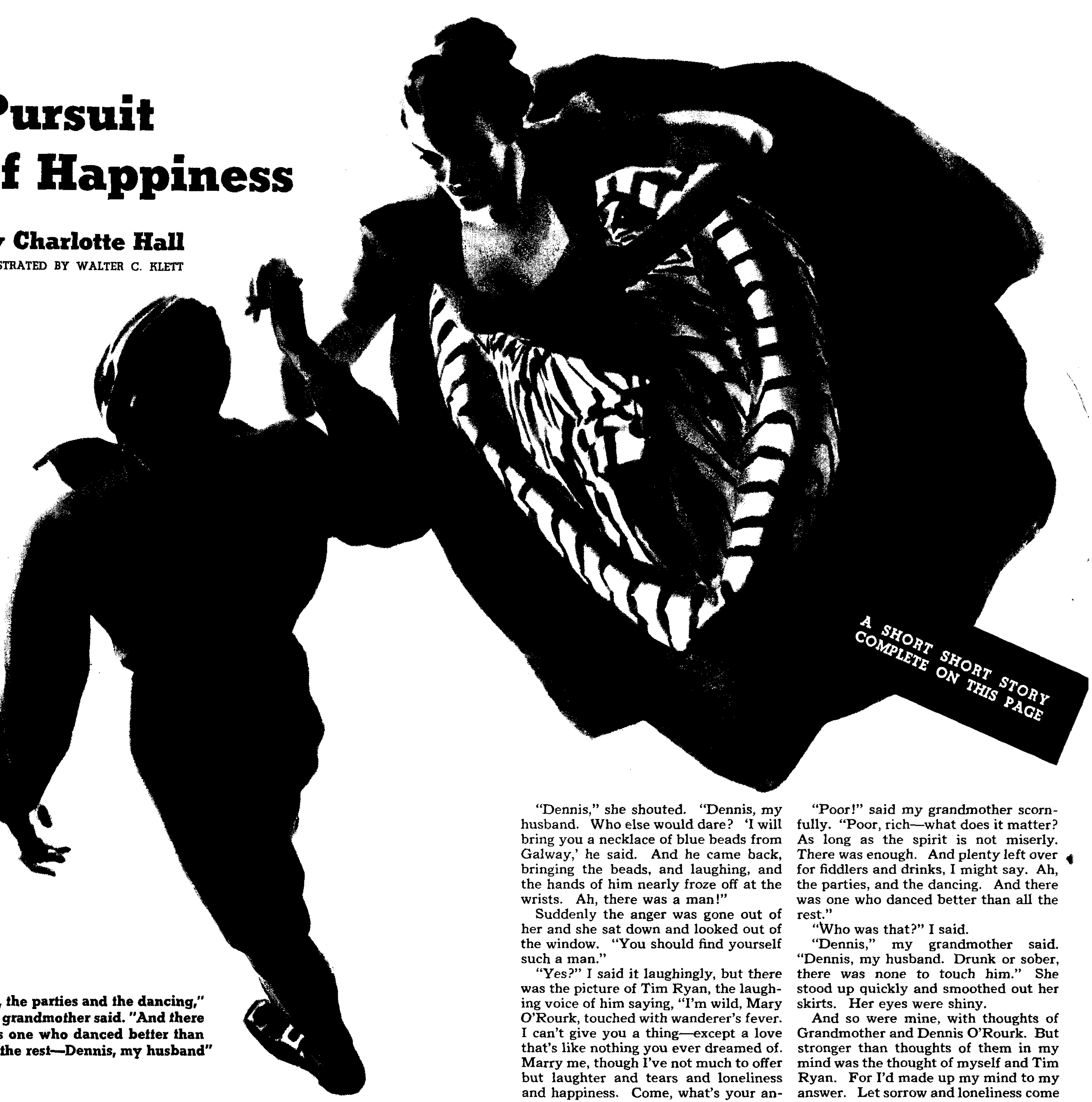
Pursuit of Happiness

By Charlotte Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Ah, the parties and the dancing," my grandmother said. "And there was one who danced better than all the rest—Dennis, my husband"

MY GRANDMOTHER O'Rourk came into the room and switched on the lights. I was sitting with a book in my lap, though it was not the book I was seeing but the good-for-nothing Tim Ryan. In my mind it was the curly black head, the big shoulders, the mocking gypsy eyes of Tim Ryan.

But then my grandmother came in and drove out the evening shadows. She walked around the room, muttering to herself in Gaelic, her eyes too inquisitive for my liking. "Are you going out with that young man Tim Ryan again tonight?" she asked of a sudden.

"Yes," I said. "I am going out with Tim Ryan."

"Well," my grandmother said, "I should say it was time that you gave him an answer."

I pretended to be absorbed in my reading until, after a few minutes of silence, she could stand it no longer. "Books, books," she exclaimed scornfully. "What is it you find in them?"

When my grandmother gets the sharpness in her tongue there is no way of ignoring her. I said, "Oh, I don't know, Grandmother. Sometimes there is laughter and love in them, and sorrow and bitterness. And sometimes something that helps you live."

"Live!" My grandmother's voice shook with impatience. "When I was your age I didn't need anyone telling me how to live, I can tell you."

I said nothing, flicking the pages of my book impatiently.

"Laughter and love," Grandmother O'Rourk exclaimed in a high voice. "In all the West Country there was no one who knew the meaning of either like Dennis, my husband."

I LOOKED up from my book with amazement. "You mean Grandfather Dennis O'Rourk?" I asked sharply.

"And why not?" Her eyes met mine hard and defiantly. Then they softened. "Ah, those were the days. There was no sitting at counters and listening to dead music out of boxes then, I can tell you. There was drinking and laughter and dancing aplenty, and love-making, too. "Ah," she sighed, "in the dead of winter he went to Galway. Rowed all the way in a currach, he did that."

"Who?" I said.

"Dennis," she shouted. "Dennis, my husband. Who else would dare? 'I will bring you a necklace of blue beads from Galway,' he said. And he came back, bringing the beads, and laughing, and the hands of him nearly froze off at the wrists. Ah, there was a man!"

Suddenly the anger was gone out of her and she sat down and looked out of the window. "You should find yourself such a man."

"Yes?" I said it laughingly, but there was the picture of Tim Ryan, the laughing voice of him saying, "I'm wild, Mary O'Rourk, touched with wanderer's fever. I can't give you a thing—except a love that's like nothing you ever dreamed of. Marry me, though I've not much to offer but laughter and tears and loneliness and happiness. Come, what's your answer to that?" And later, when I tried to talk seriously, "Ah, put off your sour face and your talk of money, Mary O'Rourk, and come kiss me." And how could I tell him, then, that there were other things in the world that I wanted? Things no Tim Ryan would understand.

"Seven children I bore him," Grandmother O'Rourk said. "And half the time him off the devil knew where in some trouble." She sighed. "It was lonely enough. But when he came back, the laughter more than made up for the tears, I can tell you."

I closed my eyes. There was Tim Ryan's face, his eyes gone suddenly hard against me, and his voice saying, "Well, what *is* it you want, Mary O'Rourk? Are you afraid? Come, answer me. Yes or no, is it?"

My grandmother muttered in Gaelic, sighing. "Ah, and to be kissed by Dennis O'Rourk was to be lost in a world of fire. Pity it is there's not one left like him, not here or in the old country."

I blushed, remembering Tim Ryan's lips hard against mine, and the strength of him.

"Were you poor?" I asked of a sudden in spite of myself.

"Poor!" said my grandmother scornfully. "Poor, rich—what does it matter? As long as the spirit is not miserly. There was enough. And plenty left over for fiddlers and drinks, I might say. Ah, the parties, and the dancing. And there was one who danced better than all the rest."

"Who was that?" I said.

"Dennis," my grandmother said. "Dennis, my husband. Drunk or sober, there was none to touch him." She stood up quickly and smoothed out her skirts. Her eyes were shiny.

And so were mine, with thoughts of Grandmother and Dennis O'Rourk. But stronger than thoughts of them in my mind was the thought of myself and Tim Ryan. For I'd made up my mind to my answer. Let sorrow and loneliness come as they would. There would also be laughter and love—and Tim Ryan.

OF a sudden I went over and kissed Grandmother O'Rourk, and I saw she was crying.

I thought again of the picture my mother had shown me once in an album—of a man in a high, tight collar, a man with thin hair plastered low on his forehead, and with a prim little mustache and timid eyes. I remembered things my mother had told me.

"You're crying," I said in a strange voice, and slowly, for the thought was still new to me, "you're crying, Grandmother, not for the real Dennis O'Rourk who is dead, but for the one who never was."

She turned on me suddenly. "Dennis O'Rourk was a good man," she shouted defiantly.

"Yes," I said softly.

I knew from my mother that Dennis O'Rourk was a good man. He had given her everything. A home, children, a regular pay check. Everything—except happiness and tears and laughter and love. And a necklace of blue beads from Galway.

"Psst, Bud! Take these out and get a Talon fastener!"

Poor Mr. Smith! He's been *in conference* all afternoon with a faulty slide fastener!

When he bought that suit last Fall he thought all 22 brands of slide fasteners were alike . . .

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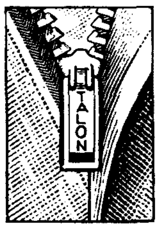

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the dependable
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**Based on the thousands expressing a preference in surveys by 43 leading stores*

A Fine Time was had by Al

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

What every young actor should know, or how to get a break in motion pictures. This is the year's most important success formula for the movies

ONE day I was sitting in my office wondering what to do about the rent. Harry Lowe came in without knocking. I hadn't seen him since school, which meant nearly six years. We shook hands and went through some pleasantries and Harry sat down on my desk.

He had just come in from New York, he said. I knew that. I knew he had been playing a minor part in a third-rate play on Broadway and that the show had closed for lack of patronage and other reasons. He never had been in Hollywood before.

He said, "Jeff, get me into the movies."

"You can't act," I said.

He lit a cigarette. "I don't have to," he said. "Do you think I'm that dumb about Hollywood? You meet somebody at a party, maybe give a big producer a tip on a horse, wear a purple shirt and stand on your head. Something like that. Next day your contract is signed, sealed and wrapped in cellophane. Seven years, nothing down and a thousand a week."

I said, "Harry, I'm sorry, but you been reading the wrong columns. Hollywood has changed, boy, you take it from me. They got too much money invested."

"That's what you say," he said.

"Well, I live here," I reminded him.

He got off the desk and started to walk around. He stopped and looked at me. "Listen," he said, "why did you say I can't act? How did that subject come up? What do you mean, I can't act? I've just been on Broadway, man."

"I know it," I said. "I read the trade papers. Also," I said, "I read the reviews."

Harry sat down on the desk again, looking a little sick.

"I didn't mean anything," I said.

He looked around the office. "How many clients you got?" he asked me.

"I've only been in business ten days," I said. "I left the Examiner a week ago last Monday. And the woods around Hollywood are crowded with press agents."

He took a deep puff of his cigarette, looked at the end of it a moment, then crushed it out in my ash tray. "Jeff," he said, "I hunted you up the minute I got to town. You're the only person here I know." He looked me straight in the eye. "Help me."

Hell, Harry had always been all right. I felt my face relax. "What do you want me to do, Harry?" I said.

"Well, I got to do things fast or not at all. I hitchhiked here from Chicago, Jeff, to save money enough to carry me through one quick try at Hollywood. If I sign up with a talent agent, all I do is sit down and wait for a phone call, which won't come, and eat up my money. I got to crash the thing right away or no soap."

I looked at the ceiling. "You got any ideas?" I said.

"Well, I've talked to some of the boys who have been out here. They say the thing to do is go out to Palm Springs for a week end, make a few spots there, the El Mirador swimming pool and the bar, meet a few picture producers, maybe pick up a couple babes whose uncle—"

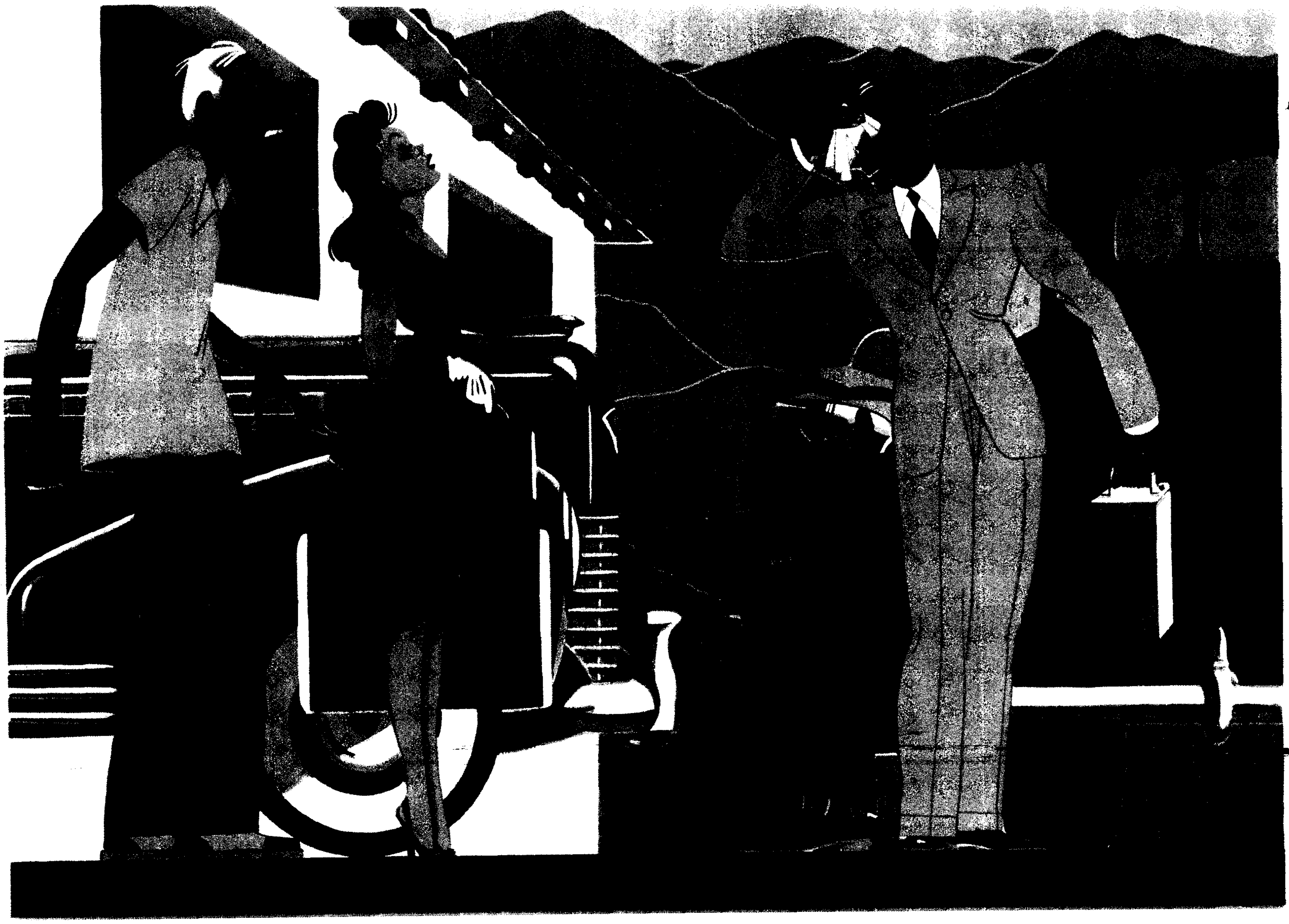
"The season's just closing at Palm Springs," I said. "Nobody's there, and it's mighty hot on the desert."

"We could try," he said.

"Anyway," I said, "why do you want me along? I don't know any production people. I deal with the newspapers, for my clients. I mean I will when I—"

"I can't do a thing like that alone," Harry said. "With the two of us, we could get a nice notice in the local trades. 'Harry Lowe, out from a strenuous Broadway run to rest up at Palm Springs, conferring there with his agent, Jeff Waters, on several movie offers.' Something like that. Wouldn't do either of us any harm. I'll give you ten per cent of my first year's contract, Jeff. And—"

The phone rang. I answered it. It was the office furniture people again. I

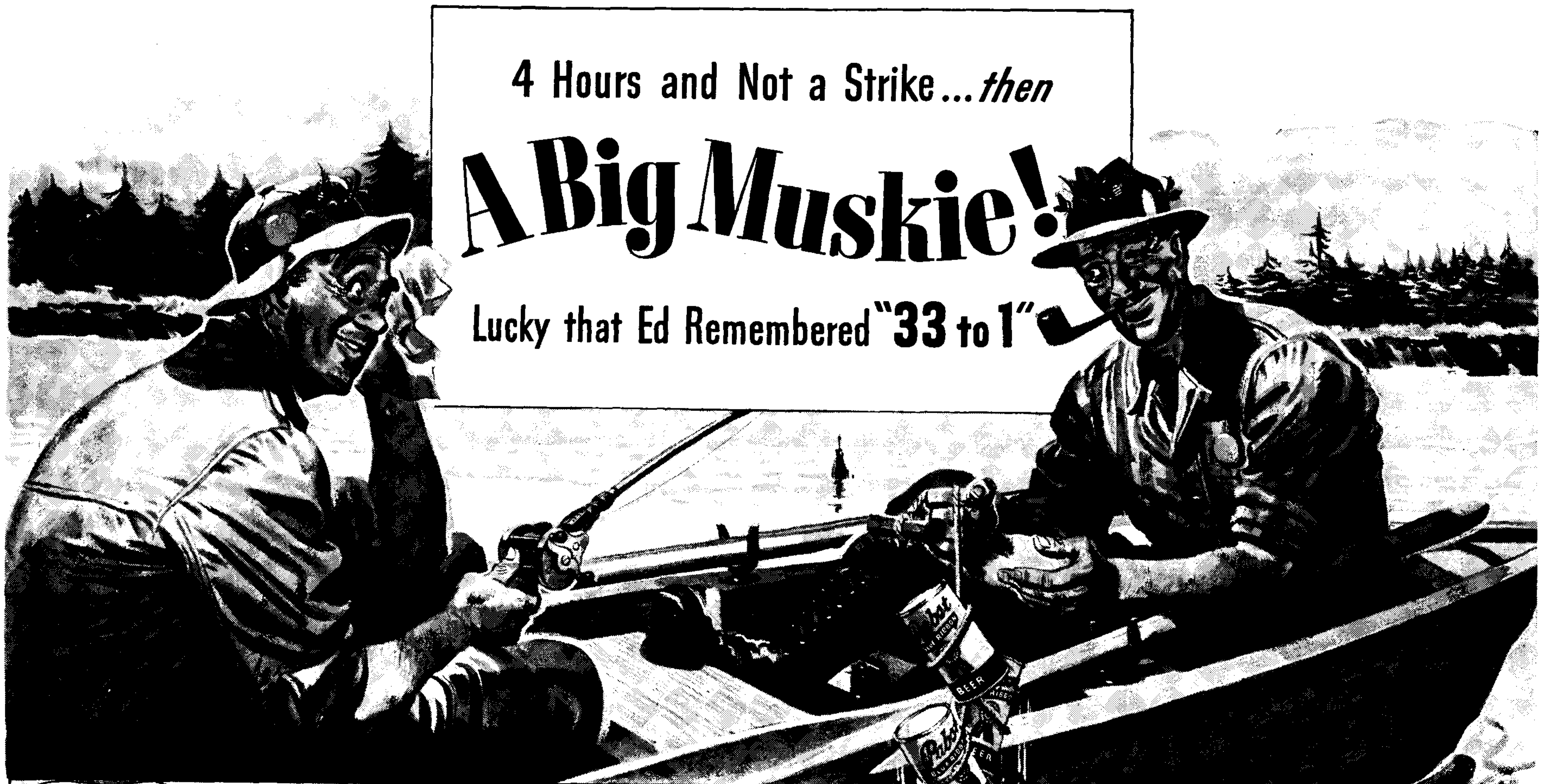


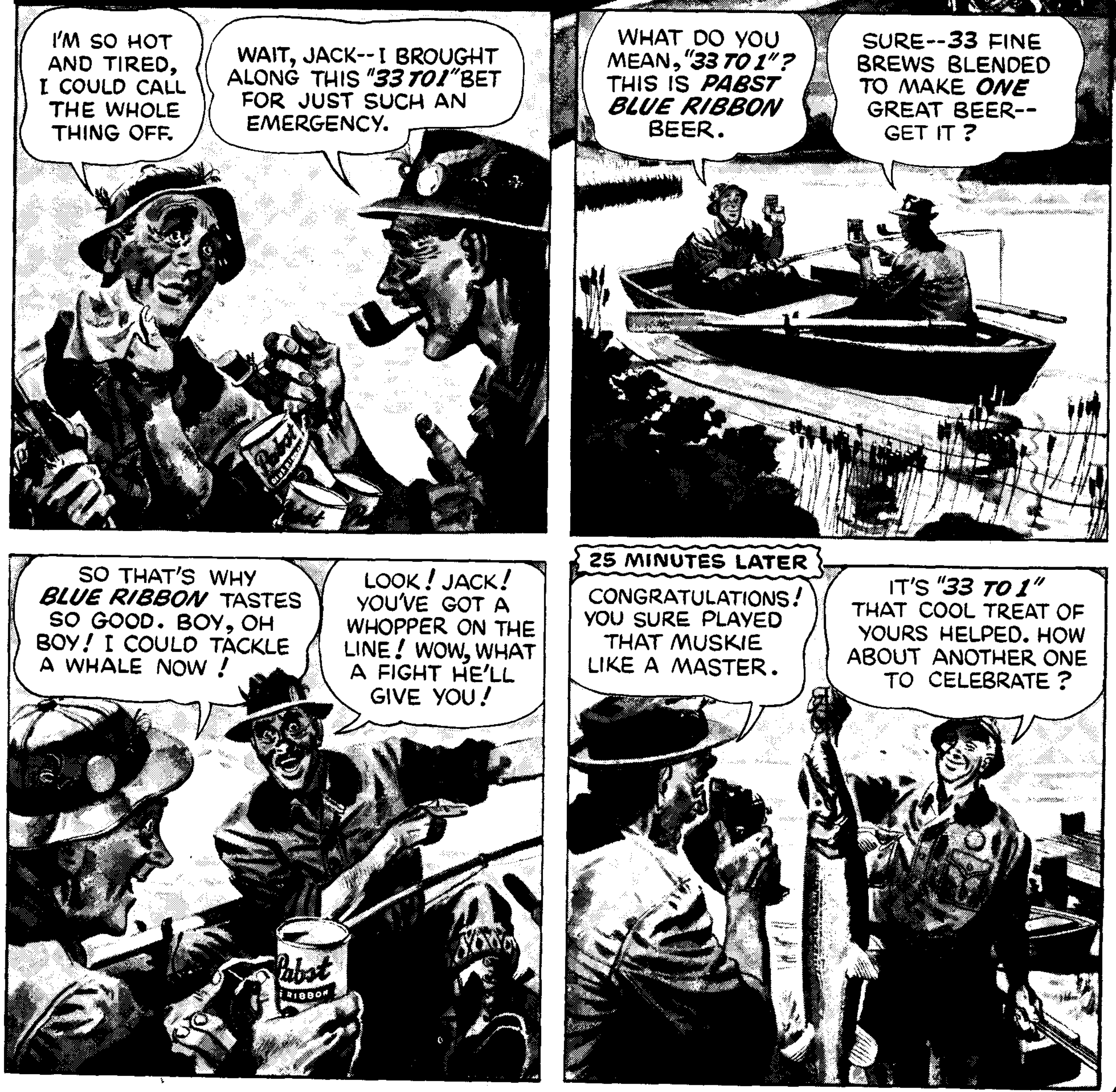
"When you run out of gas," Harry said wearily, "you don't choose your stopping place. You pull off the road"

4 Hours and Not a Strike ... *then*

A Big Muskie!

Lucky that Ed Remembered "33 to 1"




I'M SO HOT AND TIRED, I COULD CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF.
WAIT, JACK--I BROUGHT ALONG THIS "33 TO 1" BET FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "33 TO 1"? THIS IS PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER.
SURE--33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER--GET IT?
SO THAT'S WHY BLUE RIBBON TASTES SO GOOD. BOY, OH BOY! I COULD TACKLE A WHALE NOW!
LOOK! JACK! YOU'VE GOT A WHOPPER ON THE LINE! WOW, WHAT A FIGHT HE'LL GIVE YOU!
25 MINUTES LATER
CONGRATULATIONS! YOU SURE PLAYED THAT MUSKIE LIKE A MASTER.
IT'S "33 TO 1" THAT COOL TREAT OF YOURS HELPED. HOW ABOUT ANOTHER ONE TO CELEBRATE?

Gosh! Blending 33 Brews sure makes this ONE delicious beer!

Man, what flavor — what smoothness — what sparkle! How does Pabst do it? By blending *33* fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon Beer a goodness that *never* varies. Costly to do? Sure. But that's what makes it "33 to 1" — your lucky catch—your smartest bet in beer. Today — enjoy a glass, and *prove* it!

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Blended 33 to 1

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

IT'S SMOOTHER . . . IT'S TASTIER . . . IT NEVER VARIES

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You can't trust your eyes—or your lights
WHEN "OILY FILM" CLOUDS YOUR WINDSHIELD

NIGHT-TIME IS ACCIDENT-TIME! Remember, ⅔ of the fatal accidents occur after dark. Don't let a dirty, film-fogged windshield lead you into danger. Keep the glass *clean* with Bon Ami Cake.

You'll find this handy *cake* cleanser makes short work of road dust, dirt and sticky stains. Leaves your windshield *polished crystal-clear* and free from oily film. Use Bon Ami regularly.

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"hasn't scratched yet!"

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said no a few times and listened a little and squirmed a little and hung up.

"It'll be a nice change of scenery for you," Harry said. He glanced at the phone. "Get away from it all for a few days."

I took a deep breath. "Okay," I said.

"We'll use your car," he said, "fifty-fifty on the gas."

"The tires are the biggest expenses in the long run," I reminded him. "And wear and tear on the engine."

"A cent a mile," he said.

"All right," I said.

"Split between us," he said. "Half a cent each."

"All right," I said.

We went out on Saturday.

EVERYTHING went along all right except about the gas. We lost track. I mean Harry lost track. He bought the first gas and I bought the second and when we were almost there it was his turn again. I mentioned it. He said I was nuts; he said he had bought twice in a row. I said I bought the second time. He said no, he bought both times. I showed him the change from my five dollars. He said I must have got that change yesterday. I told him he was crazy.

"Anyway," he said, "we've got only ten miles to go. We can get there, Jeff, and sit down and figure it up."

"The gauge is nearly empty," I said.

"They made the gauges that way on purpose, in these old models," he said. "When it says empty you got a couple gallons. We can make it, easy."

We almost did.

Coming into Palm Springs I tried to take a short cut through an outlying residential district, to get into town and to a gas station quicker. I had scarcely turned off the highway when the engine began to pop and buck, and I pulled over to the side of the street and it quit.

"This car certainly eats up gas," Harry said in a loud voice, in the midst of the silence.

"Come on," I said, "the argument's over." I set the brake and we got out and I locked the doors. We had our desert sports clothes hanging up in the rear of the car. I looked around. We had stopped close to a large, Moorish-style house, built flush with the street.

Harry and I started walking down the street, or road, which turned sharply just ahead of us. It hadn't seemed hot in the car, but now the desert hit us with a wave of heat that you could feel on your eyeballs. It came in from all sides.

"Gee!" Harry said.

"I told you the season was over," I said. "Nobody'll be here. We're out of luck all around."

About a mile farther, we came to a sort of crossroads, just this side of downtown, and there was a filling station on one corner, and across from it was a drive-in and bar. We went to the station, and the fellow dug up a two-gallon can and filled it, and Harry paid him without saying anything about it.

Harry looked across at the bar. He said, "Jeff, I'm all in. Let's have a good cold beer before we start back."

We went over there and I put the can of gasoline down near the door, inside, and we sat on a couple of stools and ordered our beers. There was only one other customer in the place: a fellow with a soiled sports shirt open almost to his waist. He was unshaven and mussed, and he sat at the end of the bar drinking a whisky and soda. He looked at the can of gas.

"Run out of gas?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

He looked at us a minute, then began to laugh. He wasn't quite sober.

"Funny?" Harry said.

The fellow stopped laughing and took a sip of his drink. "It's all right if they'll believe it," he said.

"Who?" Harry said.

"Anybody."

Our beers were ready and we poked our noses into the foam. Four big gulps, and we ordered another. The fellow came over and sat beside Harry. "Excuse me for laughing like that," he said. Harry nodded coldly. The fellow said, "Maybe sometime it'll happen to you like it did to me." We didn't say anything. He said, "My wife has left me. My beautiful wife has gone." He finished his drink and ordered another. Our beers came, and we plunged into them. It was hot even in the bar. "My wonderful wife," our friend said, "has left me alone forever."

"That's too bad," I said.

"It was on account of the gas," he said, leaning forward and looking at me past Harry. I nodded. He said, "Will you boys have a drink with me?" We were just draining the foam. "Sure," I said. The fellow needed somebody to have a drink with him. He motioned to the bartender to fill them up. "My name's Al," he told us. We introduced ourselves. "About the gas," he said. He hesitated. We didn't stop him, and he went on. "I was working up in the San Bernardino Mountains last week. I'd been up there for nearly a month, away from home, and one day I got through early and thought it would be nice to surprise my wife and run down here for the night." His drink came and he drank part of it.

"You live here?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "Anyway, when I was about five miles down the mountains I happened to think of something I'd forgotten to do. Something I had to phone back about. I had passed a filling station about two miles back. I knew there wouldn't be another for quite a ways, so I turned around and started back. I hadn't gone far when I came on a stalled car, headed in the same direction I was then going. It was dark and I had my lights on, and there stood a girl, waving for me to stop."

"Pretty?" Harry asked.

"Never mind. So I stopped. The girl said, 'I'm out of gas, I think.' I got out and looked at her gas gauge."

"They're always wrong," Harry said.

"This one wasn't. I offered to give her a lift to the gas station. She got in my car and we had gone about half a mile when—"

"Let me guess," I said.

"You don't have to. I ran out of gas. The motor began to spit, and I looked at the gauge and saw what was up. I was almost to the top of a hill. I made it, and the engine quit just as I started down the other slope. The road dropped sharply into a gully that cut back into the side of the mountain. Just beyond the gully it climbed again. I had driven it a number of times, and knew it well. In the gully, or draw, at the left of the road, was a small parklike place, with a spring in it, reached by about thirty feet of grassy trail made by the cars of people who went in there for picnics."

AL STOPPED talking and looked around the bar as though he had just awakened from a nap. He rubbed his forehead.

"Where was I?" he said.

"The little park," Harry said.

"Oh, yes. Well, the road at this point was very narrow," he said, starting to recite again. "Mountainside rising on the left, dropping away on the right. It also was very twisting. Car coming either way could smash into you, if you were parked on the road, before they could see you and stop. So I coasted down to the bottom of the grade and wheeled into the little lane, on my momentum, and pulled up in this little park by the spring.

" 'Well,' I told the girl, 'I guess we'll both have to hitch a ride to the gas station.' We laughed. We got out and walked back to the road, just a few feet. Several cars went past, but nobody paid any attention to my signals. After about ten minutes a truck came along, going our way. The driver pulled up and stopped. I asked him if he'd give us a lift to the next gas station. He said he had a fellow with him; no room.

" 'I'll give you some gas,' he said. He had an empty oil tin, and he took it under the truck, grunted a few times and came up with it full of gasoline. The can was an ordinary square oil tin, with the whole top cut off, evidently with a can opener, as it was jagged.

"I GAVE him a couple of dollars and he went on and I put the gas into my tank. I then threw the can as far as I could into the woods, as it would be a dangerous thing to leave around. As I let it go, the jagged edge somehow managed to nick the back of my right hand, and it began to bleed. I tried to wipe the blood off with my handkerchief, but it had cut a small vein and I finally had to tie the handkerchief around my hand. I got into the car.

"As I did so, the girl started to get in from her side. My car has those abortive little running boards, and the girl missed her footing on the board and lost her balance and fell back.

"I heard a ripping sound. The girl screamed.

"I slid across the seat and got out. She was on the ground. As I started to help her up, I saw the big white slash across the front of her. Her dress had somehow caught on the door handle as she fell, and it was torn from the throat almost to the hem.

"I was blinded by a light, and looked up. It was the headlight of a motorcycle swinging into the little lane, and a cop jumped off and came over. He turned a flashlight on us. 'Somebody scream?' he said. The girl said she'd caught her dress on the door handle. He looked her over, her dress barely hanging on. 'Getting out of the car?' he said. 'No,' she said, 'getting in.' He pushed the flashlight close to her face. 'Drunk, eh?' he said. He put the light on me. He saw the bloody handkerchief.

"I explained about running out of gas. He got in the car and stepped on the starter. The engine caught, and he raced it a few times and got out. 'Out of gas, eh?' he said. I said I had been, and told about getting the gas from the truck driver. 'Where's the can?' he said. I said I'd thrown it away. 'That's how I cut my hand,' I said.

" 'Get in your car,' he said, 'and follow me.'

"I did. When we came to the girl's car—she was crying by this time—he stopped and looked it over, and we went on. That was that."

Al finished his drink. He seemed tired.

"Where to?" Harry asked.

"Jail. Jail at San Bernardino. The cop sent a police car out to gas up the girl's car and bring it in. We were pinched. We sat around until the captain came, and I identified myself, and lacking a complaint by the girl there was nothing for him to do but let us go. But the next day it was in the papers. It was a vivid story. My wife saw it."

SIGNS
10¢
GRASS SEED 10¢
KEEP OFF the GRASS
KEEP OFF
GRASS SEED
GRASS SEED
TURF

He called to the bartender, "Make mine double this time."

Harry and I went out to the washroom to wash up. Harry stood at the washbowl next to mine. "Talk about hard luck," he said.

"Sure was," I said. "Well, let's get back to the car."

He shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "Look, Jeff, Al has had a hell of a break. Let's try to figure some way to get him out of it."

"It's none of our business," I said.

"But we can try," Harry insisted. "Look, how would it be if we could find the girl? Maybe Al hasn't thought of finding the girl."

We went back and sat down. Harry said, "Maybe we can help you get out of this, Al. For example, who was the girl?"

Al took a gulp of his drink and looked at us in a helpless way. "My secretary," he said.

Harry and I looked at each other. "Let's go," I said.

"You mean," Harry asked Al, "you didn't recognize her at first on account of the darkness?"

"I never saw her before in my life," Al said.

"I see," Harry said, dizzily.

"When did you find out who she was?" I asked.

"At the jail, when the captain questioned us." Al took a deep breath. "I'll tell you how it was. I'm in the motion-picture business. We were up there in the mountains on location. I wanted some papers from the Hollywood office. I phoned in to have them sent up. Well, I had sent my stenographer on her vacation while I was away on location. The front office had hired a temporary girl to look out for my routine. They said they'd send her up. When I started down the mountain I remembered I'd forgotten to tell my assistant she was coming, and that was why I turned back to find a phone. She'd be a stranger there, and I wanted him to watch for her and see she was put up in the hotel for the night. It didn't work out."

"No," Harry said.

I said, "When did your wife leave?" Al laughed bitterly. "She was due to pull out about an hour ago. I couldn't stay at the house and see her leave, so I came over here for a drink. She's driving to Los Angeles to catch a plane for the East. She has her own car."

HE FINISHED his drink, and we all had one more, and he said: "Well, boys, I guess I can go home now. It's all over. Can I give you fellows a lift? Where's your car?"

"Right up this street," I said. We got off the stools and Harry picked up the can of gas and we went out and got into Al's car. We went up the street, and when we came to the bend I could see our car just ahead. But there was another car there, too. This one was halfway out of a garage. It couldn't get all the way out, because of ours. A girl was standing in front of our car, with her back to us, pushing in an angry, futile way at the radiator.

"There we are," I told Al.

Al wheeled the car so suddenly that I bumped my head against the windshield, and we turned into a side street on two wheels, and came to a stop.

"What the hell," Harry said. We looked at Al. He was pale, wide-eyed, and sober. He swallowed a couple of times. "Listen," he said, "you parked your car in front of my garage. My wife can't get out. That was her."

"We didn't see any doors," I said.

"They're made to look like part of the house," Al said.

We sat there a minute, thinking. "Let's go back and have one more beer," I suggested.

Harry held up his hand for quiet. "The

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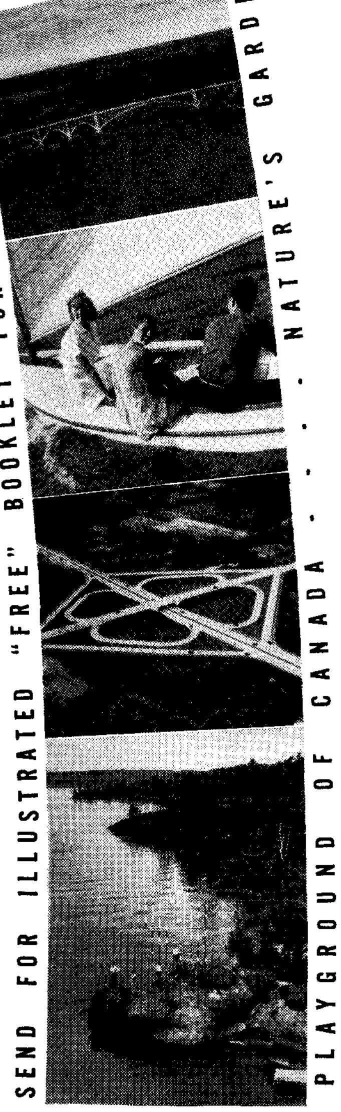

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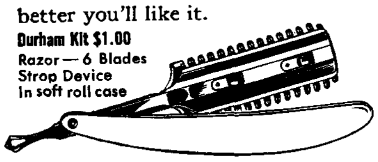

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situation is," he said, "that we have the lady trapped. Maybe she'll listen to reason."

"I've tried that," Al said.

"But we could all talk to her," Harry said.

"No," Al said. He stroked his chin. "If we claimed that your car just happened to stop right in front of those doors, without any car parked any place else on the whole street, it would be the last straw. It would destroy any chance I'd ever have of getting Gwendolyn back. Even I wouldn't believe that one. It would look like a trick."

"If we went back to the bar," I said, "we could sit down in a calm way and review—"

"It's hopeless," Al said, slumping *behind the wheel and getting tight again.*

"WAIT a minute," Harry said. "We got three"—he hesitated—"we got three brains against her one." He scratched his head. "How would this be: Jeff and I'll get out here, and you go around the block, Al, and pull up there. You can say you don't know a thing about the car. You can say—"

"She wouldn't believe it," Al said hopelessly. "Maybe Jeff's right. Maybe we ought to go back and have just—"

"Let me finish!" Harry said angrily. "While you're talking to her, we'll come walking up the street with the gas. You light into us for blocking your garage. I'll get tough right back. I could even poke you a light tap on the nose. Then we'll get in our car and drive away. See what I mean, Al?"

Al shook his head. "She used to be an actress," he said. "She could see through a phony quarrel at one glance. The minute you'd open your mouth, she'd spot it. It would take an actor."

Harry pulled himself up to what would have been his full height if he had not been sitting down.

"I beg your pardon," he said with dignity. He reached into his inside coat pocket and brought out his wallet, from which he extracted a card. He handed it to Al, who held it far enough away from his face so he could focus on it. "Perhaps the name is familiar," Harry said graciously. "I have just finished Her Husband's Niece, on Broadway. At present I am at liberty, but the critics were unanimous—"

"That was a comedy," Al said. "This is a heavy part."

"I'm an actor," Harry said simply. "The only one we got to worry about is you."

Al glared at Harry, then opened the dash compartment and found a card case and took a card out at the second try and handed it to Harry with a small flourish. I glanced over at it. Al, then, was Albert Montgomery, the new producer at Solar Films, now making Elbow Grease, and rated a fast comer in the industry. He had been a director, also had done some acting.

"I believe I can manage to get by," he said, lifting his chin.

"One of the most distinguished names in show business," Harry said fervently.

SO HARRY and I got out, with the gas. Al was sober again. He drove on, turned to his right at the next corner. We waited about three minutes, then Harry took the can and we went down to the corner, turned up the street, and approached the ensemble. Al and his wife were standing by the cars, having a strenuous conversation.

Al turned on us. "Is this your car?" he demanded.

"It's our car," Harry said evenly, unscrewing the cap of the gas tank. "And what of it, fellow?"

Al took a step forward. "Do you realize you blocked our garage doors?" he said threateningly.

"When you run out of gas," Harry said wearily, lifting one hand and dashing the perspiration from his forehead, "you don't choose your stopping place. You pull off the road, get out of the way of traffic."

I looked at Gwendolyn. She was beautiful, all right. She said, icily, "It seems strange to me that you would run out of gas, and lock your car, at just this time and place."

Harry poured in the rest of the gas. "Madam," he said, "have you ever heard of the word 'coincidence?'"

"Of course. But—"

"Well, this is a coincidence, my good woman. As all intelligent people know, coincidence is the most powerful factor in the world. Stupid people think that coincidence is another name for a lie. *But truth, little girl, is stranger . . .*"

I can't remember Harry's speech, but it was magnificent at the time. He was living his part, as they say. As he finished, Al moved closer to him. "All of this," he said angrily, "is beside the point, my man. The point is that you left your damned secondhand car blocking our garage just when my wife had a duty to perform requiring the use of her motor."

"A coincidence," I said. I didn't want Harry and Al to get sore at each other.

"Shut up!" Harry snarled at me. He turned on Al. "How," he asked sweetly, assuming an attitude of aggression, "would you like to get a punch on the nose?"

"Just because there are two of you," Al sneered, "you're getting brave. All right." He put up his dukes.

"Listen, fellows," I said, "please—"

"Stop!" It was Gwendolyn. She stepped between them. "You let my husband alone!" she told Harry fiercely. She turned to Al. "I think the gentleman's right, darling," she said. "After all, they've had enough hard luck as it is. Things like this really do happen, you know, just as he said. I believe him, dear. I believe—everybody." She turned back to us. "And now if you boys will be on your way, I'll—" She glanced at her car.

"Get your car out," I said.

"Put it back," she said grimly. She reached up and patted Al on his unshaven cheek. "Pet," she said, "will you run the car back in for me?" She went over to close one of the rear doors, which she had left open. Al moved past us slowly. "My office a week from Monday," he hissed. "You're terrific, Harry. My next picture. The lead. Don't fail me." He went over and got into his car.

We got into our car and I started the motor. I was all over perspiration.

"Just a minute!"

It was Gwendolyn. She came over to us. "It was a great performance," she told Harry quickly. "I haven't seen its equal since the Bolton High School Dramatic Club's rendering of East Lynn." She giggled.

Harry froze stiff. "Madam," he began; then he met her eyes and he melted and kind of slumped. "I tried to help Al," he said miserably.

"Don't worry," Gwendolyn said. "You certainly did. Anybody who'd think of getting a ham actor way out here from *town and staging this ridiculous stunt* couldn't be guilty of anything. And if he cares this much—" She looked over at her car. Al had it in the garage, and was getting out. "That's all I want," she said hurriedly. "You can't hurt lovely people like Al." She went over there.

"Drive on," Harry said.

I did so.

AS WE went down the street Harry reached back and parted the clothes we had hanging in the car and looked through the rear window. "She's kissing him," he said. He turned back and took a deep breath. "Well, we may as well go back to town. I have a job and you have a client. We're both, in a manner of speaking, rich men. And it was done, Jeff, in the true Hollywood manner. I told you. All you have to do is go to Palm Springs, meet a big produc—"

"Listen," I said, "as long as we're headed toward the bar anyway, we might as well—"

"Stop at the filling station first," he said, "and we'll fill the tank clear to the top."

"It's still your turn for the gas, don't forget," I reminded him.

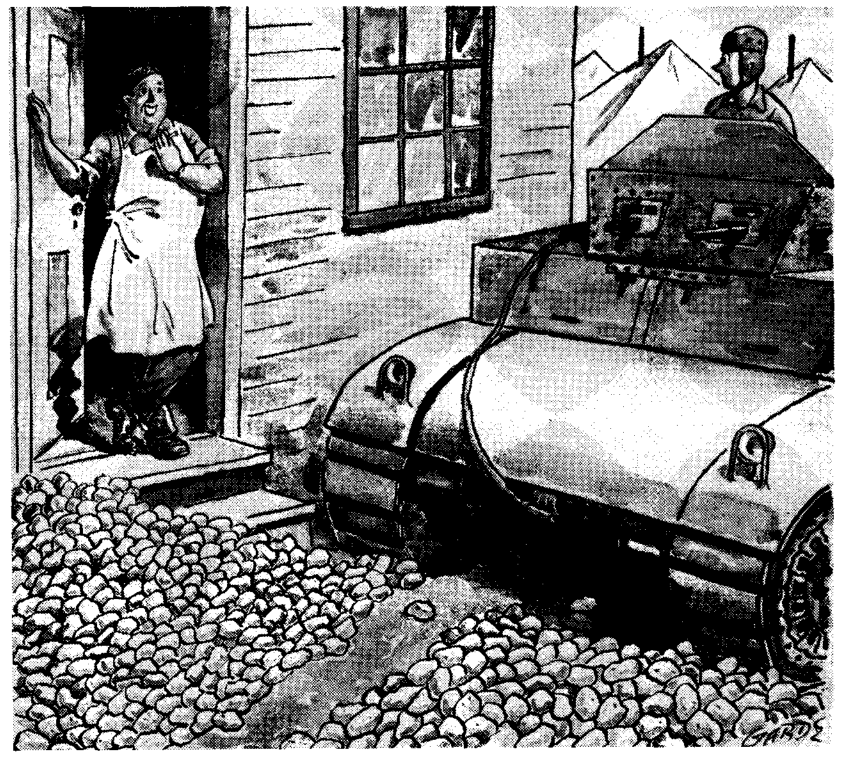
"Oh, no," he said. "I bought the two gallons in the can."

"All right," I said, "then all I'm going to buy is two gallons."

"But on the way out I bought—"

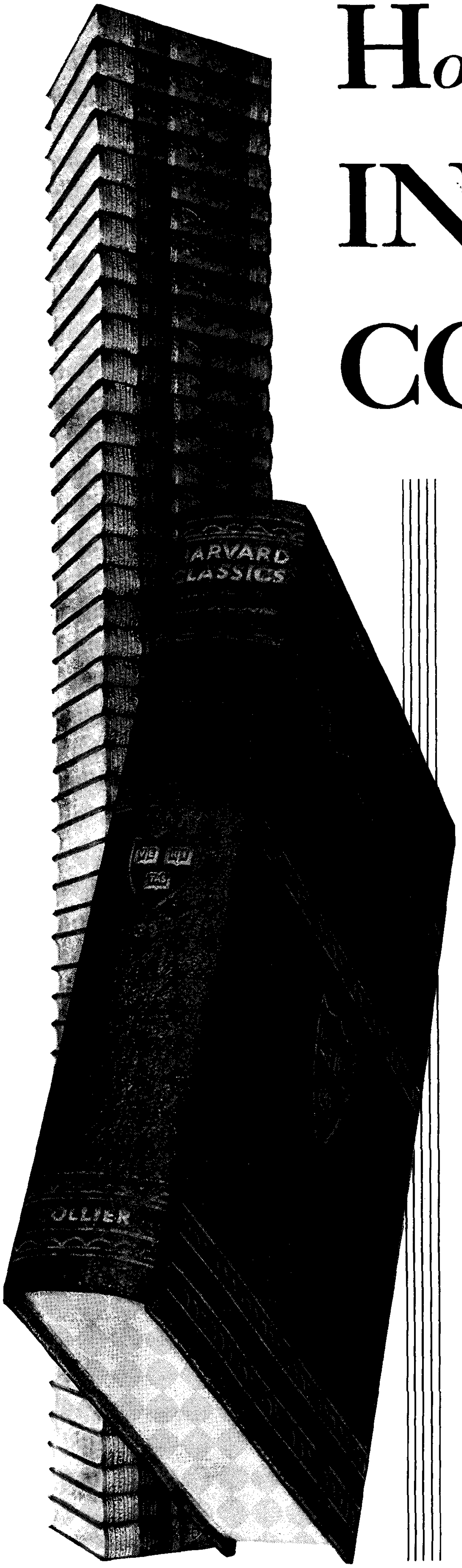
"Listen, Harry," I said, "there's only one thing to do. It's still a hot day. Let's go over to the bar and have one more beer and sit there very calmly and review the entire situation."

Harry didn't say anything, and we did so.



"The colonel says give 'em mashed potatoes for a change"

CHESTER I. GARDE



How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

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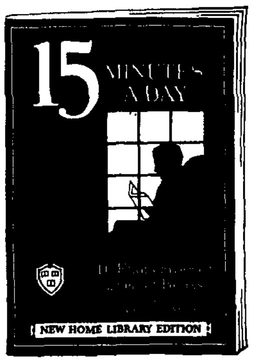

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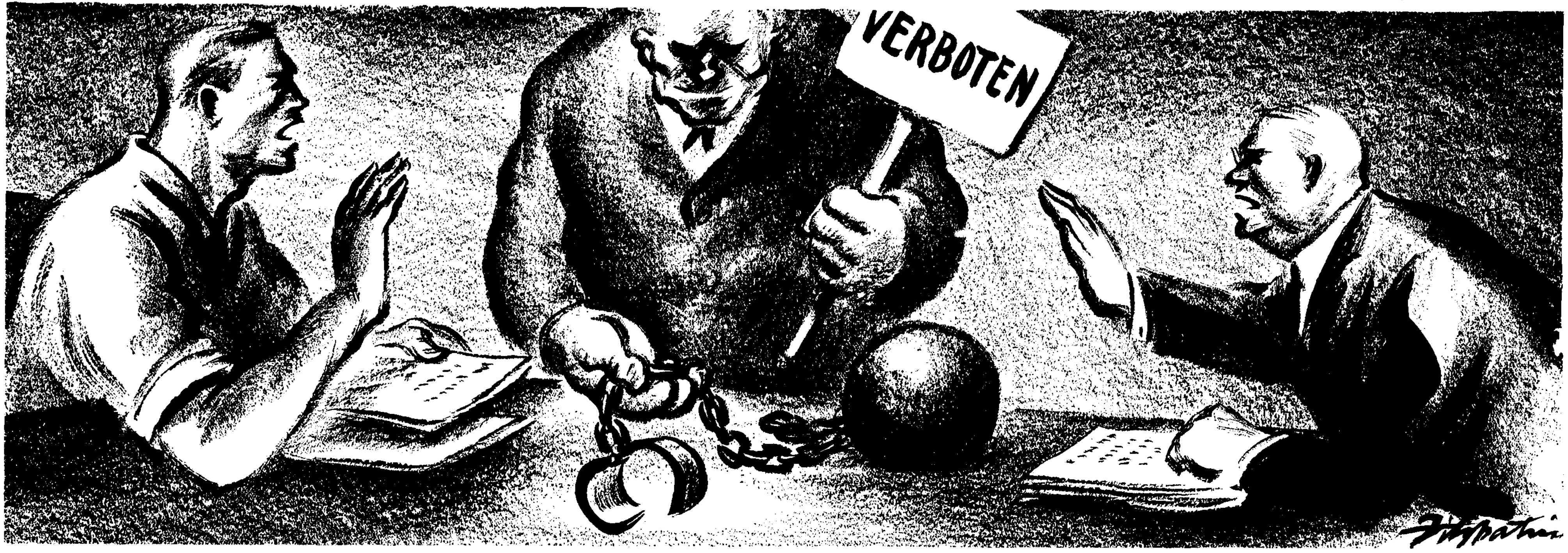

Forbid Strikes? It's Foolish

STRIKES on defense jobs keep on breaking out, true; and a lamentable number of man-days of work are concededly lost thereby. As a result, demands multiply for laws with teeth in them.

We deplore these strikes as much as anybody. Nevertheless, we think Production Chief William S. Knudsen never said a truer word than his recent "I do not believe that legislation against strikes is necessary or enforcible."

Try forbidding strikes in a democratic country, and a lot of workers' loyalties will be watered down or completely destroyed—and understandably so.

Well, then, what should we do? It's hard to be specific—harder to say what we should do than what we shouldn't—and it's foolish to dogmatize. Certain salient facts, however, can be fished up out of the defense-strike muddle for inspection and use. Such as:

Workers in most of the defense industries are mostly freshmen in labor organizations and union tactics. Plenty of employers in those industries are novices at dealing with unions. Both sides on occasion might ponder this fact to their mutual benefit.

Not every labor leader is a selfless soul. Many of them, though by no means all, want to make themselves solid for life as heads of labor organizations whose members don't vote too often or too secretly and whose books aren't open to public scrutiny.

Communists in labor unions make trouble conscientiously and unendingly, and have no real desire to help the workers. They are merely playing Moscow's game of trying to disrupt the democratic system in the hope that some day the Reds can take over.

The C.I.O.-A.F.L. split in labor is being used by assorted persons in both camps to boost their own publicity and/or bank accounts, no matter how much that hurts their own followers or the general public.

There is already in operation a law which habitually prevents strikes. It is the Railway Labor Act, with its cardinal principle of the cooling-off period before a voted strike can begin.

From these facts it ought to be possible to work out a wise and effective national labor policy based on the necessity of maintaining defense production at the highest level. The government should be able, we think, to bring capital and labor together in agreements providing for a required cooling-off period before any important strike . . . for the hounding of self-serving labor leaders and Communists into back seats and silence . . . for the dropping of jurisdictional strikes for the duration of the emergency.

We're convinced that thundering thou-shalt-nots, which would deliver thrills to those who thundered them, would only make matters worse than they are now. The problem is as complex, almost, as human nature itself. It can be solved only by patient trial and error, with all of us exercising all the tolerance and good will we can dig up out of our hearts.

A Union Goes Too Far

WE DON'T feel vague or undecided about this recent item from Collier's department "Our New Army":

> FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA. In less than six months several thousand acres have been transformed from sandy hills into a fully equipped cantonment of more than 12,000 buildings. Now the construction tempo has been shifted from super high to lumbering low. The buildings are being painted, and the painters' union isn't going to let members be blitzkrieged out of any work by motorized units. Its contract stipulates that paint sprays may be used only around foundations and eaves. The entire job will require 157,000 gallons of paint, most of which will be applied by hand with brushes not more than three inches wide.

Our feeling about this episode, definitely, is that here a union is going too far. It is this kind of thing that is souring public opinion on unions more than most unions deserve.

This particular painters' union on this particular job at Fort Ord, Calif., may get by to the bitter, long-delayed end with this particular piece of obstructionism. But we'll make bold to predict that such stuff will be stopped in this country somehow, sooner or later—as it should be.

Keep the Lid on Inflation

ALREADY, economists warn, the defense program is inching us into what could turn into a runaway inflation. Price indices are going up; some consumers are beginning to think of hoarding consumer goods. How a price inflation could come about is described by Bernard M. Baruch, who ought to know from his wide World War experience:

> If production is at an annual rate of 85 billion dollars, 10 billion dollars of this may represent munitions. The public, therefore, is left only 75 billion dollars of consumer goods to buy with 85 billions of purchasing power. The result is inevitably rising prices unless some restraints are exercised.

An inflation of this kind breeds all manner of trouble, and winds up in a bad depression.

Remembering 1929 and 1920-21, we're for the restraints spoken of by Mr. Baruch, even though they'll be disagreeable and will enrage a lot of people while they're being applied.

Swollen dividends ought to be discouraged. So ought wage increases outstripping living costs. Sales of government bonds to ordinary citizens ought to be pushed in every legitimate way. If Congress can scratch up the courage to tax heavily enough and fairly enough to keep federal deficits within reasonable bounds throughout the rearmament effort, it will probably be cursed during that period but it will be blessed later. Same as to keeping subsidies to farmers under control. Same as to refusing demands for huge press-runs of fiat currency.

An especially good day's job was done, we believe, when the President assigned Leon Henderson to crack down on unjustified price increases. The temptation to profiteer in wartime is one that many people can resist. Unchecked wartime profiteers have often been prime causes of disastrous inflations. By the same token, the Priorities Board ought to have ample powers to allocate materials where they can do the most for defense, and it should have hard-boiled key executives.

And so on; the general object being to keep the inflation bubble from getting so big that its inevitable bursting will be a disaster. We can get that vitally necessary result only by using self-control all around, plus legislation at points where self-control falls down.

Here's how
TO MAKE A GRAND SLAM
by Ely Culbertson

♠ A J 9 6
♥ A 6 5 2
♦ 3
♣ 6 5 4 2

♠ 8 5 4 3 2
♥ 9 8 7 4
♦ 9 7
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♥ K J 10
♦ 4 2
♣ K Q J 8 7

♠ 7
♥ Q 3
♦ A K Q J 10 8 6 5
♣ A 10

CAN YOU PLAY THIS HAND AS MR. CULBERTSON DID...FOR A GRAND SLAM?

HOW GOOD IS YOUR GAME OF BRIDGE? Are you an expert, novice or "in-betweener"? Here's your chance to rate yourself—and incidentally, *to make a grand slam.*

To Mr. Culbertson, that deal he's pointing to (above) recalls some highly exciting moments of tournament play.

He was sitting in the South position. With the highly enthusiastic assistance of his partner, Mr. Culbertson reached a grand slam in diamonds...after East had opened the bidding with one club.

West led the club nine and Mr. Culbertson fulfilled the grand slam contract without visible difficulty—against East's best efforts.

Could you have played this hand for Mr. Culbertson? Try it. Good fun to have your fellow-players try it at your next bridge session, too.

SOLUTION: *After taking the first trick with the club ace, Mr. Culbertson led the heart three to the ace and then ran off every trump.*

This reduced dummy to the A–J–9 of spades. East, having to discard, was forced to let go one of these four cards: K–Q spades, heart king, club king.

Whichever he chose would be his finish. If he let go a spade, Dummy's three spades would be high.

If he let go the heart or club king, Mr. Culbertson would cash the high card of the suit thus abandoned by East, and this would force East into discarding another suit-stopper. Result: grand slam!

HELPFUL BRIDGE HINTS FROM ELY CULBERTSON

Don't emphasize a bid, pass, double or play. You don't want to be unethical.

Don't touch your cards during the deal.

When you're the Dummy, sit still. It is not considered good bridge manners to look over your partner's shoulder while he plays. Besides, you sacrifice your "rights."

Don't ever criticize your partner's playing.

Be a cheerful loser—and a modest winner.

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FULL QUART

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